

# PHOTOPLAY

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MRS C GLOSSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE MASS

combined with

## THE MIRROR

OCTOBER

15¢

INGRID BERGMAN  
as MARIA  
BY PAUL HESSE



Male Color Feature including JOEL McCREA, FRED MacMURRAY, RANDY SCOTT  
A SOLDIER'S CODE FOR WOMEN by ALAN LADD



*First anniversary  
of an important  
"marriage"*



Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

By **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
*Head of the House of Tangee*

JUST a year ago we presented our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you who had long desired a lipstick that *really* wedded Glorious Color with Lasting Smoothness... a "happy marriage" of the two most important lipstick qualities.

By a fortunate coincidence, SATIN-FINISH was perfected when it was needed most—during these war-busy, more-busy days when there is little time for cosmetic "repair work." Your Tangee Lipstick will

cling smoothly, softly... defying wind, weather, and work—giving your lips an entirely new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH. Neither too moist, nor too dry, it will keep your lips glowing with exciting color.

I promise you who have not yet tried a Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick a pleasant surprise. Try one soon—together with its companion rouge and your own most flattering shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.



**BEAUTY**—glory of woman...  
**LIBERTY**—glory of nations...  
Protect them both...

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**



**NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**  
... a warm, clear shade.  
Not too dark, not too  
light... just right.



**TANGEE RED-RED**... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of them All," harmonizes with all fashion colors.



**TANGEE THEATRICAL RED**...  
"The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.



**TANGEE NATURAL**... Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

hearts are won by a  
lovely smile!



**Make your smile your lucky charm—help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

**H**ERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! What if beauty is not your birthright? You can win friends, romance. Yes, you can conquer *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. For there's a magic in a smile that flashes out with radiant charm—a magic men can't resist. But remember, for that kind of smile

you need sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

#### **Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!**

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." For Ipana not only cleans your

teeth but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*  
**IPANA and MASSAGE**



**A High Date-Rating** goes to the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked *this* above all.

So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.



It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—Leo



# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

## MOVIE MIRROR

OCTOBER, 1943

VOL. 23, NO. 5

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Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director

Marian H. Quinn, Associate Editor

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Contributing Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Helen Gilmore, Editor

Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor

Elaine Osterman, Western Manager

Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer

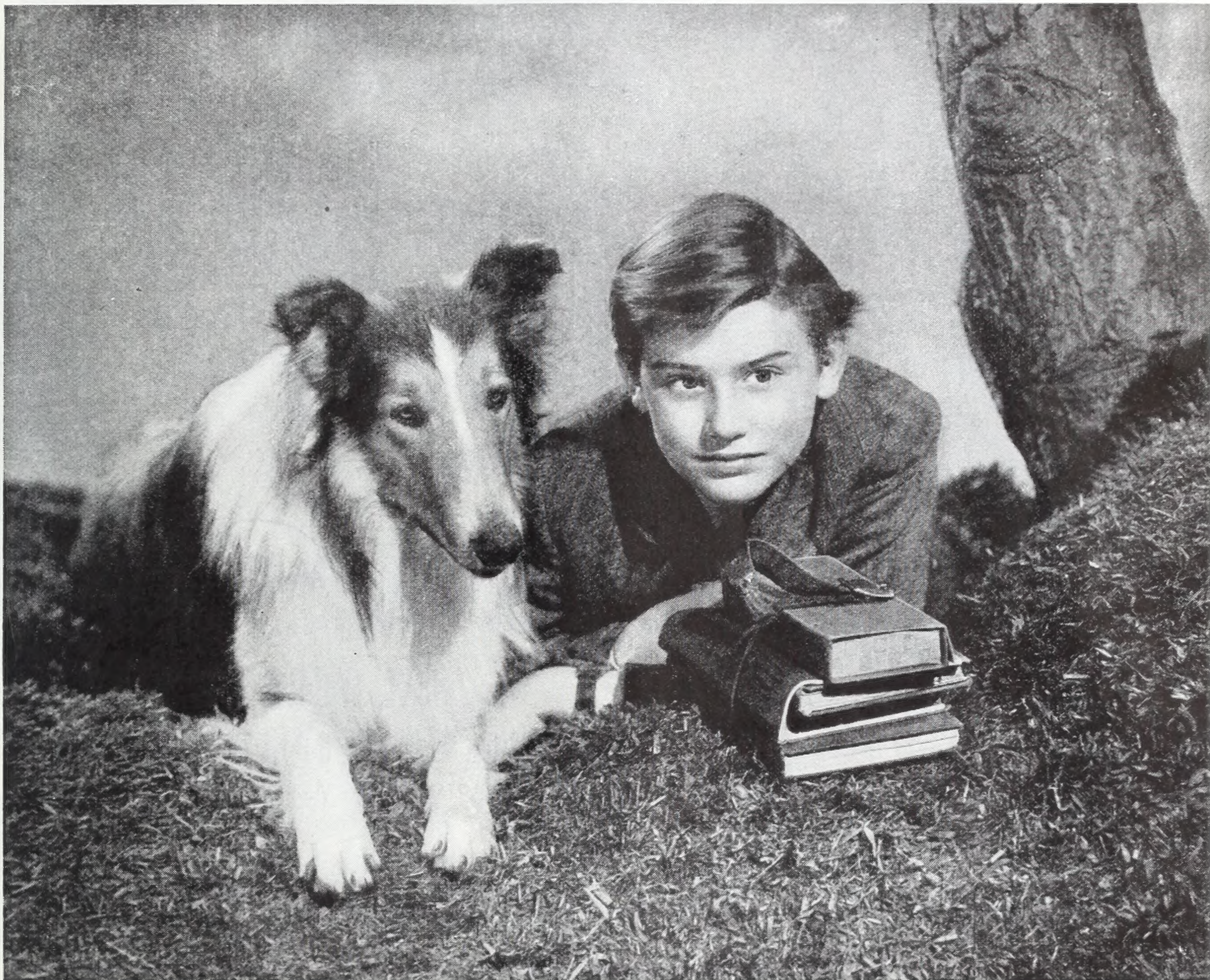
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# Just a boy and his dog...



From the pages of Eric Knight's great best-seller (he wrote "This Above All" too, remember?) comes a great drama. No roar of guns, no bombs, no tanks, no planes here . . . but emotion deep, human and intense in a story you'll live and love. The kind of story real people like to pass along to their friends.

M-G-M PRESENTS THE  
TECHNICOLOR  
PRODUCTION

# LASSIE

## COME HOME

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP  
DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN  
NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER • LASSIE  
Directed by FRED M. WILCOX • Produced by SAMUEL MARX



Screen Play by Hugo Butler  
Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight



(The above advertisement is also appearing in American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Parents' and Woman's Home Companion.)



She got his goat:  
Rita Hayworth,  
with Orson Welles  
at The Players,  
pulled a fast one

She got his smiles:  
Bunny Waters (be-  
low), the lucky girl  
who went Mocam-  
bo dancing with  
that lucky boy, Van  
Johnson, now re-  
covered from his  
auto accident



# Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

**Sassy Comments:** What bridegroom hasn't paid a bill in years and his glamorous bride is finding it out—the hard way? May even be forced to sell her home. Ouch!

The stork, we hear, once again hovers over the Alice Faye-Phil Harris household, which may account for Alice's retirement talk.

She may be a new find and a fine actress but as a conformer to studio requirements we hear tell Jennifer Jones is a problem. Jennifer has just completed "The Song Of Bernadette."

"No travel for you," Brenda Marshall has been told by her doctor, so the star will remain in Hollywood and will not see husband Lt. Bill Holden, in camp in Texas, until her baby is born in November.

That G.I. haircut received by Robert Taylor, Lt. (j.g.) in the Navy, transformed Bob from a Hollywood actor to a real sailor—but still a handsome one.

Rita Hayworth has Orson Welles's goat. He was seen slamming the door of Rita's car and strutting off down Sunset Boulevard alone—while Rita sat behind the wheel and chuckled. "Hey, Orson," two Hollywood High School kids hooted, "Did she make you walk home?" But with two versatile—and temperamental—personalities like Orson and Rita, scenes like that are to be expected, as are the "off again, on again" rumors about their romance that are constantly circulating over the back fences of Hollywood.

**Wedding Bells:** Mrs. McFeeters married French actor John Pierre Aumont in her Beverly Hills home recently and Hollywood couldn't have been more nonplussed, Mrs. McFeeters having been much the play girl. But the little lady whose full name is, heaven help us, Maria Gracia Van Dahl de Santos Silas y McFeeters, or Maria Montez to movie fans, knew when her heart had finally slid into home base—and that was the exact moment she glimpsed the touseled-headed, blue-eyed Frenchman, Pierre Aumont, who had come to M-G-M studios to make "Assignment In Brittany." (Continued on page 6)



She got his attention: Elyse Knox makes  
a Mocambo night of it with John Payne



# Melisse GOES TO PARAMOUNT'S "LET'S FACE IT"



...THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY BLOOD-PRESSURE... THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO ACT WHEN YOU SEE HOPE AND HUTTON TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME!

...WATCH THOSE THREE LONESOME GALS GO ANGLIN' FOR BOB, WHILE THEIR HUSBANDS GO FISHIN'

...BETTY REALLY GIVES OUT WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONGS! AND THEY'VE EVEN GOT BOB HOPE HOOFING!

...I SAW THE 544<sup>th</sup> PERFORMANCE OF THE STAGE HIT ON BROADWAY!

LOOK! HE'S ROLLING IN THE AISLES WITH LAUGHTER!

...LOOK AT HOPE IN A HEAP IN THAT JEEP. AS A ROOKIE HE'S SOME COOKIE!

...ALL THIS AND "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" COMING TOO!

...YOU'RE RIGHT, MELISSE - THIS PICTURE IS A SCREAM, A HOWL, A MOVIE THAT'S GOOD AND GROOVIE!

Paramount Presents

## BOB Hope and BETTY Hutton in "LET'S FACE IT"

with  
Dona Drake • Cully Richards  
Eve Arden • ZaSu Pitts  
Marjorie Weaver • Raymond Walburn

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD  
Screen Play by Harry Tugend  
Based on a musical play by DOROTHY FIELDS,  
HERBERT FIELDS and COLE PORTER  
Suggested by a Play by Norma Mitchell  
and Russell G. Medcraft



# INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

The talk of the town now turns to a remarkable picture, **FIRST COMES COURAGE**, in which a deeply moving romance is blended with the flaring brilliance of Commando warfare.

Lovely Merle Oberon and dashing Brian Aherne share the starring honors.



\* \* \* \* \*



Tenderness and the warmth that comes from

the heart play a big part in thrilling **DESTROYER**, which stars Edward G. Robinson. Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman share the spotlight with Edward G., when they're not sharing zing-y kisses!

\* \* \* \* \*



All you who roared at Charles Coburn as "Mr. Dingle" in "The More The Merrier" will be glad to hear about **MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK**.

In this uproarious hit, Coburn's appearance has been changed, but you can't disguise a **DINGLE!**



ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE  
FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES



Pictorial pretty at her wedding windup: Maria Montez, with her bridegroom, Pierre Aumont, cuts the wedding cake. Sideliners are best man Charles Boyer and maid of honor Jeanne Crispin

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Right: Marriage trappings of Montez were a simple white organdie dress and a short lace veil. Guests were a few close friends of the foreign colony



(Continued from page 4) They became engaged almost immediately. Marriage, they decided, could wait.

The determination of Pierre to forsake Hollywood after completing "The Cross Of Lorraine" and join the Free French army abroad brought about a change of minds, however, and so in the living room of her Beverly Hills home, gowned in a simple white organdie dress and short veil, Maria became Mrs. Aumont. The McFeeters caboose to Maria's never-ending name had been acquired through a previous short-lived marriage.

The ceremony was simple with their few close friends of the foreign colony present. There could be no honeymoon as both stars were in the midst of picture-making. Pierre will wear his wedding ring into the world conflict while his bride remains in Hollywood.

**Hollywood is America:** Excuse the cliché, but it came over Cal on a recent occasion how very true it is that Hollywood is really the melting pot of the world—democracy in full swing.

It was brought to mind at the surprise birthday party Peter Van Eyck gave for his lovely wife, Ruth Ford. The first person Cal ran into was Helmut Dantine. Here was an Austrian who had suffered at the hands of the Germans in a concentration camp, now a happy guest at the home of a German—who had left his German home and family a few years ago to become, like Dantine, an American. Both men were at ease with each other.

We spoke to Russians, Italians and people with every variety of accents. This, we thought, is truly Hollywood, where men and women of talent from all over the world meet and become one people.

**Did You Know:** Ginny Simms is a sergeant? She won the three chevrons for her work at training camps, for short-wave shows and treasury shows. The stripes are honorary but official.

Martha Raye is a captain and wears the full captain's uniform? Martha won her commission for her work under fire in Africa.

George (Continued on page 8)





# DESTROYER

Every now  
and then the  
screen brings forth  
a picture that captures  
the emotions of all...

Just such extraordinary film  
entertainment is Columbia's  
"DESTROYER"! It has the tears  
and sweat...the joy...the heart!  
It has the story of men and their ship!  
It has thrill-packed action!

**STARRING**

**Edward G. ROBINSON**



★ ————— ★  
with **GLENN FORD**  
**MARGUERITE CHAPMAN**  
**EDGAR BUCHANAN**  
Produced by Louis F. Edelman  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE  
★ ————— ★

Screen Play by Frank Wead, Lewis Meltzer and Borden Chase • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER





They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... *they last and last.*

## Stronger Grip



SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong ... but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

**DeLong**  
BOB PINS



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Bing comes to the big Bond Rally, checks up the score with songstress Dinah Shore



Roz Russell, on a first-appearance after the birth of her baby, Rallys too with husband Fred Brisson

(Continued from page 6) Brent's hair is snow-white and has to be dyed for his movie roles?

Mickey Rooney's pal Sydney Miller, traveled all the way out to Universal Studios just to watch Mickey's rival, Donald O'Connor, work?

Linda Darnell's hair was dyed dark blue for her role of the Indian girl in "Buffalo Bill"?

Richard Dix actually knows how to prevent baldness? Massage the scalp violently in cold water several times a week keeping the scalp as loose as possible.

Cesar Romero with a G.I. haircut and wearing a Coast Guard sailor suit was the funniest sight of the month doing a rhumba at Mocambo during his last leave?

Betty Grable is haunted by the shadow of a double chin (and with that figure)? And Maureen O'Hara has to fight weight every minute she's before the camera?

**Hollywood—This Month:** Hearts fell apart when cute and perky Dorothy McGuire, in Hollywood to make "Claudia" for Twentieth Century-Fox, married John Swope, friend of Captain Jimmy Stewart, at the home of Margaret Sullivan and her agent husband

Leland Hayward. Capt. Stewart, on leave before taking off for overseas duty, was best man and therein lies a scramble of sweet memories and past loves. For years Jimmy told anyone who would listen how deeply he cared for Margaret Sullivan, who was formerly married to Jimmy's good friend, Hank Fonda. But Margaret married Hayward and Jimmy remained a bachelor.

For years John Swope courted the witty and lovely Kay Aldridge and everyone predicted a marriage. And then it happened to John exactly as it happened to every male who has met up with Dorothy McGuire in Hollywood. He lost his heart completely. No one seems to know exactly what it is about this Dorothy that is so fetching, but a friend who was in San Francisco while the stage play, "Claudia," was running, tells of the evening he and an actor were dining with Dorothy at a swanky restaurant. The conversation grew political and argumentative and suddenly, wham, Dorothy brought her fork down squarely on our friend's head and then turned to the (Continued on page 10)

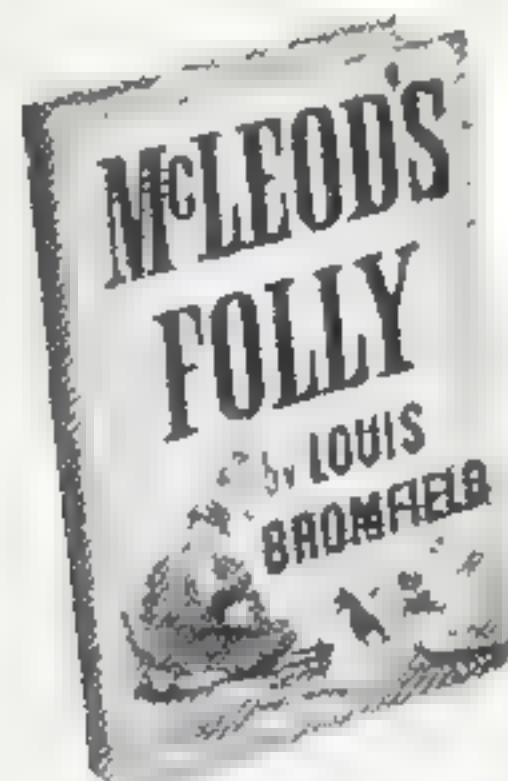


# JAMES CAGNEY



That "academy award" man is coming to town! You'll go for Jimmy as he goes all out for three gals in a jam... And William Cagney's production really makes the story tick! C'mon people! This is for you!

# JOHNNY COME LATELY



Jimmy's great picture was taken from this "best seller" by Louis Bromfield.

JAMES CAGNEY in "JOHNNY COME LATELY" with GRACE GEORGE • MARJORIE MAIN  
and MARJORIE LORD • HATTIE McDANIEL • EDWARD McNAMARA

**A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION**

Directed by WILLIAM K. HOWARD • Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



# Charming... Disarming!

And more precious now  
than ever...

Yardley's incomparable  
English Lavender.

Blessed with an air of unaffected  
young charm that melts  
the most stubborn defenses!...

Still available at finer shops.

**YARDLEY**  
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender  
\$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 and \$3.75  
English Lavender Soap  
35¢ - box of 3 \$1.00



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A.  
from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8) business of eating her salad without a qualm.

Anyway, Laird Cregar and a host of Hollywood swains will carry a torch for little McGuire. Will Kay Aldridge carry her own little torch for Mr. Swope, too, we wonder? . . .

Someone was telling Cal of a night he spent at Mocambo recently. His table was near enough the dance floor to overhear the conversation of the dancers and to his amazement he found himself listening to Mickey Rooney, who was rhumbaing by with his ex-wife, Ava Gardner, begging and pleading about something. Our informer says it was a new Rooney to him. All the cocksureness was gone. "Please," he begged. She shook her head coldly. What, do you suppose, was that about? . . .

Stars no sooner stumble home from the final take of a picture, tired and worn out from weeks of six o'clock risings, than, boom, they're off on a camp tour. Joan Blondell, Carole Landis, Jane Wyman, Betty Hutton, Kathryn Grayson, Roy Rogers, John Garfield, Eddie Robinson, Fred Astaire and dozens more all finished pictures one evening and started out the next for camps all over America. Husbands or wives or sweethearts are forever waving good-bye or waiting endless hours for tardy trains to bring their loved ones home—from a camp or Bond tour. No one complains. Someone asked Bob Hope over in Europe what his family thought of his constant trekking about. "Oh, it's all right," he explained. "When I'm home, they think I'm making a personal appearance" . . .

Red Skelton, who spent his two weeks vacation giving shows in camps all over Texas, suffered the tortures of airsickness in order to visit more



Special at the Troc's armed-forces table: Lt. Rudy Vallee takes a leave-look at Hollywood



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Special at Mocambo of a week-day night: Laraine Day takes time off to give out some autographs

camp. On one of the tours, a soldier handed the so-ill Skelton a gallon can as sort of a mock joke. At one of the stops, Red staggered off with his can. "What's that?" someone asked. "That—oh, that's the Davis cup," came back Red quick as a whistle, "I just won it." On the train going down to Texas, Red stood the inactivity as long as he could and to the stunned surprise of his fellow passengers stood up in the lounge car and proceeded to give a show. He collected \$126.26 right there for War charity. Going through the train vestibule, Red spied a middle-aged man sitting alone in his compartment. "Where have you been?" Red demanded of the stranger and, with that, slipped into the compartment and put on his show. The astonished passenger forked over \$100 and Red went on his way.

That's the spirit of Hollywood today. Its people may be away from home three-fourths of the time, but they're giving, giving, giving of their time and talents for one purpose—Victory.

**To the Boys and Girls in Service:** Several letters from the boys in service concerning pin-up girls prompt us to dash off the answers to some of the queries.

Certainly, Hollywood stars and starlets like being your pin-up girls. Why not? But also why not choose those lovelies who are just coming along and have more time to co-operate? For instance, boys, have you thought about beautiful Esther Williams and Jane Hale of M-G-M? Esther is the swimming champion who appeared with Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Dou-

# a love like Hers ...

a man doesn't  
leave it behind...it is part  
of his courage whatever  
he does, wherever  
he goes...



The play  
that won the  
Critics' Award  
as "The Year's Best"  
brought to the screen by  
**WARNER BROS.**

# Bette Davis

The prize performance of her  
prize-winning career!...Co-starred with

**PAUL LUKAS**  
in his famed stage role



# WATCH ON THE RHINE

A  
**HAL B. WALLIS**  
PRODUCTION

**GERALDINE FITZGERALD**

LUCILE WATSON • BEULAH BONDI • GEORGE COULOURIS  
Directed by **HERMAN SHUMLIN**, who staged it for Broadway  
From the Stage Play by Lillian HELLMAN • Screen Play by Dashiell Hammett  
Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Lillian Hellman • Music by Max Steiner



Marital scenes:  
Gene Kelly takes  
Mrs. Kelly out  
to dinner (left);  
Joel McCrea (be-  
low) dittos for  
wife Frances Dee



## Don't ask for Bob Pins— Ask for **HOLD-BOB** Bob Pins

Because nearly every smart woman asks for longer-lasting **HOLD-BOB** Bob Pins, your favorite store may not be able to supply you immediately. But please ask again . . . for you'll prefer **HOLD-BOB** Bob Pins for the same reasons so many other women do: their invisible rounded head, satin-smooth finish, and rounded ends.

**HOLD-BOB BOB PINS**  
ARE BETTER  
BOB PINS



**THE HUMP  
HAIRPIN  
MFG. CO.  
CHICAGO, ILL.**

ble Life." Jane is the lovely dancing star who will step into Eleanor Powell's tap shoes when Eleanor retires to marry Glenn Ford. And what figures, boys! What pin-up lovelies! Both these girls may be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California. Send your letters to Dorothy Blanchard of the Publicity Department. She'll deliver your messages.

Paramount boasts lovely Marjorie Reynolds who toured Alaska and the Aleutians for six weeks. You remember Marjorie, the "White Christmas" girl with Bing Crosby in "Holiday Inn." Cal, who knows Marjorie well, can vouch for it that she's just as charming as she is beautiful. Gail Russell is another Paramount charmer you should get acquainted with. Both girls can be reached at Paramount Studios in Hollywood. Lindsay Durand of the Publicity Department will deliver your messages.

We think the cutest trick on the Warner Brothers lot is little Joyce Reynolds who played Joan Fontaine's sister in "The Constant Nymph." Joyce was a UCLA student when movies grabbed her. Jerry Asher of Warners publicity staff, Burbank, California, will take care of your pin-up requests.

Gloria Jean, now seventeen and so freshly lovely, and pert, snappy, sassy Peggy Ryan (remember both girls in "Mr. Big"?) are Universal starlets you should pin up all over the place.

Maggie Maskel of the publicity department of Universal Studios in Universal City, California, will act as messenger for you.

And don't think for a moment Cal has forgotten you Waves, Wacs, Spars and other women in service. Certainly you should write to your pin-up favorite. If the boys can pin up the girls, you can pin up the boys. The above-mentioned publicists of the various studios will handle your requests too, and here are Cal's suggestions: Sonny Tufts and Jim Brown of Paramount, David Bruce and Turhan Bey (a handsome Turk) of Universal, Bob Hutton and Helmut Dantine of Warners, Van Johnson and Alan Marshall (so suave) of M-G-M, Bill Eythe and Peter Van Eyck of Twentieth Century-Fox, are the handsomest and greatest bets in town.

**Close Ups and Long Shots:** The halfway mark in Hollywood's production year that begins and ends with the Academy Awards banquets has been reached. So far, so good. Many actors, popular at the beginning of the year, have been submerged in war work and almost forgotten. Robert Preston, Robert Stack, Broderick Crawford and Robert Cummings are names seldom heard in Hollywood these days. Such players as Sonny Tufts, Helmut Dantine, Jim Brown, Donald O'Connor, Robert Walker and Peter Van Eyck, almost unknown six months ago, are now the (Continued on page 14)



# Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*"The same advice I gave your Dad . . .  
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, often"*



*More than sixty years in service*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in some size at your drug counter

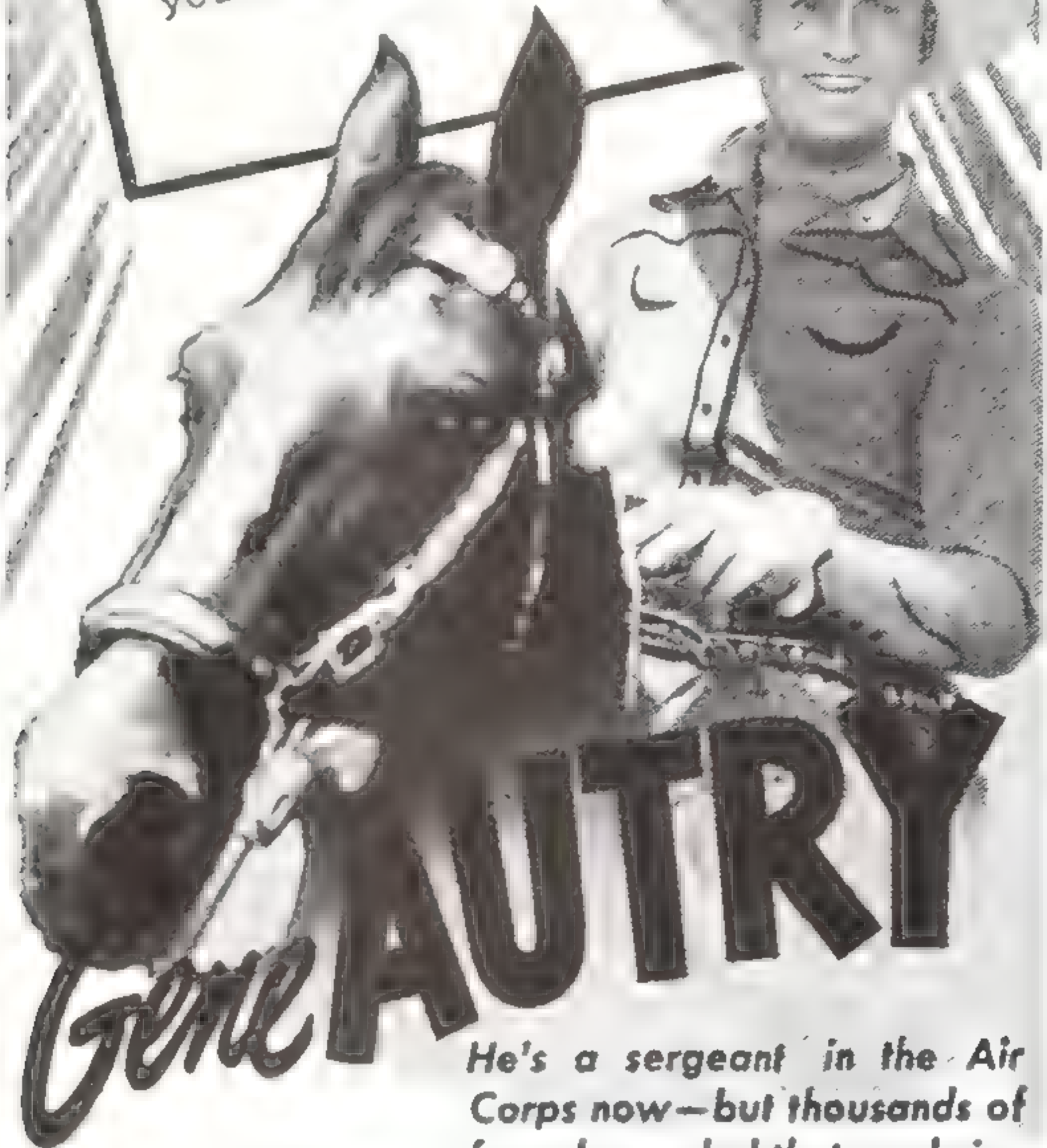


It's a  
**BIG PICTURE**

AS *Exciting*  
**TODAY**

AS WHEN IT FIRST  
**THRILLED AMERICA!**

Because it's one of Gene's  
best—crowded with thrills  
and melodies that never  
grow old!... You'll want to  
see this grand hit again—  
or, if you missed it, here's  
your opportunity!



He's a sergeant in the Air  
Corps now—but thousands of  
fans demanded that we bring  
back one of his greatest hits

**IN OLD  
MONTEREY**



WITH  
**SMILEY BURNETTE**

and  
**JUNE STOREY**  
**GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES**  
**THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS**  
**SARIE AND SALLIE**  
**THE RANCH**  
**BOYS**  
**STUART**  
**HAMBLIN**

BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS

Hear Gene  
sing:  
It Happened in  
Monterey  
Back in the  
Saddle  
My Buddy  
— and more!

It's a  
**REPUBLIC PICTURE**

## CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Two A-1 guys in uniform, Captain  
James Stewart, home on leave . . .

(Continued from page 12) leading favorites. Incongruous that in these times of a male shortage, the men have far surpassed the girls in attaining sudden popularity.

A glance over the pictures previewed in the last six months convinces that never has there been such an abundance of super films in so short a time. "Stage Door Canteen," "The Human Comedy," "Desert Victory," "Air Force," "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "So Proudly We Hail," "Victory Through Air Power," are all masterpieces. The war films continue to flood the market and pack in the customers because they're so darn well made.

Unfortunately, the private and personal life of Hollywood hasn't fared so well. Echoes of the Errol Flynn case had scarcely died away ere the Charles Chaplin-Joan Barry scandal broke loose. Gene Krupa went to prison on a narcotics charge. Chaplin married Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill, which seemed to add insult to injury, according to Hollywood. And then, when things had finally quieted down to a fever pitch, the Henry Fonda scandal zipped into the heart of movie-land like a razor-edged comet. Suit was filed by twenty-four-year-old Barbara Thompson of Long Beach, Calif., mother of three children and divorced wife of a Navy warrant officer, against the actor, demanding he provide for her three-weeks-old baby on the grounds that he, Fonda, was the father of said child.

Mrs. Fonda, the former Frances Brokaw, New York socialite, reiterated her confidence in her husband, now in the Navy.



. . . Sergeant Gene Autry (plus  
guitar) grin for Hymie Fink

By long-distance phone Fonda, who's stationed on the Washington coast, assured his wife he had never seen or met his accuser. To Navy officials, Fonda made the same denials.

Hollywood hopes there will be no compromise in the case and that Fonda will be permitted time off to return home to win complete exoneration.

Even as the Fonda case saddens the town an even darker cloud creeps over the horizon, one that will render all preceding events pale pink by comparison. The case involves a supposedly happily married man, a star who has recently separated from his wife and family, and a very young girl from another country. Scandal threatens at any minute.

A comforting balance is found on the right side of the ledger in the many marriages that have taken place in the half year.

The number of babies that have arrived since the last Academy banquet bespeaks the wholesome domesticity of Hollywood and its people.

On the whole, the halfway mark finds things progressing right along. Bets have already been laid that "For Whom The Bell Tolls" will win the Oscar for the best picture of the year.

A brilliant newcomer, Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress who plays *Pilar* in the film, is the favorite to win an Oscar. Universal believes Deanna Durbin's newest film, "Hers To Hold" will overcome the sudden drop in popularity suffered by the star after her previous effort, "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday." M-G-M rejoices that "Presenting Lily Mars," with their jewel of stars, Judy Garland, has surpassed even "The Human Comedy" as a moneymaker. Joan Crawford proved things really do happen in threes.

Joan was the third star to leave flat her alma mater, M-G-M. Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy preceded her. Both girls went into retirement. Joan went to Warners.

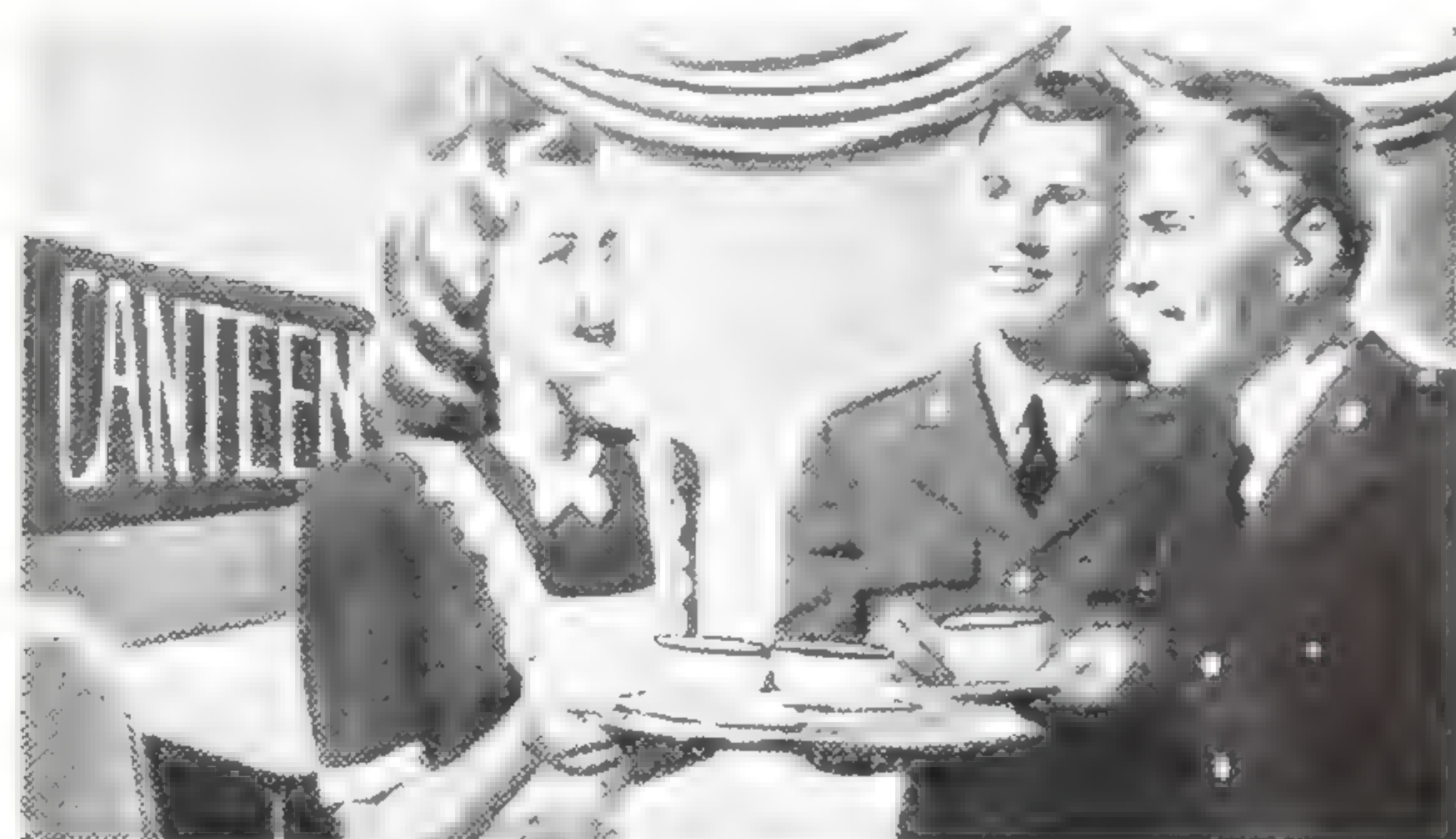




**New tasks for lovely hands  
—but a “guardian angel”  
helps keep them soft!**



**Lovely hands must do Cinderella jobs** these war-busy days. But *before* you tackle daily soap-and-water chores, put Tushay on guard! Tushay's a grand new idea in lotions. Used *beforehand*, this velvety lotion defends soft hands against drying, roughening effects of hot water and soap—helps them *stay* soft!



**Uncle Sam's urging women** to pitch in and do extra war tasks. When you're working at yours, keep Tushay handy! Always remember to smooth on this special-formula lotion *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. You'll love its richness—its fresh-flower scent. You'll love the way it guards the glamour of your hands!



**For that special furlough date**, Tushay's a marvelous beauty help! *In addition* to its “beforehand” use, this lush, creamy lotion's grand as a powder base—or for a fragrant all-over body rub. Works gentle magic on rough knees and elbows, shoulders and throat. Tushay's inexpensive—so you can afford to use it *all* these ways. Ask for it at your druggist's, today.



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

# TOUSHAY

**THE “BEFOREHAND” LOTION** that guards hands even in hot, soapy water





BONITA GRANVILLE.  
Star of RKO-Radio's *HITLER'S CHILDREN*,  
finds her pet canary another of her "admirers."

## Have a bit of Hollywood right in Your Home

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as 4 out of 5 Hollywood canary owners do, let French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) help keep your canary a happy singer.



OWN *A Canary*  
THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

### GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!

French's latest canary book is now ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries at work and play, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, today, and get your copy. **IT'S FREE!**

R. T. FRENCH COMPANY  
2552 Mustard Street  
Rochester 9, N. Y.

Kindly send me, without charge,  
a copy of the new French's Canary Book, "Keep a Song in Your Home."

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Write on penny postal card and mail)



New kind of love; new kind of team: Bob Young, Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia"

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ *ABOVE SUSPICION*—M-G-M—A well-rounded, well-constructed movie, with Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray a pair of honeymooners who land in Germany seeking the one man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British. With elements of excitement and suspense, it's good, absorbing movie stuff. (July)

✓✓ *ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC*—Warner Brothers: A splendid exciting picture about the experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy to Russia, dogged by submarines. Raymond Massey is the captain of one of the ships; Humphrey Bogart, his first mate. All the crew is perfectly cast. It's packed with action and suspense and is a fine salute to the heroism of the Merchant Marine. (Aug.)

*AERIAL GUNNER*—Paramount: The enmity between Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is intensified when they find themselves in the same gunnery school, Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor; and they both court the same girl. But when they both go into action on the same plane, their heroism heals all hatred. (July)

*ALASKA HIGHWAY*—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway and both in love with Jean Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, keep the action going. (Sept.)

*ALL BY MYSELF*—Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loses him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her fiance and he in turn announces they're married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstanding. (Sept.)

✓✓ *BACKGROUND TO DANGER*—Warners: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe and gets the plans first. Osa Massen, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

✓✓ *BATAAN*—M-G-M: This story of thirteen men in a Bataan fox hole, ready to give their lives to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge, is living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Robert Walker is

outstanding; Bob Taylor, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy, Desi Arnaz, Thomas Mitchell and the others are also excellent. (Aug.)

✓ *BEST FOOT FORWARD*—M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy senior prom and pandemonium is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation, Nancy Walker provides some dead-pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille's bumptious press agent. Harry James and his band provide the music. (Sept.)

✓✓ *BOMBARDIER*—RKO-Radio: Both instructive and entertaining, this tells how boys are trained to become bombardiers. Pat (Continued on page 22)

## SHADOW STAGE

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**OF COURSE *Vitamins G, P-P!***  
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



**OF COURSE *Iron!*** Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!



**OF COURSE *Calcium & Phosphorus!***  
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

# Quit Worrying

**ABOUT**

## VITAMINS AND MINERALS

**3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!**

Millions of people today know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-

good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use*, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

**3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING**



**OF COURSE *Vitamin A!*** Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra "A" experts say you need.



**OF COURSE *Vitamin D!*** You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



**OF COURSE *Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>*!** You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B<sub>1</sub>. The Ovaltine way you get plenty!



**OF COURSE *Ovaltine*** gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

**WARNING!** Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!





smart women everywhere  
swear by

Revlon's "Rosy Future" on her fingertips and lips.

Revlon







# Speak FOR YOURSELF

You're probably saying the same thing about Lon ("California") McCallister as that Missouri miss

## \$10.00 PRIZE Here's Hoping, Gable!

THIS letter is "for the record," meant to be filed away and used when or if there be occasion. Written now, because I couldn't say later, "I told you so," unless I had!

First, happily, I have no prescience to tell me that Clark Gable will do anything but return to the place where he belongs, acting for the films, after the war. However, if he suffers any hurt or "black out" as the percentage of hazard he is running allows, we must admit he has bid for it. For some years he has held the thought that he was about "done" in movies and, as far as I've read, had no clear picture of any future for himself. Now his mental picture of any future for himself seems to stop at being a bombardier for the duration. Then what?

"As a man sees himself, so he is." (A "free" quote.) Clark seems to have sold himself on winding up in a "grand smash finale" and if thought can create fact, we must say he bought it!

Just the same, I'd rather he would come back ready to work for us again as he should, envision for us in those blessed movies how a man can grow from boyhood through virile maturity on into what dignity added years may win. Here's hoping, Clark, you will hold this further future in your mind, make it be!

Beulah Barker,  
Piqua, O.

## \$5.00 PRIZE Courage

DON'T know if this will ever reach you. The censor may not be able to let it get through. The plane that carries it may not get through. I hope it does. In 1938 I was bicycling through Holland. I met a Dutch boy called Bill who was going to one of Holland's finest universities. He wanted to learn about everything American; I about everything Dutch. We became good friends in the few short weeks was there. After I came back we kept writing. On the last Clipper that left Lisbon before December 7, 1941, was the last letter he wrote to me. In May, 1941,

his country had been invaded and crushed by Germany.

He wrote: "You don't know what we are going through. What you have over there give everything else up for. We didn't, but you still can. Tell your friends—give up anything and everything they have, before it is too late."

"Give my regards to Dorothy and also to Mr. Bob Hope. When you don't understand this remember that we learn something new every day."

What was he trying to say through the blackout that gripped his country? Dorothy was the girl I had written him about, but how had he heard of Bob Hope? Certainly not in the movies. By short-wave radio, of course! And what did he mean "new" every day? I racked my brains. Then it came to me—the news! He was risking his neck to listen to the short-wave broadcasts of a free press and a free radio. And he had tuned in to the free laughter of these United States.

A fine tribute to one who can make the whole world laugh, from someone with true Dutch courage.

Keep those laughs coming, Mr. Bob Hope, we're all listening!

Roger Coeyman,  
c/o Postmaster,  
San Francisco, Cal.

(This letter came V mail to Photoplay from "somewhere in Australia.")

## \$1.00 PRIZE Star Stanzas

RITA HAYWORTH—strawberry ice;  
Betty Hutton—loaded dice.

Jimmy Cagney—shamrocks and "blarney";  
Bette Davis—bug-eyes and "Farney."

Irene Dunne—mink and chinchilla;  
Maria Montez—(I'll take vanilla!).

Mickey Rooney—vitamins and "jive";  
Laird Cregar—Mr. Five by Five.

Orson Welles—The Man from Mars;  
Groucho Marx—black brows and cigars.

Costello and Abbott—belly laughs;  
Betty Grable—ankles and calves!

Mrs. Marcia Vespi,  
Dolgeville, N. Y.

# Making Yourself Over is FUN!

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

## Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of being tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peachy complexion and a gay new spirit.

### What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost	37 lbs.
Waist	7" less
Abdomen	7" less
Hips	6 3/4" less
Thigh	6 1/2" less



Before

"My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start."



After

## Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 90,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

**Get the Full Story**—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course. Just paste coupon on a penny postal.

*DuBarry Success Course*

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON  
Dept. SX-8, 693 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Shout for "California"

I HAVE raved about Ronald Reagan in "Kings Row," went ga-ga over Gig Young in "Air Force" and all through "China" I ah-ed over Alan Ladd. Each time I resolved to go home and dash off a "letter to the editor" giving these wonderful actors a pat on the back. But because I'm the type who keeps putting off things, nothing ever happened. Now I've seen "Stage Door Canteen" and this time I'm going through with it. The subject of my enthusiasm is Lon McCallister. Looks? Oh Bro-th-er! Girls all over the theater began to gurgle "Isn't he cute?" at his first appearance. Charm? Personality? His scenes are the only ones I can remember. I can't even recall Ray Bolger and that's bad! Acting ability? "Natural as the kid next door" is an overworked expression, but here it really fits. All the reviews of the picture I have read term his performance outstanding.

If any further conviction that Lon McCallister is really something to shout about is needed, may I offer the added information that I saw the picture twice and haven't slept for three nights.

Norma F. Ward,  
Chula, Mo.

(Watch for a full account of Lon McCallister, coming soon in Photoplay.)

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Proof of the Heflin Pudding

THIS is a fan letter for my father! He has always been opposed to handsome leading men—even movies in general. He raised Cain every time we went to a

show. "Hollywood never turned out a decent actor," he declared, "the only decent ones are on the legitimate stage!"

One day, about a year and a half ago, he was lunching with a client. Afterwards, the client wanted to see a picture with Lana Turner—"Johnny Eager." Father couldn't very well excuse himself, so he reconciled himself to being bored for three and one-half hours.

When he came out of the theater, he was raving praises, but not of L. T.—of a comparatively unknown young man called Van Heflin.

Now, ever since that memorable date, Father has insisted that the family see every one of this remarkable man's films. "There's a real actor," he says.

My bonnet is off to Van Heflin! Any actor or personality who can drag that much of a compliment from my father deserves an Academy Award!

Marian Scheirer,  
San Diego, Cal.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
One Guy; One New Idea

FOR what seemed like ages, I seemed to get no further than the shift key of a typewriter in our armored division at Fort Riley, Kansas. I had been taking my "job" for granted until I saw "Five Graves To Cairo," while here on furlough.

Franchot Tone's great performance set me on my heels and has given me more self-initiative (or what we call "guts"—in the Army). When I get back to camp I'm asking for *active service*! I want a crack at the Axis before the excitement's all over.

Pvt. Le Roy E. Fisher,  
Ashland, N. H.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
About That Ladd Letter

I AM not much at writing letters, but when I read the one written by Page Huntoon, criticizing Alan Ladd, I had to set her right with this letter. First of all, let me say, Miss Huntoon, that you are perfectly correct when you call yourself "one of the minority who do not admire the little Ladd." Let me also add just two words and they are "of the *very small* minority, etc." You speak of Mr. Ladd's "lack of poise" and "woodenness." I can honestly say that I have never noticed this and I am quite sure that you must have looked very hard to find something wrong with him, since you have found something that even the severest critics have not noticed.

Furthermore, what right have you or anyone else to criticize the publicity of a man who has given up a career when he was at his peak, to join the Army and fight for his country. And so I speak for the majority who *do* admire the little Ladd as an actor when I say, "More power to you, Alan Ladd, and may you be more successful than ever when this war is won."

Evelyn Winters,  
New York, N. Y.

**HONORABLE MENTION**

IT was a typical hot and sultry day at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, when I returned from a long road march. Brother, I was mad when I slung my field pack on my bunk that afternoon. However, acting upon a buddy's suggestion, I decided to take in a movie. What I saw that night changed my entire outlook. Yep, take your hat off to Donald O'Connor. That kid has

**IRRESISTIBLE**... *as always!*

We dedicate to the **SPARS**...

**IRRESISTIBLE** *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

"Look alive!" In the service or on the home front, it's the order of the day! Achieve the right, bright look with Irresistible's gallant Ruby Red... an inviting, exciting complement to navy or any costume color. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer, smoother, Irresistible Lipsticks are a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



*Whip-Text* TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢





everything. He is as keen as MacArthur figuring a new blow at the Japs. That O'Connor kid is going up as rapidly in the cinema world as the Afrika Korps re-treated in Tunis!

Pvt. Ralph Meade,  
Fort Bragg, N. C.

**O**UTCROON Crosby? Impossible, I say. Frank Sinatra has a pleasant voice but he hasn't the personality that Bing possesses. Sinatra sings and never says anything. I do not think Bing will be replaced.

M. G. Weiss,  
Detroit, Mich.

**M**ANY of us never saw a war and never shall. In this land of plenty, do we know what famine is? Do we know what it means to fear—not to be able to laugh? Yes we do! We do now. I've seen the horror and the gore of it, the stink and the stench of it—from a comfortable seat in an American theater. I went out and bought War Bonds, and I got into a defense job, and I went without sugar, and gas and coffee—so did the guy sitting on the left of me and the one on the right of me. Thanks, Hollywood, thanks for showing us the path. We'll take it, straight to the finish.

Dorothy M. Gibbons,  
Chicago, Ill.

**F**OR years we Texans have suffered in silence. Doesn't Hollywood realize the Southern accent is different from the Texas drawl and that we do more than ride horses down here? But now, in the nick of time, a real Texan has been found! Texas is proud of Jim Brown!

Marjorie Osborne,  
San Antonio 2, Tex.

**N**O one knows how long the war may last. Wouldn't it be wise to use the pictures of stars who have gone to war as often as you can in the years to come. Keep these men in mind and the public eye so they will not be forgotten. To all of these fighting men, I wish a speedy return.

Jean Morey,  
Chicago, Ill.

**I** AM a Chinese girl, writing because I want to tell you how much I appreciated that great picture called "China."

It is certainly given me great hopefulness that China will win this war. Our Chinese people have been fighting for six long years, believe me the Chinese people won't stop until the victory is won!

Lee Fon Lon,  
Louise, Miss.

**"M**ISTER TERRIFIC" they call him. With his talent, I know he'll go far! I wonder by now if you've possibly guessed That Gene Kelly's my favorite star!

Jackie Campbell,  
Fort Worth, Tex.

**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR** awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

## Why Cupid quit in the case of Claire!



**The Plot:** Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together?

How easy to take love for granted, to

think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!



**The Clue:** Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!"



**The Rescue:** "I was *silly*, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"



Underarm odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth on Mum—it's *quick*! Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

And Mum is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

**For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe and dependable. Use it this way, too!**





(Continued from page 16)

# A Lass and a Lack

## (...OF CONFIDENCE)

Woe is you! Dressed up to go to the most-fun party of the year . . . and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off . . . for you just can't mask your feelings, can you?

This was the night you'd waited for; planned on, weeks ago! And now you're blithely bowing out, with a lame, last-minute alibi. Or are you?

For in pops Sue for a final dress preview—and speaks her mind, but plenty! "It's murder", she says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"Moaning at the moon won't help.

What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought every girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

### Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex *stays soft* . . . doesn't just *feel* soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun . . .

with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time—when you want to wear your smooth new formal!)

You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

## Keep going in comfort WITH KOTEX\*

**BE IN THE KNOW** . . . learn what to do and what's taboo on "those" days—in the free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Read it and get in the groove about grooming, sports, social contacts. There's a special calendar provided, too, for your own *personal* use. So, send your name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-10, Chicago 54, Ill., for copy FREE!



**For Trying Days**, try KURB tablets . . . if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. KURB tablets merit your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombshell devotee who wins his fight over Randy Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardier. Eddie Albert, Barton MacLane, Robert Ryan and Anne Shirley are very good and the climax is a whiz-dinger. (Aug.)

**CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN**—Universal: A mad scientist transforms an ape into a gorgeous girl. The transformed being has strange powers to subdue animals in a circus into submission, but the old gorilla habits return to possess the girl. Acquannetta is stunning as the ape girl, Evelyn Ankers is the heroine, and John Carradine plays the cracked scientist. (July)

**CHATTERBOX**—Republic: Joe E. Brown deserves better than this silly tale of a radio cowboy who fails to make good masquerades as a woman in order to lure Judy Canova into films, and finally plays hero in a teeter-totter mountain cabin. Rosemary Lane, John Hubbard, Gus Schilling and the Mills Brothers are tangled up in the mess. (July)

**COLT COMRADES**—Sherman-U.A.: *Hopalong Cassidy* and his two pals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kirby, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they immediately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

**✓✓CONEY ISLAND**—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of entertainment in this Technicolor musical, with Cesar Romero owner of a Coney Island cafe and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Then George Montgomery becomes Romero's partner. Both men are in love with Betty, and they doublecross each other consistently till the final clinch. The songs are gay and tuneful. (July)

**✓✓CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Warners: Women will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older musician. Joan Fontaine is so believable as the girl; Charles Boyer is the musician; and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Reynolds are the other *Sanger* sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn. (Sept.)

**COWBOY FROM MANHATTAN**—Universal: Walter Catlett talks a group of Texas hotel men into angeling a Broadway show with Frances Langford as its singing star. When Robert Paige comes along attempting to sell cowboy songs, Catlett grabs him for a wild exploitation stunt. Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments. (July)

**✓✓CRASH DIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is the commander of a submarine and Tyrone Power his chief officer in the exciting picture which shows the work of the submarine in warfare. The climax is magnificent. Anne Baxter is the girl. (July)

**✓✓DIXIE**—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays *Dan Emmett*, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success, his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Marjorie Reynolds is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe, Lynne Overman, Eddie Foy, Jr. and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

**✓✓DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE**—M-G-M: Lionel Barrymore, always splendid as *Dr. Gillespie*, takes intern Van Johnson with him to a prison to visit homicidal maniac John Craven, former suitor of Donna Reed. They get there just in time to become involved in a jail break. Keye Luke is another intern, Margaret O'Brien a patient in the children's ward and Bill Lundigan a war veteran. (Aug.)

**✓✓DU BARRY WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: Comedy and music in Technicolor with Red Skelton a hat-check boy who dreams he's King Louis XV and Lucille Ball is Du Barry. Rags Ragland, Virginia O'Brien, Zero Mostel and Gene Kelly all add to the gaiety and nonsense and the dream sequences are so funny. The music's provided by Tommy Dorsey's band and Cole Porter's songs. (July)

**✓✓FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO**—Paramount: Franchot Tone, British soldier in Tobruk, impersonates a dead German waiter in the pay of the Nazis in a small hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From Field Marshal Rommel, superbly played by Erich von Stroheim, Tone learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Peter Van Eyck scores heavily as Rommel's aid and Anne Baxter is more than competent. (Aug.)

**GET GOING**—Universal: Gracie MacDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets easily; a room, which she obtains with three other girls; and a beau, which she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute.

**GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE**—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into bungalow next to a house occupied by a Nazi agent, Bela Lugosi. Whereupon Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan set out to trap the spy and, after much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

**GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY**—RKO-Radio: When well-meaning *Gildersleeve*, as a member of a jury, works to set the accused man free and then is



accused of bribery, all heck breaks loose with a whirl of *Gildersleeves* midst wild chases. Jane Darwell and Nancy Gates get mixed up in the thing. (Aug.)

**GOOD MORNING, JUDGE**—Universal: This has Dennis O'Keefe as a music publisher being sued for plagiarism with Louis Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. This leads to many doings which are supposed to be very amusing. Mary Beth Hughes is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections. (July)

**✓✓HEAVEN CAN WAIT**—20th Century-Fox: Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times is this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche. Gene Tierney as his wife has never been better or prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who hears Don's life story. The whole cast is excellent. (Sept.)

**HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT**—Paramount: *Henry*, played by Jimmy Lydon, takes music lessons from pretty Marion Hall and life becomes difficult for the *Aldriches*, what with *Mrs. Aldrich* leaving home, *Henry* getting caught in a raid. (Sept.)

**✓✓HERS TO HOLD**—Universal: Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotten at a blood bank. In order to get her man, Deanna gets a job as a riveter in the same defense plant in which Joe is working. Deanna sings delightfully and it's a charming, timely love story. (Sept.)

**✓HIT THE ICE**—Universal: Abbott and Costello are sidewalk photographers who gangster Sheldon Leonard thinks are thugs. He hires them to cover him while he robs a bank. When the boys discover what goes on they leave town and follow the robber to Sun Valley where things really get going. With Ginny Simms and Elyse Knox. (Sept.)

**HITLER'S HANGMAN**—M-G-M: This is a pretty poor memorial to Lidice. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison struggle like trapped animals with the romantic leads. Heydrich is played well by John Carradine. (Sept.)

**I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO**—Monogram: Dean Jagger, an American forger, is set to work by the Gestapo behind a beach concession which is a front to gather information. Finally his patriotism is aroused and he gets a message through to the F.B.I. With John Carradine, Bill Henry and Mary Brian. (July)

**JITTERBUGS**—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy run riot in this not very funny movie. First they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets; then they become involved in an impersonation contest. (Aug.)

**KANSAN, THE**—U. A.: Banker Albert Dekker elects Richard Dix as marshal; Dix exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick schemes and the result is a shootin', tootin' mix-up. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. (Sept.)

**KING OF THE COWBOYS**—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who joins a carnival in order to get firsthand information on thieves. Smiley Burnett is funny and Peggy Moran is cute. (July)

**✓✓LADY OF BURLESQUE**—U. A.: When murder occurs behind a stage in a burlesque theater, Barbara Stanwyck, star of the show, Michael O'Shea the comic, Pinky Lee, J. Edward Bromberg the theater manager, and the burlesque girls are all involved. The cast is very good. (July)

**LEATHER BURNERS**—U. A.: *Hopalong Cassidy*, played by Bill Boyd, and his pal, Andy Clyde, join a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. A fine free-for-all results. Not quite up to the *Hopalong* standard. (July)

**LEOPARD MAN, THE**—RKO-Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, publicity man, gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl, whereupon other murders occur. Margo, Isobel Jewell, Abner Biberman, a leopard trainer, and Ben Bard, police chief, all prowl along with the cat. (Aug.)

**✓✓MISSION TO MOSCOW**—Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of understanding Russia, it's beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story takes former Ambassador Davies, played by Walter Huston, through the factories, intrigues and length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth about Hitler and Russia. It's definitely a picture to see. (Aug.)

**✓✓MISTER BIG**—Universal: Here's the student body group again who want to put on a hot musical for their class play, but the faculty says no. Guess who wins? Anyway, Donald O'Connor is a great little performer. Gloria Jean sings old-style and new-style songs and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. (Aug.)

**✓✓MORE THE MERRIER, THE**—Columbia: This madcap caricature of overcrowded Washington is delightful farce, packed with hilarious antics. It starts when stenographer Jean Arthur decides to rent out half her apartment, and Charles Coburn moves in and then rents out half of his half to Joel McCrea, and everything gets hectic. (July)

**✓✓MR. LUCKY**—Columbia: Cary Grant is the owner of a gambling ship and in order to get some much-needed money he attempts to horn in on a War Relief Committee. There he meets and falls in love with Laraine Day and is finally regenerated. Not up to the usual standard. (July)

(Continued on page 25)

# How's your Dating Rating?



**1** Her rating was pretty low...for she looked older than she really was...so men never asked for dates...and she was lonely! She never guessed...it was her face powder's fault...cause its shade was dead and lifeless...made her skin look old...and hid her natural youth and beauty!

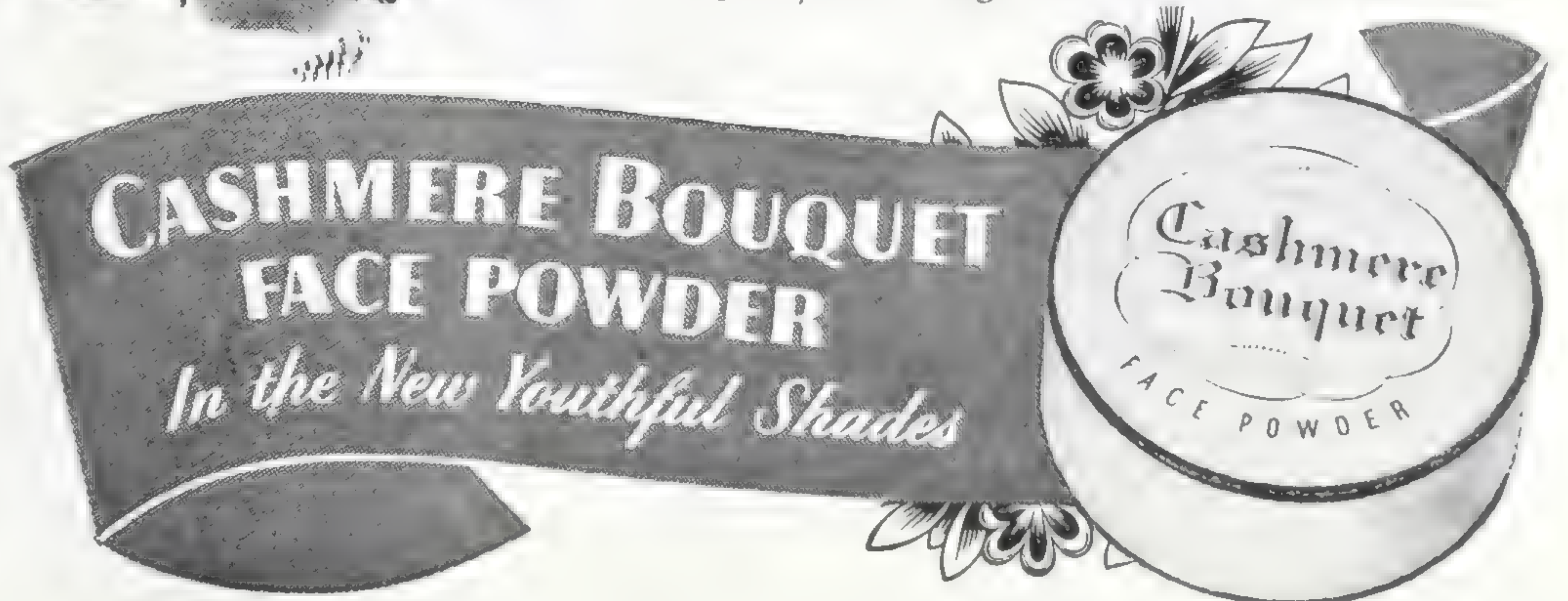


**2** Then, quite by chance...oh, lucky chance...she tried the new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! Yes, new shades that are scientifically matched to the glowing, vibrant skin tones of youth! And what a lucky chance for you, too...for there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to glorify all the natural, youthful beauty in your complexion...no matter what your age may be!



**3** So now she rates so many dates she's always on the go...thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful glow Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives to her complexion! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended, never streaky because it's color-harmonized to match your skin-type...goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

**4** And there's a new, youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet waiting for you! See for yourself how alluringly fresh and glamorous you really can be, when you look your best with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! There's a shade to suit you perfectly... in 10¢ size or larger at all cosmetic counters.





"Thanks loads, world, for making me a star!"

YOU'LL  
LOVE

# Claudia

The girl of the year in the picture of the year! From coast to coast they'll be talking, loving, dressing, thinking like Claudia!



ARTHUR  
WILLIAM  
BROWN-  
HOLLYWOOD

## "CLAUDIA"

**DOROTHY McGUIRE**

is Claudia...the screen's most refreshing find!

**ROBERT YOUNG**

is adorable David

**INA CLAIRE**

and REGINALD GARDINER  
OLGA BACLANOVA

Directed by

**EDMUND GOULDING**

Produced by William Perlberg • Adapted for the Screen by Morrie Ryskind from the Play by Rose Franken as Produced for the Stage by John Golden  
WILLIAM GOETZ, In Charge of Production

YOU'LL want to

SONJA HENIE

Wintertime



YOU'LL never forget

FRANZ WERFEL'S

SONG OF  
BERNADETTE



YOU'LL sing the  
praises of

BETTY GRABLE

and ROBERT YOUNG

Sweet  
ROSIE  
O'GRADY



YOU'LL enjoy

GUADALCANAL  
DIARY



YOU'LL cherish

ORSON WELLES  
JOAN FONTAINE

Jane Eyre



YOU'LL hail all these  
great coming HITS from

20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX



(Continued from page 23)

✓**MY FRIEND FLICKA**—20th Century-Fox: Roddy McDowall roams his father's Wyoming ranch with little sense of responsibility until he chooses the horse Flicka for his very own. Through the boy's loyalty to his horse is born understanding between him and his father, Preston Foster. You'll love it. (July)

✓**PILOT No. 5**—M-G-M: Four pilots on Java reveal to their Major the life story of the pilot who has just taken off for a suicidal attempt against the Japs. Franchot Tone, as the pilot, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Steve Garay and Marsha Hunt all top-notch. (July)

✓✓**PRELUDE TO WAR**—War Department film: Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this pulse-stirring picture. It shows the causes of the present war, beginning when the Japs attacked Manchuria. The picture is a master job. (Aug.)

✓✓**PRESENTING LILY MARS**—M-G-M: A honey of a musical, with Judy Garland a stage-struck miss from Indiana who forces stage producer Van Heflin to give her a job. Judy is delightful and Heflin is, as always, very good. (July)

✓**REAR GUNNER, THE**—Warners: You'll see Ronald Reagan in this picture of how the U. S. Army trains aerial gunners. But the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith as the farm lad who joins up just "to be around" a Flying Fortress. (July)

✓**SALUTE FOR THREE**—Paramount: Press agent Marty May tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio job by linking her name with war hero MacDonald Carey, but the publicity stunt backfires. Don Drake leads her girl orchestra. (Aug.)

✓**SARONG GIRL**—Monogram: Ann Corio, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in, is not yet competent enough to handle a leading role. "Scat" Davis and his music brighten it up, but it's still an inept picture. (Aug.)

✓**SONG OF TEXAS**—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who allows an old cowhand to pretend to be owner of Roy's ranch in order to impress the old fellow's daughter, Sheila Ryan, and her pal Arline Judge. (Aug.)

✓✓✓**SO PROUDLY WE HAIL**—Paramount: Seldom has a picture packed the power of this one, based on factual experiences of the nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. Claudette Colbert is their leader who falls in love, marries and leaves behind George Reeves. Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake give the performances of their careers and Sonny Tufts is a find. It's a film you'll long remember. (Sept.)

✓✓**SPITFIRE**—Goldwyn-U. A.: This is the story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire, told in the picture by David Niven, test pilot. Leslie Howard plays Mitchell. Because this is a true story, you will find it twice as moving and exciting. (Aug.)

✓✓✓**STAGE DOOR CANTEEN**—Sol Lesser-U. A.: A colossal parade of top names in the theater and in orchestras lend their talent to this picture of New York's Stage Door Canteen. The story has ambitious actress Cheryl Walker meeting soldier William Terry at the Canteen and their love story unfolding amidst glittering top-star entertainment. (Aug.)

✓✓**STORMY WEATHER**—20th Century-Fox: This all-Negro revue is a singing, dancing feast. Bill Robinson reviews the fictional events that have shaped his life, his love and marriage to beautiful Lena Horne, their separation and reunion. With Cab Calloway and Dooley Wilson. (Aug.)

✓**SUBMARINE ALERT**—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an engineer, finds himself employed by Axis agents under the watchful eye of the F. B. I. Wendy Barrie is cute as the girl. (Sept.)

✓**SWING SHIFT MAISIE**—M-G-M: Ann Sothern, as *Maisie*, is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig gets a job in a defense plant. That's where *Maisie* lands in deep trouble when Jean Rogers betrays her. It's average fare. (Aug.)

✓**TAXI, MISTER**—Roach-U. A.: Bill Bendix and Joe Sawyer are a pair of taxi drivers whose success story is told in flashbacks of how Bendix met and fell in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and how gangster Sheldon Leonard's interference eventually led to their success in business and love. All three principals are a hit trio. (Aug.)

✓**THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA**—20th Century-Fox: All about the German training of saboteurs to be sent to America, with George Sanders as the American-born German who goes to Germany to study at the instigation of the FBI. It's an informative story packed with suspense. (July)

✓**TWO TICKETS TO LONDON**—Universal: A poorly constructed story, with Alan Curtis as a merchant seaman accused of being a traitor. When a bomb hits the train carrying him to London, he escapes with Michele Morgan and the two become fugitives from justice. C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Gordon and Oscar O'Shea do their best. (Sept.)

✓**WHITE SAVAGE**—Universal: A melee of murder, fabulous jewels, earthquakes and Maria Montez in a sarong—all in Technicolor. Maria is a South Sea princess and Jon Hall a white fisherman who falls in love with her. Sabu is amusing. (July)



# Beautiful Hair

...the way to a Man's Heart

**SHEILA RYAN**  
appearing in the 20th  
Century-Fox Techni-  
color musical, "The  
Gang's All Here"  
uses GLOVER'S.



Try **ALL THREE** for complete treatment  
— or use any **ONE** separately!

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands — three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store — or mail the coupon today!

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**GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS**. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! Supplies a new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home, especially in cases of "dry scalp." Use *after* application of Glover's Mange Medicine — or *before* shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and **FREE** booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



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with massage, for  
**DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP**  
and Excessive **FALLING HAIR**



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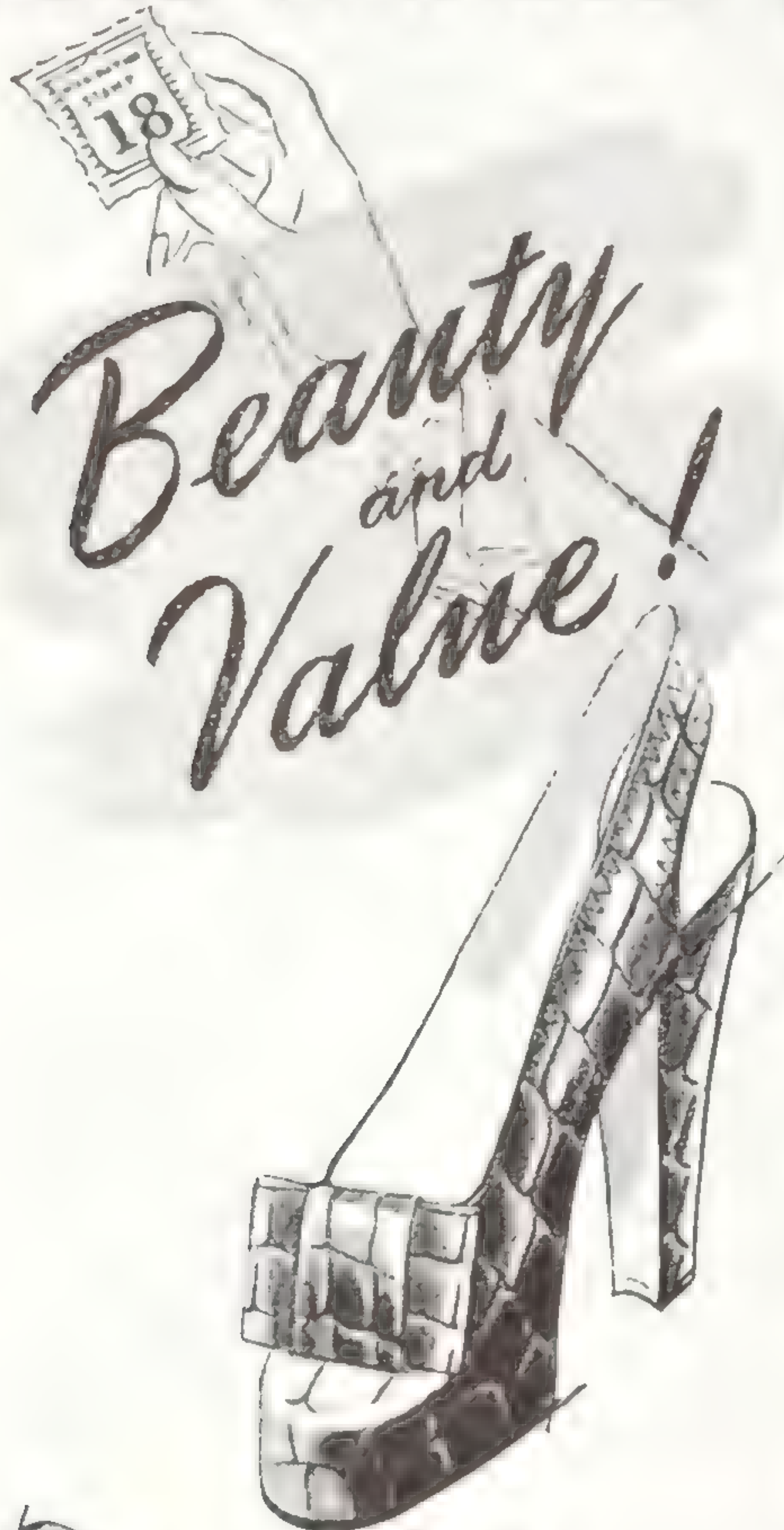
Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

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IF DEFECTIVE OR  
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\$3 to \$4

Some styles slightly higher.

The preferred choice of smart thrifty women who love beautiful shoes... who want the most in style, value and comfort...you can always depend on PARIS FASHION SHOES.



WOHL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

# THE Shadow Stage

## Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Hit musical: Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie in "This Is The Army"

✓✓✓ This Is The Army (Warners)

It's About: The lads of the armed forces of 1918 and 1943 who put on a show.

A LIVE-WIRE, entertaining musical has been turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. It will stir your pulses with red, white and blue corpuscles and put a lump of pride in your throat that these, our boys, can laugh, sing, dance and clown like professionals while wearing Uncle Sam's khaki.

Many Hollywood personalities have been added to the original cast of soldiers who traveled across the country with their show and worked under strictest military regulations. Undoubtedly names such as Ronald Reagan, Alan Hale, George Murphy, George Tobias, Joan Leslie, Charles Butterworth, Rosemary De Camp, Frances Langford and others will enhance box-office draw, but sometimes we felt most of them unnecessary and in the way.

Lieut. Ronald Reagan, who plays a private and stage manager, and George Murphy, instigator of the "Yip, Yip Yaphank" show of 1918, are outstanding. Irving Berlin's singing of "Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning" is a highlight. Mr. Berlin, who composed the score and lyrics of both the 1918 and 1938 shows, has done a magnificent job.

Sgt. Joe Lewis has been borrowed from Uncle Sam for a scene or two. Kate Smith and Gertrude Niesen come through with some grand singing.

All in all, it's a grand job and one every American should fight to see.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical you'll love.



A "talk-about": Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

✓✓✓ For Whom The Bell Tolls (Paramount)

It's About: The bravery of a band of Republicans during the Spanish revolution

HERE it is at last! A picture whose production planning began several years ago now emerges in many instances a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color.

The Greek actress, Katina Paxinou, is the star of the picture as *Pilar* and we're not taking away from Ingrid Bergman as *Maria* or Gary Cooper as *Robert Jordan* when we make this statement.

A new comedian with a new understanding and interpretation of humor is brought to the screen in Mikhail Rasumny as the gypsy. His childlike spirit, his blind loyalty, his fear of *Pilar* are touching to see.

Cooper and Bergman will be Academy Award nominees for their work or we miss our guess. Their farewell scene is one of this screen's finest emotional passages.

Akim Tamiroff turns in a strong performance. Arturo de Cordova, Vladimir Sokoloff, Fortunio Bonanova, Joseph Calleia are all excellent in their roles.

The story has *Jordan*, an American, in Spain as a dynamiter during the Civil War as a protest against the march of Fascism. The dynamiting of a bridge by this little group who have taken refuge in the mountains becomes the pivot about which the plot revolves.

The telling is long and in some sequences too slow, due to a constant recourse to close-ups. But you won't be in the swim if you don't see this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: The picture of the year. (Continued on page 115)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 118

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 123

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 16





*A girl's best bet for landing beaux  
Is lovely hair that shines and glows!*

*No other shampoo*  
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



SMART FOR A WARTIME WINTER! Colorful, printed wool, cut on slim simple lines—to save precious material. And this simple but interesting hair-do to save precious time. Send a Drene carton top with your name and address to Dept. P, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio and complete setting instructions for this smart new hair-do will be sent you.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair... aglow with enchanting highlights!

So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



**Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!**

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*





## How Her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS

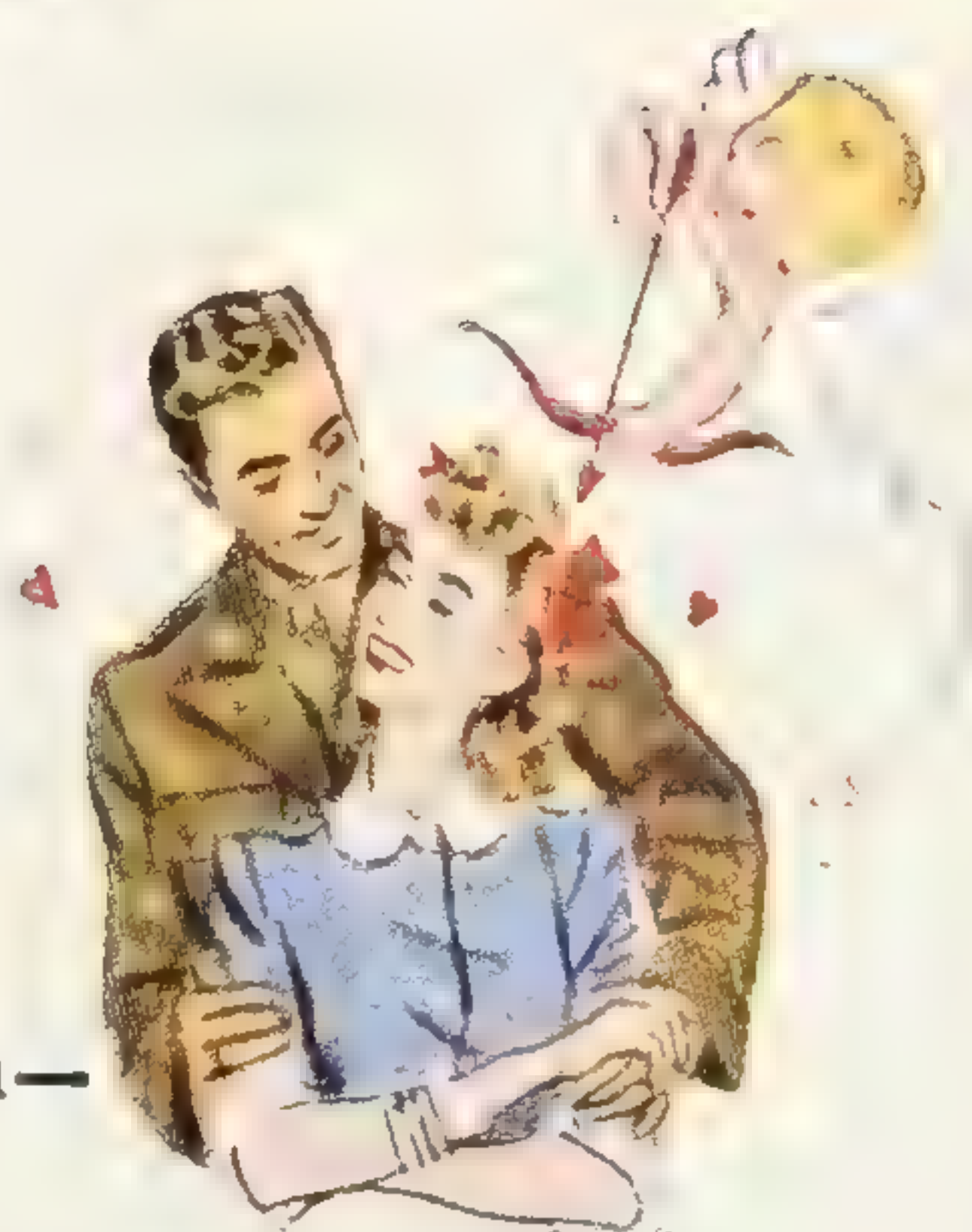


Maureen O'Hara says—

"Hollywood experts advise for me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. We've learned that Woodbury shades do much more than just blend with skin coloring—they give the most flattering color-tone. The exquisite *Woodbury Rachel* is my shade. It gives a clear, warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"



Cupid  
will get you—



To be lucky in love, wear your Woodbury shade. Film directors helped create it. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder makes skin look smoother, younger. Choose from *Rachel*, *Natural* (Veronica Lake's shade), *Champagne Rachel* (Lana Turner's shade), *Windsor Rose* (Rita Hayworth's shade), and 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

## WOODBURY POWDER

*Color-Controlled*

**Her Matched Make-up**—Maureen's rouge and lipstick shades are in the \$1 box of *Woodbury Rachel*. The \$1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick shades—at no extra cost!

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

**Heartbeats:** He met her on leave in Hollywood and from then on Captain Jimmy Stewart wrote letters to Dinah Shore. But Jimmy was gone for a long time and in the meantime George Montgomery came along. Gradually Dinah and George became a constant twosome about town. Then Jimmy came home again and—boom!—the first thing Captain Stewart did was to phone Dinah for a date. He got it. Friends still insist George is head man in



**Capt. Stewart:** He made a phone call



**George and Dinah:** They made dates

Dinah's heart, however, and Cal believes it. Incidentally, this may be Jimmy's last leave before overseas duty...

The Eddie Albert-Anne Shirley-Margo trio remains one of the oddest in Hollywood. When Eddie, now Lt. (j.g.) in the Navy, comes to Hollywood, he makes a straight beeline for Anne. When he's away, his phone calls are for Margo who spends many week ends in San Francisco to be near him. Now who is in love with whom and what's it all about?...

The train was crowded, hot and dusty and yet the two sat together in the stifling coach oblivious to everyone else. No one spoke to little Anne Baxter sitting so still and quiet beside handsome blond Dick Derr. Only that morning Dick had received orders that called him to the air base in Florida. The only way Anne could say good-bye to her best beau was to go along as far as Phoenix, Arizona. The trip back alone in a temperature of 140 degrees was almost unbearable, but Anne was comforted—she had sent her beau on his journey in the manner her heart dictated...

It was a Hollywood dinner party and the guests were sitting about chatting. Suddenly Lt. John Carroll, home on leave, leaped to his feet, walked over to Ann Miller and said, "Ann, will you marry me?"

He was deadly serious. Ann grew red, looked around amazedly and finally stammered "N-no, thank you."

The party went right on as if nothing had happened.



**John Carroll:** He made a proposal



# Navy lady



Every reason why Greer Garson and Richard Ney shouldn't marry was discussed. This is why they should—and did!

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

THEY thought it over carefully. They discussed it from every angle and decided, as people have since the beginning of time, that love was more important than a world at war, or the time and space that war would put between them. And because Greer Garson and Richard Ney found it so, they were married at the very close of Richard's leave.

Navy Ensign Ney had hoarded those days of leave as a miser hoards his gold. Little by little, hour by hour, he'd gathered them together. "No, you're married," he'd tell a fellow shipmate. "You take this forty-eight." And so the extra time would be stored up and saved against the day he'd have a full two weeks' leave to visit Greer. It came after eight months' absence and terrific action at Attu in the Aleutians.

A special irony seemed to be at work on the fate of the young naval officer, for when he arrived here, Greer was working frantically on the film, "Madame Curie." He was the house guest of Greer and her mother. But because her picture was shooting, she'd leave early of a morning and arrive home tired and weary at night. They'd sit across the candlelit table at dinner or, if enough daylight remained, at a table out in the patio, and look at each other with eyes that asked the age-old question. Should they or shouldn't they? He loved her madly, and she'd given her word almost a year before. In fact, they'd gone so far as to take out a marriage license; one they hadn't used because Greer hadn't been able to make up her mind in time to allow for the three-day limit, then in effect in California law, before Ney had to leave. "I wish now," Greer told a mutual friend after he'd gone, "I'd married Richard." His imminent

danger surrounded her, engulfed her like a cloud.

They wrote constantly, for they had much in common to write about—books and music and acting. In Hollywood his buoyant spirits had cheered and lifted Greer from her quiet routine into a world of music and laughter and dancing. She loved to dance; Richard, tall and handsome, had taken her everywhere. And now his

letters fairly danced with the anticipation of the good times they'd have when he got home again. And, too, they never stopped pleading his cause and reminding her of her promise.

Only they didn't have those good times when Richard came back on leave. Greer worked until late Saturday night of the first week he was home, on Sunday they went to a swimming party at producer Sydney Franklin's, and on Monday (the beginning of the last wonderful week they'd planned on) Greer took to her bed with flu.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it. Richard took Nina, Greer's mother, out to dinner and to the homes of friends. Together they'd come back to report to Greer on what they'd done and seen and heard. And still that question in their eyes remained unanswered. Or was it answered for them? Was her work and now her illness an answer of sorts—a dull, depressing answer?

The days flew by at heartbreaking speed. Tuesday of the second week and then Wednesday went by. Nothing was settled and only a few days remained. They went over all the old familiar ground—the years they might have to spend apart, the many marriages that failed because two people were separated too long, the dangers of his never coming back and the consequences that can (Continued on page 113)



# ERROL FLYNN BEGINS AGAIN

This is the man today . . . how he is facing the challenge of taking up his old life after a sensational ordeal.

This is what Hollywood—and a famous woman—think of him

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



THE small lunchroom on the Warner Brothers lot was already crowded when Errol Flynn, wearing the dark blue trousers of a Royal Mounted Policeman and a coat of tan make-up, came in.

From the corner table where Ida Lupino and I were indulging a mutual passion for avocados, it seemed that the greetings he got as he strode through were unusually cordial. Even Artie Edison, that imperturbable dean of cameramen, who photographed "Casablanca" and has no illusions about movie stars, allowed himself a friendly smile and "How you doing, boy?"

It was the first time I had glimpsed Mr. Flynn since his late ordeal in the courts and upon the front pages of the country. It occurred to me that he had something to face as the aftermath of that sensational affair. You know yourself the embarrassment and difficulty of meeting friends, acquaintances, the folks next door when there has been even a small bit of trouble in the family. This man had been but recently the central figure in a nationwide scandal which dragged him to the bar of justice where even though he was acquitted he had become the target of millions of curious eyes.

It struck me that he was handling himself remarkably well. His air of rather flippant arrogance, which in the past had always "got my back up," had been replaced with some measure of true dignity. Though he was smiling broadly his face undoubtedly had graver lines. None of his enthusiasm and zest had been destroyed, that was plain, but his wide-open eyes and the way he carried himself suggested a control I am sure was lacking before and while he had managed, I felt, to keep his pride, his conceit had been blown away by the winds of adversity.

"It looks to me," I said to Ida, "as though Errol Flynn

was one of those rare people who can actually learn from experience. He's been through hell but I don't see any signs of bitterness."

Ida's mother evidently brought her up not to talk with her mouth full so it was a moment before she answered. But as you know, Ida has the kind of a face that cannot help expressing itself under any circumstances. I think she has the most expressive face I ever saw and, watching her eyes, I saw the admiration grow warm in them.

"He's all right," Ida said at last, slowly. "Do you know what he said to me the other day? He said, 'Ida, when you've hit rock bottom all the scenery on the way up looks beautiful.'"

There is, I know, always a great human interest in how a man "takes it." I felt that interest strongly in myself. This man had been villified, ridiculed, charged with an ugly crime. He had been acquitted in the courts of the crime itself, he had been convicted at the bar of public opinion of a certain amount of carelessness where his own good name was in question, he had been given another chance by the millions who love him on the screen. A man cannot go through that kind of an experience without its leaving a lasting impression upon his soul and his character.

In Hollywood, one hears today that Charlie Chaplin is defiant of public opinion.

That's one way to take it.

Errol Flynn's way, I find upon investigation, is very different.

There's enormous gratitude to those who stood by him; there's a clean-cut determination to start over and grow with the times and as keen an interest in his work as any man has ever displayed. Everyone (Continued on page 105)





The object now  
of millions of  
curious eyes—  
Errol Flynn of  
Warners' "North-  
ern Pursuit"



# The Most Misunderstood

Surprise facts that will cause you to stop, listen



Bing Crosby deserves part of his reputation; not all of it

**A**T A party the other night a bunch of us got to talking about those stars whom people think ill of and shouldn't, and those whom other folk think well of—and shouldn't. As someone present said, too often it's the angels who rate as devils while the devils cash in as saints. So we decided to pin on the wings and horns where they really belong.

Let's begin with Bing Crosby. A lot of folks think ill of him. They shouldn't. Bing's just too lackadaisical or too lazy, I don't know which. Maybe it's indifference. But he won't give interviews, have his pictures taken, or do anything dear to the hearts of a studio press agent. Yet there's no one who does more for charity or the public good than Crosby. He's not an actor—he knows it. He's lazy—so he says. He's the worst dresser in town. One reason for that is that he's color blind. But I think he has more friends off the screen than any man in Hollywood.

Then take the case of Jean Arthur. She's been known as the most unco-operative girl here. Yet I've never found her so. Jean had a heck of a time getting started. When she and her mother arrived, Jean's mother took in sewing to keep their two bodies and souls together. Mother was desperately afraid that Hollywood would find out they didn't always have enough to eat, which many times they didn't. Jean, as a youngster, was brought up on a diet of fear of everything, so that when success came, fear had become a living thing in her life. By that time, she had

Garbo: Chalk up the present attitude to her one big mistake

hidden all the sorrows, the mishaps, the miserable struggle that she and her mother had had and she couldn't be like her friends, carefree and gay. She'd been so used to hiding everything that she unconsciously kept on doing it, until success came in such big gobs that she no longer had any need of being afraid of anything. But the damage was done. You get the reputation for being unco-operative in this town and you can spend a lifetime without living it down. And I'm afraid that's just what's happened to Jean Arthur. She ran away from what every other star wanted and got—publicity. She's running still—and it isn't helping her. Yet there isn't a softer heart in town when it's touched or a person more remorse-stricken when she realizes her phobia has caused someone loss of work or an assignment, which has happened more than once.

There's no reason in the world why people should think harshly of Katharine Hepburn, but many do. She has only herself to thank for it. When she first arrived in Hollywood, she did the silliest things in her effort to prove there would be no "going Hollywood" for her—such things as wearing patched, faded overalls, sitting down on the



# Stars in Hollywood

and think in reverse about some of your favorites

BY

*Hedda Happer*

Orson Welles (below), the "Bad Boy." His friends have the lowdown on him



Tricks such as this were the reason for Hollywood's decision on Kate Hepburn

"Colossal" was the word for Jean Gabin at first, but now it's a different story

curbstone to read her fan mail, dealing imperiously with the press.

But all of Katie's imperiousness was aimed at those whom she considered in a sporting position to fight back, never the helpless little guy. Katie could be a staunch and generous defender of the underdog. However, in the days when she began to slip in Hollywood, it didn't help her any to have created powerful enemies. Katie left our town with few to mourn the Hepburn they had never understood.

But she came back—oh, how she came back! Typical of the woman underneath was the deal she put over for the two unknown writers of "Woman Of The Year." It landed a small fortune in the grateful laps of the writers—Garson Kanin's kid brother Michael and John Lardner, son of the famous Ring. What do you suppose they think of Katharine Hepburn?

George Sanders makes hay on being misunderstood. He only thanks you when you write nasty things about him. If you ever said he was a swell guy, I think he'd spit in your eye. He's built up his whole career on nastiness and

woe betide the man who would say that George had a heart and helped anyone in distress. He could give the shirt off his back to a pal, but if anyone printed it, he'd snatch yours off you—and strangle you with it.

Many people think ill of Greta Garbo. I don't think they should. When she first arrived here, her lot was not a happy one. She was shy, she didn't understand our language. The man who insisted upon bringing her over left Metro before he could make her first picture. She knew they didn't want her. They said so in no uncertain terms. Yet after they got a look at her on the screen, they realized she had a quality that was mighty rare. Then they turned over a new leaf and where before there was nothing but disdain, now there was nothing but praise. Being an honest sort of person, Garbo was sickened by that. I'm afraid she took advantage of it. Yet working with her was a joy. I know, because I played her sister in "As You Desire Me." She came on the set letterperfect, always prepared to do her job to the best of her ability. Her first rehearsal was as good as the tenth take you saw on the screen. She was co-operative, the working crew adored her, she had a sense of humor, could tell a story with the best of them. But when her day's work was over at five o'clock, she closed the door of the sound stage and entered another life—her own, her private life. And heaven help you if you tried to intrude into that!

Miriam Hopkins is a girl (Continued on page 94)

P  
M  
M





# A SOLDIER'S



Men in uniform everywhere are talking now about women. This soldier reports what they say frankly about you—sweetheart, wife, mother or the girl they meet—when they're alone in camp

NOW is a good time to talk about love in wartime. The war will be the biggest factor in every American's life till we've won it. Meanwhile, facts of life are facts. Let's get it straight. Because of sacrifices young people are making and more they will make, this generation deserves real and satisfying happiness. What happens now in soldier-and-girl relations will determine, throughout the peace years to come, whether you, and the right man for you, get your share of that happiness.

Bearing that in mind, Photoplay's editors handed this green corporal a block-buster. They asked, "Talk to our women readers frankly about what a soldier today wants a woman, *his* woman—wife or sweetheart—to be." That's a tall order. Having thought myself into the jitters, I talked with Susie—Mrs. Ladd—and then answered Photoplay: "I won't play the know-it-all. I won't presume to tell other people how to run their lives. But I'll be glad to act as reporter: I'll give the answers, the yes-and-no talk, as I hear them in facts and discussions from other soldiers. It's a vital, first-line subject—soldier and girl."

War strain, partly subconscious, does an odd, special thing to young people. It gives them a certain desperate hunger for life. The girl, seeing so many of her boy acquaintances leave, and maybe her particular boy friend, cries out inside just because they're going, because, of course, despite the marvels of modern medicine and surgery, they can't *all* come back. It makes every departing soldier seem very precious—and the girl would be a poor patriot, a poor sample of femininity, who didn't experience that excited and desperate reluctance at parting.

War is abrupt to the soldier, too. At once, on going to

camp, he feels cut off from many vital and precious bits of life. He thinks, with sudden ache, of big and little things he always took for granted: The way his mother's hair curves down on one side of her forehead; his old tennis racquet; the Thursday night bowling games; Dad's pipe and who reads the Sunday comics first; church, and the time a choir boy sat on a tack and swore; the brick schoolhouse; parties, hayrides, dances. The soldier develops a sort of *advance homesickness*, because he knows he is going to miss all the items, big and little, of American life a great deal more when he ships or planes across than he does now. Most of all (believe me, this is straight reporting) he misses, for now and for that fighting tomorrow, the American girl. It may be one girl, already, in his heart; it may be five or six he likes and thinks are swell and can hardly choose between.

It may be just the thought of the American girl in general—her comradeship, laughter, warmth and that loyal clean-cut air with which she breezes through life. He feels that no other type of girl can ever take her place with him. In the soldier, too, there grows a sort of desperate hunger for life. He's not afraid of bullets he may face. He's afraid of leaving his girl, his *kind* of girl, behind.

Abrupt sense of change and cut-off from the fun and the anchors of normal life generate explosive factors in girl and soldier—true in all wars, true in this one. It's the night he is saying good-by before leaving for overseas.

About that crisis, which has come to hundreds of thousands of American girls in this war, and which will come to hundreds of thousands more, I don't intend to play the moralist. Everybody's life, I believe, is his or her own



# CODE FOR WOMEN



BY

Alan Ladd



to live. But weighing of values is always worth while.

I shall here, too, be the reporter, telling what the men in the camps think—and I can review certain facts about Americans that don't change. One of them is *standards*. This war, above all others, is being fought to maintain standards—our standards—not to sweep them away. Individuals, under stress, may violate the standards, but the standards remain. (Otherwise, we'd be willing to accept the German unmoral views.)

Take you, the girl. You have had molded into you, by your mother and your own instincts, a definite standard of behavior.

You have self-sufficiency, self-control and self-respect. You have a wholesome desire to remain, in the moonlight, the somebody whom you can happily face—in the mirror—next daylight.

And the soldier? He's an American boy. His dad, his brothers and his high-school playmates helped solidify an instinct that is self-protective in the male. He divides girls into *two* classes, the girl of an evening and the girl a man would prize.

It is your attitude that elects you to your class.

**M**EN who know the other war tell me that this army is more idealistic, more religious, more concerned with making a better world than was the one before. Entertainers who have filled more than 20,000 camp show dates for the Hollywood Victory Committee report back that the men in the armed services go more for home-tie stuff, decent costumes and the kind of girl that reminds them of sister and mother than they do for "flash." When they come

home to make their better world jell, they will pick for life-companions the girls they can prize.

In a moment I'll report on another widely discussed topic—hasty marriage on short acquaintance with a man you've only recently met—but, meantime, you can begin to see, already a pretty good idea of what the soldier wants *his* girl to be—he wants her to be the grandest, swellest girl that ever came down the road. That applies to etiquette, clothes, common sense and general conduct, as well as to the graver field of morals.

Take a simple, but exciting event—you get a chance to visit the boy friend in camp. He is going to show you around. Reporter Ladd can tell you, from unanimous testimony by men in camps, some useful don'ts:

1. Don't ask *any* questions. Proud of his unit and work, he'll tell you everything that he can. But he's trained to keep his mouth buttoned up on many things. If you ask about types of equipment, numbers of troops, possible troop movements, dates of arrival or departure, where the men are from, any military detail, his opinion of you will drop right through the parade ground. And, if anyone overhears you in an attack of *questionitis*, he'll be so embarrassed he may not get over it.

2. Don't dress with any hint of flashiness. Your boy friend is living with a horde of strangers, including the officers whose judgment of him will decide any possible promotion. They judge him by everything and the type of girl friend he invites to camp will in many cases play a part in whether or not he's "officer material." Be your good-looking best, but don't overdress.

3. Don't burden your fellow with trivial worries of your





Soldier Alan Ladd's two best girls:  
His wife Sue Carol and Alana

own. He has new problems fired at him every day. His future, maybe yours, depends on the correct solution of them. (Watch you letters, too, keep them cheerful.) The biggest morale service you can render is to make your soldier feel that you are interested, first and always, in him.

4. Don't be either gushy or coy when you are introduced by your boy friend to other soldiers. You don't need to be a clam and say nothing—your guy doesn't want folks to think you are dumb. But a little restraint is worth a ton of gushiness in making that top-flight impression.

If anything in this world is a person's own business, it's when and whom to marry. Now—what about that boy you met three weeks or a month or six weeks ago and have seen on his few leaves—and you feel the world can't wait, and you certainly can't, till the war is over? He's the only man for you, and you feel determined to marry him.

If I report some blunt facts, now, that's because only the whole truth is ever useful. Evidence has already come to light in this war about what happens to a few of the recently-met-soon-wed matches.

First, though, one obvious truth. You don't know the boy at all in his home surroundings, he doesn't know much more about you. Both of you are caught in that excited and desperate hunger for life.

The unhappy fact is that these marriages sometimes fade tragically in absence. That boy whom the girl knew so sketchily and with whom she shared life so briefly, becomes a hazy memory in her brain. The image left in her heart is that of an exciting, transitory, almost unreal experience. Each of them, boy and girl, will probably have to live for long months under continual strain apart. The chance that new attractions may appeal is strong. So well does the Axis know this that one of their constant English-language broadcasts to sections where our troops are in action does this: Plays the very swellest American jive records and, in between, has a soft, feminine voice saying, "You jerk, you're out here fighting the hard way, while back home some other guy has on his knee, right now, that girl you married before you left." Dirty propaganda? Sure. But it is my duty to report that already men who have come back from the South Pacific and from Africa

have found that the meet-today-and-marry-tomorrow marriage, in some instances, *hasn't held true*.

A frequent topic of discussion is the wife who wants to follow her husband to camp. (And does he want her!) What has happened to families of my acquaintance indicates that in all such cases there should be careful investigation of three things: Transportation facilities, residence conditions and residence availability near the camp, and whether the husband's duties, and the camp rules, permit him to be out of camp, with any consistency, in the evenings. Even then, there's always a gamble.

FOR example, a young husband in a southeastern city enlisted, earned entry the hard way to Officer Candidate School, won his bars in Wyoming and was assigned to a California desert camp. His wife worked during all that time. She saved closely, and asked her employer for a month's leave without pay. Then she shot her savings in a round-trip plane ticket west. Because of travel priorities, she arrived after nine days—arrived standing up in a daycoach.

The husband had rented a cracker-box house, at fancy rental, thirty miles from camp. He would have to be in camp each day from 7 A.M. till 7 P.M. That would give them a little time, they thought. Two days after the wife's arrival all junior officers and men, for military reasons, were confined within camp boundaries—no leaves of any kind! That lasted through ten days of disappointment and loneliness. Two days after the in-bounds rule was lifted, the wife had to start back for her job. Because, if she didn't make it back East in the seven days left of her month—she wouldn't have the job! That's what you're up against—and travel limitations, living conditions around camps, and military restrictions are likely to get tougher, right on in till the war's won. I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to advise, "Don't visit your husband." However, check carefully on conditions at his camp and make sure, of course, that you won't interfere with his duties.

Let me speak a word now as Alan Ladd. I've reported on all these problems frankly because I think one of our best national traits is to want to look facts squarely in the face. In my own heart I'm an optimist, especially about American youth. I think most of our young people will whip any problem they face, and that essential cleanness and decency and loyalty will prove the young American—boy and girl—of this war to be the finest in history.

The other day, because of duties to which I am assigned, I had a chance to make a thorough tour of one of the world's largest airplane plants. I looked in amazement at the sea of bright, cheerful feminine faces, and said to the plant manager: "Where do you get them all?" He answered: "A large percentage are wives and sweethearts of the men in the armed services. They don't mope, or sit around and feel sorry for themselves, or laze around and flirt. They're in here pitching, and better 'workmen' never lived."

That's young American womanhood expressing itself. Other wives and sweethearts are functioning in necessary civilian jobs, or working in their own homes, where their services may be needed (wives tending babies, for instance) or serving in the various women's corps of the armed services themselves.

American soldiers don't often put into words their deeper feelings. Their speech is slangy and full of zing. But I can sincerely report what they *most* feel about you, the women of America. It can be said in a phrase we've all known from childhood, "God bless you."

THE END

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S  
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



*Alan Ladd*



... in the service of his country: Corporal Alan Ladd of the United States Army Air Corps





She speaks English fluently

Her tastes in food are simple



## Candid

She is easy to get along with on the set. Currently she's hard at work on the set of Warners' "Saratoga Trunk"

INGRID BERGMAN became a Hollywood actress because of a song.

David Selznick was told to see the Swedish motion picture, "Intermezzo." "You'll want to buy it because of a song in it," Selznick was told. He got a print of the picture and, after running it, said, "I like the

story, too. I'll buy the picture. Wait a minute! That actress in it is great. I'll buy her, too."

She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on August 29, 1916. She is tall—five feet six inches—and she is slender—weighs 120 pounds—and she doesn't smoke, and she doesn't drink, but she did learn to chew gum.

When she first arrived here, English was difficult for her. She would read a book or a scenario with a dictionary. Now she speaks English fluently and well. She speaks it much better than Mike Curtiz, who directed her in "Casablanca." She leans forward when she speaks.

She converses fluently in Swedish, German and French. At the celebrated Stockholm Lyceum, a school for girls, she specialized in languages, music and the drama. At fifteen, she wrote a school play which, when presented with her in the leading role, brought her to the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre School. She was appearing in Swedish films before the end of her first term.

Unlike even Garbo, she did not pose for "cheesecake" photographs when she started in Hollywood. She has never worn a bathing suit for any kind of photograph, either still or motion picture. Yet on the beach she will wear a bathing suit as brief as the law allows.

In most of her pictures she uses only the slightest bit of make-up. She has consistently refused to have her eye-





Her favorite reading position is on the floor

She likes slacks at home, never in public

Coming directly to the point about the most direct  
star in Hollywood—Cover Girl of this month, Ingrid Bergman

# on Ingrid

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

brows reshaped or lipstick applied to her mouth in such a way as to change its shape.

However, she was more than willing to take a haircut for the role of *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." She had wanted that part before Paramount had purchased the book and after they had started filming the picture. They started with another actress playing *Maria*.

In March, 1941, she had gone to June Lake for a skiing vacation, when she received a message that Ernest Hemingway was in San Francisco en route to China and wished to see her.

She left at once by plane from Reno for San Francisco. Mrs. Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn, met her there and introduced her to her husband. Hemingway stared at her, as if frightened that he had made the wrong choice. Then he smiled and said, "I guess I didn't need to be worried."

She had an autographed copy of "For Whom The Bell Tolls" inscribed, "For Ingrid Bergman, who is the *Maria* of this story."

But Paramount didn't pay attention to Hemingway's choice. They had been filming the picture for weeks when Director Sam Wood returned from location and told the Paramount executives: "There is only one actress to play *Maria*—Bergman!"

"But we couldn't get her," said the Paramount executives. Sam Wood got her on the phone and asked, "What's the difficulty in getting you to play *Maria*?"

"None," answered Miss Bergman. "No one ever bothered to ask me."

She was then asked, and she accepted. Whereupon she went on one of the longest and most difficult location trips. She spent several months in the Stanislaus National Forest.

She wore a man's shirt and pants and rope-soled shoes. Her peaches and cream complexion was changed to a light Spanish olive. She was out of contact with everyone and resided in a log cabin, outside of which was placed a studio dummy, dressed as a Spanish sentry, guarding the entrance to her cabin.

She is easy to get along with on the set. She is a thoroughly simple, direct and honest person. She enjoyed working with Gary Cooper, for unlike scenes with most actors, she did not have to take off her shoes so she wouldn't tower over him.

Her next picture is "Saratoga Trunk" and her leading man is again Cooper and the director is again Sam Wood. Her role of *Clio* in that picture required her to wear a black wig and thus her slowly growing blonde tresses were not a problem.

She likes to wear slacks, but never wears them away from home. On the street she believes a woman should look utterly feminine.

She has a horror of open-toed shoes and she never makes an effort at appearing chic.

Her tastes in food are plain and simple—roast beef, potatoes and good solid slices of bread. Corn on the cob, virtually unknown in Sweden, is her favorite American dish. She loves ice cream and takes it whenever she can get it.

SHE is married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom and she has no shyness about discussing her family, although she believes her personal doings should not be mixed with her career.

They have a five-year-old daughter, Pia, who derives her name from Peter, Ingrid and Aron, the husband's middle name. She looks like a miniature of Ingrid.

When visiting New York, she (Continued on page 87)



*Humphrey Bogart*



Bogie, the brusque, the beloved: Humphrey Bogart of Columbia's "Sahara"





C. C., the capable, the captivating: Claudette Colbert of Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail"



# Minding Their Minors

A comedy of manners in which some famous parents reveal the new and different code they use in bringing up the present-day Hollywood juniors

BY  
GLADYS HALL

Virginia Bruce with her two lively members of the lollypop set—Susan, daughter of John Gilbert, and Christopher. Big point in family setup is where Susan's clothes come from



Modern imp in this old-fashioned ark is Joan Bennett's Melinda. She's there as a "don't spare the rod" move



IF YOU should step into the nursery of a Hollywood star's child today you might be astonished to see how few toys and clothes the cupboards contain. Or if you should be passing the playground of a public school in Beverly Hills or Santa Monica, you might be interested to see Harold Lloyd Junior, the children of Mary Astor, Virginia Bruce and others on the swings and teeter-totters.

Conditions in the world today have brought to mothers and fathers everywhere a new concern for the future welfare of their children, a deeper sense of obligation than ever before to prepare their children for the world in which they must live when they grow up.

Hollywood stars share this parental worry.

Gone are the days when movie-star mamas gave their children parties costing thousands of dollars, with circuses hired for the occasion, course dinners served by expensive caterers and favors at five or ten dollars apiece. Instead, this is the way Hollywood parents are preparing their famous offspring for the new future.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper are trying to bring up their small daughter, Maria Veronica, so as to fit her for any conditions she may have to face. She is six now and when school days begin she will go to a public school. When she is through school, she will take a business course. She isn't being reared to think she has only to ask for something in order to get it. When she does express a wish, she is given some little chore to do before the wish is granted. When she has ice cream for dinner, when she is given a piece of candy





Nonconformists to the usual Hollywood method are Joan Crawford and Phil Terry. They have their own idea about Christina

Mary Astor's Marilyn, representative of the well-taxed section of Hollywood's minority



Leader of the corduroy clique is Dion, son of Barbara Stanwyck. A mark-well theory for the rearing of sons is Barbara's plan about presents

or taken to the circus or the zoo, it is impressed upon her that she is having "a treat."

"It may seem Spartan treatment for a six-year-old," Gary said, "but the world of tomorrow, whatever it may be, will have no place for soft people. Of that much I am certain. The kindest thing we can do for our daughter is to teach her to expect only the necessities and to be grateful for them."

Margaret Sullavan now plans that when her three children reach school age they will go to public schools from the first grade through high school. Maggie, as she is called in Hollywood, has visited too many private schools where the children of celebrities are catered to by the pupils and teachers and given preferential treatment whether they deserve it or not. Maggie is going to make very sure that her children are granted no privileges they do not earn.

Before the birth of her third baby, Maggie and her husband, Leland Hayward, found it necessary to add a couple of rooms to their house. Instead of building onto the main house, they supervised the construction of a little red barn in their back yard. The barn is connected with the main house by a covered passage and it will serve as a combination playroom and sleeping quarters for six-year-old Brooke, four-year-old Bridget and, later, for baby William. The barn is furnished with comfortable beds set in stalls, plain deal tables and chairs, and has whitewashed walls on which the children can draw pictures, scribble or play tick-tack-toe if they wish. It has all of the necessities and

none of the luxuries. As the children grow older, they may wish to add a few gadgets to the place. If they do, they will have to earn the money with which to buy them.

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD** Jennifer Raines, daughter of movie villain Claude Raines, has exactly three toys in her nursery and never more than three at any one time. There is always a doll to encourage the maternal instinct, a red India rubber ball for physical activity and an educational toy for mental activity. Twice a year, on her birthday and at Christmas, two of the toys are removed and two new ones are substituted. Here, again, the idea is to give the child what she needs for her proper and well-balanced development but no more than she needs.

Hedy Lamarr's small adopted son, Jamie, is taught by his mother to cultivate enterprise and imagination by playing with things he finds for himself instead of with toys bought for him. Jamie spends every day out of doors and must amuse himself with what he finds there. A pine cone was proving vastly amusing to him the afternoon we spent with him. He is taught to build his houses with sticks and stones instead of with store blocks. His playhouse is in the roots of a live oak tree. His pet is not an expensive, pedigreed dog but a cotton-tail rabbit found in the chicken coop in the garden.

Recently, Hedy concocted a new scheme. When it is time for Jamie's mid-afternoon snack, the nurse brings the cookies to where he is playing (Continued on page 98)





*Fred MacMurray*



*James Craig*



*Joel McCrea*

*"... and smile,*

Fred MacMurray  
of M-G-M's "Above Suspicion"

James Craig  
of M-G-M's "Little Miss Magic"

Joel McCrea  
of Columbia's "The More The Merrier"





*smile, smile!"*

Don Ameche  
of Fox's "Heaven Can Wait"

Chester Morris  
of Paramount's "Tornado"

Randolph Scott  
of Universal's "Corvettes In Action"







my

# FAVORITE

Famous first words of the author:

"Every time I kiss Dot Lamour she hands me a peanut. That's when I enjoy working for peanuts." Just a sample of what you're in for here!

**A**FTER so many exposures to Bing Crosby's sport coats I should be immune to color. But a flash of brilliance in a Paramount jungle started me on my way to being Hollywood's great lover.

It was on the road to Singapore that I got what I thought was a squint at a flamingo in the sunset. But it was just a sarong at twilight.

That was the first time I ever saw my favorite sarong—and Dorothy Lamour was all wrapped up in it. Boy, was that tablecloth full of curves!

Correction, please. A sarong isn't a tablecloth; it's a doily with a press agent. And Lamour's has had so much publicity it's practically our international emblem.

But to get back to that day in the jungle. Our Dorothy looked like a flaming wildflower. Jungles suit her fine. Only she's played in so many jungle pictures it's a bit confusing. Every time I kiss her she hands me a peanut. That's when I enjoy working for peanuts.

Dot's really beautiful; she could have had her choice of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor, but she chose me. Say—maybe she ain't so bright.

But what's that got to do with kissing? When you kiss Dorothy you really feel great. I kissed her last night and spent the morning pulling the Superchief over the mountains.

Have you ever noticed how tempting Lamour looks against just the right jungle background—or something? While I'm working on a picture with her I get my regular salary and a side allowance for drool cups.

Being Dorothy's lover is a bit exhausting, though. Especially when you have to hold Crosby off with the other arm. All day long I work at the studio with Lamour and at nights I sit home and howl at the moon—when I'm not taking vitamin tablets.

But don't think doing love scenes with her affects me much. I expect to stop percolating next week.

Bing is always trying to sabotage my love scenes with Dorothy. He knows that he'll be hissed off the screen if the public ever feels the full glow of my romantic appeal. And Dot connives with him because she is afraid that once she sees me at my best the memory of my charm will haunt her.

The thought of the things they do to thwart me hurts—here. (I'm touching my heart. Wait a minute, I got the wrong side. Here.)

Do you remember that beautiful "Moonlight Becomes You" scene in "The Road To Morocco"? Where Dorothy is all in white in the garden in the moonlight, with white doves in the background. Thirty of them. Great, big, hungry pigeons. They were staked out and fed so they'd be quiet while Crosby cluttered up the scene with his crooning.

Then came the big moment in the picture—where I woo Dorothy.

Somebody (I'm not mentioning a couple I know in bobbed tablecloths and sport coats) let those pigeons loose. Thirty of 'em. They took off like a covey of P-38's and landed in the catwalks overhead. Imagine trying to make love with thirty pigeons right over your head. While I emoted they whoo-whooed for food so loud I thought Hugh Herbert had hatched a nest of eggs up there.

But I don't hold it against the dear girl. She's been through so much. Including another picture with that exponent of enervated equines, that fancier of belated bang-tails, that pensioner of superannuated hayburners, my pal Crosby. I shudder to contemplate the crooning he has just gone through in "Dixie."

And think of the letdown. A picture with Hope, and then



# SARONG

BY

Bob Hope



one without hope. But Lamour can take it, she really can.

She's a great gal. If only she could hold her laugh. But when Dot sees something funny, she really gives, brother. And that's catnip for the deadpan rival of Dionne. Getting behind the camera during Dot's closeups, he mugs and pantomimes until she bursts out laughing. When the director stops tearing his hair and looks to see what's going on, Bing's wearing his forlorn, racetrack face.

HE also talks through the side of his mouth during scenes and makes her blow her lines. And then I pay for Bing's playfulness.

I should have remembered that when I saw Dorothy in a huddle with Anthony Quinn on the "Road To Morocco" set. With the scene where our patty-cake routine backfired on us and Quinn, as the big bad sheik, bumped our heads together coming up—I should have been wary. But of course my conscience was clear.

They say an elephant never forgets. Neither would a mouse with Lamour around to jog his memory. When we made the patty-cake shot the reminiscence of the extra "oomph" Bing put in the clout he hung on Quinn's jaw way back in "Waikiki Wedding" was so green in Tony's mind it was sprouting ideas.

He bumped our heads together so hard it knocked five off the next golf score Crosby turned in.

Dorothy and I have worked together in five pictures: "The Road To Singapore," "The Road To Zanzibar," "Caught In The Draft," "The Road To Morocco" and "They Got Me Covered." Lucky, isn't she? But she deserves it. She's a great trouser—and a glutton for punishment. Now she says we ought to do a picture with one of Crosby's horses and call it "The Road To Ruin."

Dorothy and I really had a very cozy time making "They Got Me Covered"—without a certain crooner horning into our love scenes. Even chasing war scoops in that picture seemed soothing because there wasn't anybody boop-booping all over the place.

Besides, playing in pictures with Dorothy and Bing was getting to be embarrassing. But really. After Crosby had reduced I couldn't tell Dorothy in a sarong from Bing in a sport shirt.

Of course Dorothy doesn't always wear a sarong. She didn't in "They Got Me Covered"—and Samuel Goldwyn was thinking of changing the title to "They Got Her Covered."

I think I hurt Sam's feelings when I was making that picture. Because Dorothy didn't wear a sarong in it I demanded a salary.

But I was glad to see Dorothy covered in that one. Those sarongs are pretty drafty. I found that out on the way home from the track after betting on a Crosby horse.

A LOT of people have asked me how Lamour happened to start wearing a sarong. Confidentially, she started in a grass hula skirt but got hay fever and had to turn to those jungle coveralls.

Lamour is warm-hearted and impulsive. No kidding this time. Everyone who meets her senses that out-sized heart of hers. That's why she's set a terrific record selling Government Bonds. On a 25,000-mile tour she appeared in two and three towns a day—often driving all night after selling Bonds all day.

But no matter how many honors the Government showered on her for this work, she never stopped being Dot Lamour. And the folks loved her for it. She (Continued on page 101)



*Janet Blair*



Miss into matron: Janet Blair of Columbia's "Heart Of A City;" now Mrs. Louis Busch



The very gay idea! This bride-  
groom kept interrupting his  
bride's own story. Result:  
Some novel wedding news

BY JANET BLAIR BUSH

The girl who married the guy who  
makes all the comments in italics  
below: Janet and her Louis Bush



## And So We Were Married!

**T**ALKING about her real-life romance is apt to be pretty embarrassing for a screen actress. Love, I have discovered, doesn't always work out as the scenario writers plot it. . . .

When I was a youngster and spent all my spare dimes at the movies, "romance" was something that came with a glorious rush to a heroine, usually five minutes after she had spotted the cleft in the hero's chin. Confidentially, I haven't the slightest quarrel with that scheme of things, except that it's a little long drawn out, since I fell in love with Louis in exactly three minutes flat. But when I grew up—

*"Yeah, all the way to seventeen years old," the bridegroom interjects.*

Well, I found out there was something missing. The scenario writers usually had it planned so the hero was considerate enough to fall in love right back at the heroine—bang. In real life, I discovered, it wasn't so easy. I knew Louis four years before we were married and he spent at least three of them trying to discourage me. For publicity, however, I insist he was really in love with me all the time.

*The bridegroom grins.*

Seriously, I've never told my own love story before—and I'd like to get in all the details. To me, it's a very wonderful story—

*"I'd be very grateful if you'd just put down a ditto mark there for me," adds the bridegroom.*

When I was in high school in Altoona, Pennsylvania—the home town, you know—I had only one real ambition. More than anything in the world, I wanted to sing. I sang in the school glee club and in the church choir. But like all youngsters, I had visions and all of them were of myself, singing with a band.

My ambition was unconsciously fostered by a friend of the family's, Alex Holden, manager of Hal Kemp's band.

It was through him that I finally got my job singing with the band. The first thing Mr. Kemp did was to introduce

me to my singing coach—his pianist and arranger, who was Louis. The first thing Louis did was to take me to lunch and spend two whole hours trying to get me to go right back to Altoona. He practically knocked himself out telling me about the long hours, and hard work, and one-night stands, and living out of a suitcase, and other grueling things—

*"She was so darn fresh—scrubbed and naïve, with that right-off-the-Christmas-tree look—I couldn't stand it."*

The more he tried to discourage me, the more I decided that was for me. Already I was absolutely madly in love—and the prospect of long hours and hard work with Hal Kemp's arranger was too alluring. He wasn't fooling about the hard work, either. At nights I sang—a little on the church choir side, at first—and mornings until twelve I took band singing lessons from Louis. This went on for months and months—and all the time, I might state, Mr. Bush was simply my severest critic.

*The bridegroom: "I prefer to think of myself, during those trying times, as her official picker-upper, hats, music, pocketbooks—in a year I had developed a permanent stoop—"*

He's exaggerating, of course—although my mother did write Mr. Kemp a letter and say her only real worry was "Who's going to pick up after Jannie?"

*The bridegroom: "I was—although I didn't know at the time I was going to want to make it a lifetime job!"*

Anyhow, it was a whole year before he finally broke down and invited me to dinner and the movies. I was sure it was a significant occasion and rushed right out to buy a new dress, and hat, and have my hair done. The outfit was totally unnoticed, of course—

*"It was green—kind of—"*

I can't remember what picture we saw, but afterwards we bought the Sunday papers and came back to my boardinghouse and sat on the steps. All evening I had been acting like a valentine wired for (Continued on page 96)





# Backdoor debutantes

Jane's at it again! Coming up with more blithe adventures of that famous, shameless charmer who, in

"The Youngest Profession," Lyonized the nation

I begged Barb not to go around gaping like a yokel, but every time we pass a celeb she still gives her tonsils an airing

LILLIAN DAY

Author of the best seller and current screen hit:  
"The Youngest Profession"

IF ANYONE had told me that Barbara and I would be standing in person on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, I would have said they had Delusions of Grandeur.

Yet here we are, breathing the same air as Alan Ladd, Charles Boyer, Greer Garson, et al. ad infinitum. Yesterday a taxi driver used the nastiest language, just because we stopped in the middle of the road to pinch each other.

I am just as excited as Barb, but I am the restrained type, while she is an extravert. I begged her not to go around gaping like a New York Yokel, but it's no use. We've been here over a week and every time we pass a celeb she gives her tonsils an airing.

Barb is two months older than I, but years younger in worldly experience. She is quite pretty, but I'm more interesting-looking. Up to the time we were sixteen she was plump and I was slender, but in the last year she stretched out and I filled out, so now we can wear each other's clothes, which practically doubles our repertoire. Barb and I being inseparable, Aunt Helen had to invite her too.

This is our first visit to The Coast and we almost didn't make it on account of my condition. I mean my condition in botany. It was quite humiliating to be flunked in a subject I had practically ignored. So I packed Rickett's Biology in the bottom of my trunk, and Aunt Helen promised Mops that she would see that I studied at least an hour a day so I can pass

the exam in the fall. I find botany a most loathesome subject and as far as I am concerned I wouldn't give a monocotyledon house room if it came to me on its knees. I haven't unpacked poor old Rickett yet and Aunt Helen has been very decent about it.

We left dear old Gotham two weeks ago with a grand send-off from the gang at Grand Central. We collected quite a haul—candy, gum, etc. Bert Doane (my current uniform), who is a Corporal, brought me flowers. We had had a fight because he said I needn't think I was going to burn up Hollywood. He insinuated that Glenn Ford wouldn't look at me and that Walter Pidgeon would regard me as a mere child. I made up my mind to one thing:

I'm going to get some compromising photos taken to send him even if I have to bop some star on the head to do it.

The trip was wildly exciting, with hundreds of soldiers, and we made some life-long friends.

Someday I'm going to write a book called "My Trip To The Coast." Barbara says anyway the railroad ought to like it.

AT ANY rate, here we are in Hollywood, itself, after seeing it in pictures and reading about it and studying its lore since we were children. Our fan club Guiding Stars, Ltd., of which I am President Emeritus, has appointed me Special West Coast correspondent for our magazine, Fan Dust, and Barbara my

cameraman. They took forty dollars out of the treasury to buy her a Kodak and are giving us a ten dollar a month allowance for films and expenses. We intend to get exclusive photos and to burn up the wires with inside stories.

• For we are no longer mere members of what some smart-aleck writer called "The Youngest Profession." We passed through that phase aeons ago when we were adolescents. Today we wouldn't be bothered chasing after autographs. In fact a star would have to implore us to put his name in our albums.

We intend to lunch at the studio commissaries and to swim in the pools of the stars and meet their families and friends and play gin rummy with Them.

I must admit that all we've done is lunch at expensive restaurants so we could look at Them from the same side of the window pane. At Romanoff's we saw Marlene bidding farewell to Jean and at the Derby Barb fell over Sydney Greenstreet's own feet. At the Beverly-Wilshire Franchot looked right at me. (I wonder what he was thinking.) But we can't keep this up, even with ordering only one portion of spaghetti served for two.

We have been to several night spots like The Tropics and Mocambo with students of Uncle Bossy's. He's Aunt Helen's husband and a teacher of archeology out at the university and some of his best friends are mummies. But we didn't come three thousand miles, I told Barb, to go out with college boys.





One of them had the nerve to complain that girls from the East never listened to a fellow but kept looking around at celebs. So I gazed into his eyes and hung on every word while he talked about fossils—with perfectly good live stars at almost every table. Barb pulled my sleeve and said, "Look-ee, Janie, there go Charlie and Oona." With nerves of iron I never took my eyes off him and said, "Don't disturb me, Barb, I'm fascinated." He could have murdered me. When we parted he said, "I might be leaving for Peru soon."

All I said was, "Maybe you know how to treat a llama."

**WE ARE** in the Depths of the Dumps.

Nothing has jelled . . . but *nothing*. We are having a Barmecide Feast (figuratively).

Here we have been in Hollywood over two weeks. We have beautiful sports clothes, we had letters of introduction, we have time and devotion. Hollywood for which we carried the torch for years; Hollywood to which we made a pilgrimage in reverence, as Mohammedans go to Mecca; Hollywood, the Glamorous, the Fickle, City of Fabulous Success, of Humiliating Heartbreak. Hollywood has ignored us! It has slammed its doors in our faces!

We have gone to every studio asking merely to be admitted to lunch at our own expense. We explained we were accredited correspondents;

On account of the artificial eyelashes I couldn't see where I was going. Suddenly I ran into something. "You pack a beautiful wallop," said a voice, "but why my chest?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
JAY HYDE BARNUM



we spoke of the Power of the Fan Press, we cajoled, we threatened, only to have doormen laugh in our faces. Regulations have been tightened up on account of the war, they said.

"Do we look like Japanese agents?" I asked the tall burly goon at the gate of Metro.

With the wit characteristic of gate men the world over, he said, "Scram."

In New York the stars gave us all kinds of encouragement. Madeleine Carroll said if we ever got to The Coast, we should be sure to visit her. Now she's living in New York. When we met Edward Robinson in an art gallery he invited us to come and see his etchings (and paintings). We wrote him twice since we're here and he hasn't even answered via secretary. We practiced French conversation for weeks in case Pierre Aumont should invite us to *Le Thé*. Now he's gone and married Maria Montez. Of course, it's romantic and all that, but where does it leave us?

We haven't been in a dressing room or on a set or to an orgy. Even Bette Davis, who has been the greatest influence in my life, doesn't seem concerned over our presence here. I haven't been able to make contact with her. I'm willing to wash dishes and peel onions for the war effort, though naturally, I'd rather be a hostess, but even the war won't help me. I can't seem to make first base. Louella and Hedda haven't mentioned us though we send them *releases* about ourselves every day. We haven't even as much as been tipped off to a sneak preview. We might as well be run-of-the-mill autograph hounds for all the attention we get. If we want to find out what goes on we have to read the movie columns just as we did back home.

And to make matters worse, we have had two sarcastic wires from Vera Bailey, the editor of Fan Dust. They are going to press and the jaws of the mimeograph are gaping for copy.

If something doesn't happen soon I'll just have to invent some stories for the magazine. Who can disprove them? Barb says that's all right for me, but how can she invent photographs?

A financial crisis is approaching. Money seems to slip through our fingers.

Aunt Helen gave me five dollars a few days ago and it has evaporated. I wonder if we use up the ten dollars film allowance, if it would be considered embezzlement.

If I were younger I would cry.

Just after writing the above I had an adventure.

I was wearing Aunt Helen's black gabardine slacks with the Chinese red blouse which brings out the Cover Girl in me. She can't wear it now as she's expecting a little stranger. Bossy says it isn't a stranger as he expects it'll be one of the family.

Barb and I were dawdling along Hollywood Boulevard hoping for something to happen when we passed a big sign in a cosmetic shop: Glamour Make-up Free.

We went in and I told the blonde behind the counter to give me the works. She asked whether I wanted day or evening make-up. I chose the latter because it was nearly four o'clock and I wanted to get the most use out of it. It was wonderful. First she used a cleansing cream that she said got right into the pores, and then she used a basic foundation that gives your skin that lustrous look.

Then she dusted over a film of Chinese Ivory powder. Then a soupçon of violet eye shadow, and garnet lips, put on with a brush, and voila, Mademoiselle, regard yourself!

Then the catch came. It appears you were expected to buy one of their products. We had only a dollar ninety-five between us, so I selected artificial lashes for a dollar and she glued them on. Poor Barb couldn't get a make-up but she said she didn't mind, she'd do it another time when she was wearing Aunt Helen's slacks.

When I looked at myself in the mirror I was intrigued. I really looked like someone important.

Barbara was all admiration. "You never looked older in your life," she said. "It's a crime to waste it."

As we were leaving the shop two girls came running up and asked me for my autograph. I was deeply touched. I patted them on the heads and wrote affectionate inscriptions in their albums, the kind I used to wish stars would write in mine. I can recall my own youth as vividly as if it were yesterday. Of course they'll wonder who the heck Jane

Lyons is, but does it matter?

At least I gave them a few moments of happiness in this sad world.

We went on walking and lots of people looked at me.

"If Charles would only come along," I said, pronouncing it the French way.

"I have a flash," said Barb. "I'll bet you could get into the Canteen now without any trouble. They'd have to have a magnifying glass to tell you from a real actress."

"That Demon Doorman can smell a fan miles away," I said, "and I don't want to be insulted again."

"Nonsense. If you fooled those kids you could fool the doorman of Heaven itself."

So we mapped out a strategy worthy of General Eisenhower. Barb waited at the back door of the Canteen while I took a taxi a block away and drove up. It cost 35 cents with tip. As I paid the driver, she came rushing up to me with her album and said, "Oh, Miss Lyons, may I have your autograph?" A couple of kids who had been standing there followed and I signed all their books with a bored air, while that dope of a doorman held the door

open for me smiling, and I sailed right past him into the Great Unknown. "Remember," I said to myself, "they can't kill you or put you in jail."

THERE was a desk and behind it sat Claudette Colbert, herself, in a blue and white checked dress and a small white turban. I never batted an eyelash or made a move toward my album. I merely said "Hello," very democratically.

"Hello," she said. "I'm sorry, I should know your name. Your face is familiar."

"It ought to be," I thought. "I hung around the Waldorf when you were in New York and followed you to the hospital when you were ill and you signed my book three times."

"Jane Lyons," I said, "Sorry to be late, but we were shooting and I just couldn't get away."

She turned over the pages of a ledger and said she couldn't find my name, but if I had my card it would be all right. I handed her my visiting (Continued on page 91)

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## The Way to Say "God Bless America!"

The next step in this war is up to the millions of moviegoers! Maybe you don't realize how important *you* are but the success of the THIRD WAR LOAN depends on this fact: Small bonds in millions of hands is better for your country than big bonds in a few hands. If your heart is with our invasion armies the best way to back the attack is to buy a bond over here for the boys over there. The THIRD WAR LOAN takes place Sept. 9th to 20th. Your local movie theatre is ready to serve you.

This Space Contributed by this Publication in Cooperation with The War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry and the U. S. Treasury War Finance Committee



# Portrait of a SHY GUY

BY  
JOSEPH  
HENRY  
STEELE



He's sometimes the bane of his wife's life for reasons known only to her—until this creator of portraits started to talk about Jim Cagney

**H**IS father was a saloonkeeper.

He doesn't like potatoes in any form.

His childhood idols were the prize-ring heroes, Battling Nelson and Packey MacFarland, and his incurable preoccupation is the bane of his wife's life. He wishes he had never made "Boy Meets Girl."

His name is James Cagney.

He is fond of turnips and cauliflower.

He swims what he terms an East River crawl and he built the Early American home he lives in.

He has never knocked anyone out. He never gambles and is very fond of soft-shell crabs. He is a saver of rubber bands and pieces of string.

He likes hot and cold showers, hasn't been in a streetcar since 1939 and admires most the good common sense of his wife. He doesn't like to rhumba, la conga or waltz.

He thoroughly enjoys picnicking and experiences a deep nostalgia whenever he hears "Smiles."

He has a special weakness for chocolate-covered coconut.

He confesses to a pronounced streak of stubbornness and would rather live on a farm than in the city. He hates shopping, likes caviar and frequently suffers acute stage fright.

He never plays cards.

He dislikes crowds and has long since stopped keeping a scrapbook.

Jimmy Cagney never attends a preview of his own pictures. He has never played chess and is a modest collector of the Old West bronzes of Charles Russell.

He is inordinately fond of ice-cream sodas.

He is not addicted to phobias, has been married more than twenty years and firmly (Continued on page 103)



**Ann Sheridan:** "My secret dream is to build a home in a picturesque suburb of Mexico City and fly to Hollywood whenever I have a motion-picture commitment. This is no sudden rave. Even as a little girl in Texas I was crazy about Mexico and here in Hollywood I've always gone 'Mexican' when I entertained. I'd call in a chef from Olvera Street to make his famous dishes, round up a rhumba band and deck myself out in gayest colors. After several visits to Mexico City, I find everything about the country appeals to me. I love the temperament of the people, especially their leisurely way of living. Unlike Americans, they are never too busy to *live*! I love the warmth and courtesy one meets from everybody, higher-ups and peons alike. I love fragrances of semitropical flowers and fruits; the thrill of the bull fights; the laughter; the pomp and ceremony of the many festivals. All this means the ideal life to me and my dream of a home in Mexico will be realized someday."



# "My Secret

Exposing those revealing "building castles"

**Ida Lupino:** "My fondest dream is that when the war is over, my husband, Captain Louis Hayward, now somewhere in the Pacific, and I may slip away to some quiet rendezvous for a year—perhaps, two—just by ourselves. Ever since we were married we have looked forward to a leisurely honeymoon, but our picture careers never permitted it. Now I'm determined we shall have it. This separation has been cruel and we both feel we are missing a lot of living. There are many thoughts and hopes to share before we get caught again in the drive we call daily life. Perhaps we shall compose music during this glorious 'out of the world' period. With our new emotional experiences, we should be able to turn out something really worth while."

"When our men return they will need a little time to readjust themselves. They can't be expected to swing back to the old routine at once. I've spent many hours planning Louis's homecoming and it shall be as happy as possible."

**Irene Dunne:** "My secret dream will amaze you: I'd like to go into politics! Perhaps I'll wind up in Washington, who knows? Or I might serve our great country in foreign lands—I should love that. We are now in the throes of such vast changes that it is impossible to speculate on what lies ahead. However, we know there will be important work to be done. Politics have always intrigued me. This means not only building up a country's power but maintaining the highest idealism along with the practical execution. Following the war, I believe there will be a new significance in the political life of America. We shall realize that our country's preservation depends on the people themselves as well as on chosen officials."

"Once I planned that a life of leisure would follow my screen career. But one becomes too active in motion pictures ever to be satisfied to sit quietly and let the world go by. I've learned the thrill of activity and I want to have a part in building up a new and permanent government."







**Joan Blondell:** "My secret dream is to see my son graduated from West Point. Norman is only eight and a half, but it is already arranged that he'll enter the Military Academy. You have no idea what an incentive this is to him in every way. When he's graduated the Powells will be lined up in dignified splendor in the front row (I hope) of West Point's historic great hall. Dick will be sitting beside me, so distinguished, with graying temples. I'll be sprightly, without a sign of gray, for I will have gone to Westmore's the day before! Ellen—she's five and fairly pretty—will be a raving beauty by that time. She'll be angelic in a white fluffy dress and all the cadets will be stealing glances at her. When my son receives his diploma, my heart will be bursting with pride and I'll be so happy to know that he is prepared to aid the United States in preserving peace in this beautiful world. Of course, I'll be weeping, dabbing my eyes with my very best lacey handkerchief—the treasured one my boy gave me one Mother's Day. I almost cry as I vision this scene."

# Dream —

moments in the lives of six foresighted stars

**Joan Crawford:** "I have two cherished dreams. One, which perhaps is not so secret to my Hollywood intimates, is to be a film producer. I love acting, but I want to broaden out into a wider field and with my experiences I am sure I could do this successfully. My second dream is very precious and I've never talked about it: This is to write! There are so many thoughts that can find expression only in words, all those subtle nuances that are on the borderline of articulation. Someday when I have overcome my self-consciousness, I really believe I shall be able to write. Not poetry, that's not my sphere, but I would turn to novels, scripts and plays. This is so persistent a desire, so deep-rooted, that I feel sure it must be on my schedule. I can think of no greater satisfaction than to be able to bring one's innermost thoughts out into the open, give them sufficient insight and power to fascinate and hold readers. If I could do this I would feel I had contributed something really worth while to artistic triumphs."



**Carol Landis:** "My dream—you wouldn't ever guess it—was to be a detective! As a child I had a yen to solve the who-dun-it problems which I discovered in detective stories. In my teens came the thrilling Mata Hari period. I visualized myself as a glamorous international spy on whose wit and devastating allure hung the fate of nations. Then I grew up and became impressed with J. Edgar Hoover's work. I pictured his calling me into his office to entrust me with a 'mission.' Something important, such as keeping the world at peace instead of promoting dissension, or protecting the American bombsight. Or maybe seeking out German and Japanese spies and discovering their plans. (I wish I could have done that!)"

"Now my dreams have somewhat changed. I'm married to Captain Thomas C. Wallace of the American Army Air Corps and when the war is over we hope to have a little ranch in California. We'd like to have a family and settle down to enjoy the peace of the new world."





Recruit of recent vintage: Turhan Bey, young Turkish nobleman who has boomed Universal business by way of a velvet voice, dark eyes, a hint of a foreign accent. Born in Vienna, he grew up in a silver-spoon atmosphere, came to California with his mother just for the climate, came to Hollywood just for a lark. His name, officially, is Turhan Selatthettin Schaltavy Bey. Don't bother to say it. Just echo the words "polished" and "poised" and "sophisticated" and you have the new ace man of "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves"





Recruit of longer standing: Jinx Falkenburg, born Eugenia, made a movie actress by reason of a cover-girl face that sold many advertisements in most American states. Because her father was a traveling engineer she was born in Barcelona, Spain; because she played good tennis, she ended up in Hollywood. Sam Goldwyn spotted her behind a racket, enlisted her looks for the cinema. She's athletic, a master of six languages, a brunette with a sparkle and one of the top gold-star names on the cast of Columbia's "Cover Girl"



# American Original

Miss Smith, U.S.A., who came to Hollywood because of one momentous day in an ice-cream parlor

BY MARIA RAYMOND

SHE has smashed practically all of the rules concerning How to Become a Movie Star, yet she is today a star, bright as bright! As anyone who has seen her in Warner Brothers' "The Constant Nymph" or "Gentleman Jim" or "The Adventures Of Mark Twain" will tell you. Her name is Alexis Smith. She grew up in Hollywood and she is tall and blonde and fascinating. Talented, too. But so are lots of girls who want to get into the movies, who break their hearts trying and never get closer to a sound stage than a bench in a casting director's outer office.

It was different with Alexis, though, and thereby hangs this tale. She didn't even crack her heart the tiniest bit trying to be a screen actress. Back in those days when she was going to Hollywood High and later to Los Angeles City College, she didn't even think about being one. Or if she did, she dismissed the idea with a shrug of the shoulders. Maybe Lana Turner, who went to Hollywood High, too, could do something like that; but not she, Alexis. She was only reasonably pretty, if that, she figured. And while she could play the piano like nobody's business, could sing and could dance, even those accomplishments didn't add up to a screen career according to her arithmetic. Besides, she was too tall. Movie stars were short and petite. However, she didn't care. She had other things to think about. Important things. And one of the most important was the matter of herself and a certain chum.

You might think the friendship of Alexis and Gloria and its eventual abrupt and quite startling termination couldn't possibly be concerned with Alexis's subsequent career in the movies, since it dates back a long time before Alexis got her first screen offer. But it did. Because if Alexis hadn't done what she did about Gloria, she probably would never have been able, a few years later, to turn in a dramatic performance in a college play that would set her on the road to fame.

Alexis was about fifteen when she began to pal around with Gloria, in Hollywood High. She was growing pretty fast, a condition best described as "gangly." She had never had a permanent wave because her mother thought there was plenty of time for that, later. Being a real blonde, her eyebrows and (Continued on page 110)



She turns in a red-letter performance in "The Constant Nymph"—Alexis Smith, tall, blonde and fascinating



# Important Import

Mr. Dantine of Vienna, whose  
name is news in movies and whose  
past is a symbol for America

BY SARA HAMILTON

**H**E shocked his way into the mind of the American public. Out of the calm of *Mrs. Miniver's* garden rose a new kind of masculine menace, a menace that in "Edge Of Darkness" was to cause a clamor from intrigued movie-goers. Hard, merciless, bitter as a dose of arsenic, who was the man who played the Nazi officer? Whence did he come and what was he really like?

His name is Helmut Dantine. He came from a German concentration camp. And what he is really like is nothing you have yet seen on the screen. His eyes and skin and hair are hazel. His smile, broad and wide, is an exciting contrast to the sternness of his face. He has the manners of the old world—kisses the hands of ladies who love it—and clicks his heels to the men—who deplore it. Despite his slight build he's one of the finest athletes in Hollywood. Seldom, however, will you find him relaxed—unless you happen upon him after he's finished a fast and furious boxing session in the gym.

By nature and by the course of his turbulent life he's tense and serious, with eyes that blink nervously. For he remembers many things . . . .

There were the five friends with whom he graduated from the University of Vienna. They made a bet as to where they would be five years hence. Already he knows where three of them are. The first died in Russia. The second was killed in Poland. The third crashed in a plane on his flight to Australia and freedom.

And Helmut? When Hitler was about to enter Austria, Dantine was hurriedly called home from his consular post in London. But before the Austrians could organize, the Nazis took over and Dantine along with his liberal-thinking friends was marched off to a concentration camp. The special form of torture devised for him was inactivity. They were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, fifty men in one small room, and until ten at night they stood in blank despair without the release of labor, of anything to read, of even a place to walk. The older men died; the younger ones managed to hold on longer.

At the end of three months Helmut was taken from the camp and placed aboard a ship bound for America. Miracle of miracles, his uncle, (Continued on page 108)

He has the manners of the old world, the ideas of the new—Helmut Dantine of Warners' "Passage To Marseille"



# WHITE LIES—



Disclosing the camouflage by which certain stars have kept hidden until now these touchy facts of their personal lives

**T**HERE is no community anywhere, Fearless can state, that is more fundamentally honest, for the most part, than Hollywood. Honest about its shortcomings, problems, hopes, fears, private lives, mistakes.

Hollywood has always been that way. Fearless well remembers the death of Mary Astor's first husband, Kenneth Hawkes, in a plane crash and how members of the press, on the day following, asked for and received from her a detailed version of the tragedy. Edmund Lowe gave for publication the story of Lilyan Tashman's brave and hopeless fight for life. Mary Pickford and Bette Davis gave one reporter the inside stories of their divorces from, respectively, Douglas Fairbanks Senior and Harmon O. Nelson.

Jean Harlow delighted in openly analyzing her features in the most unselfcomplimentary fashion and Spencer Tracy, when asked what he sees when he looks in a mirror, answered, with a grin, "All I can say is, I never saw an actor who looked like *that!*" Bette Davis declared, "I have about as much sex appeal as a *pelican!*" and no one made funnier cracks about Gable's ears than the well-beloved Big Moose himself.

Many of the newcomers are equally forthright. Susan Peters told Fearless that she had never dreamed of being a film star "because," she said, "I felt that beauty was essential for the screen, and I am not a beauty—anything *but!*" Vic Mature jibes, "If you take a good look at me, I'm repulsive!"

But extraordinarily honest as picture people were and are today, there are still certain subjects which are tabu with them, a few "white" lies of which they are guilty.

Many of the players, for example, who are happily married and were, commonly, outspoken and even eloquent about their husbands are silenced now—by the War Department. Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall are among those who, at this writing, belong in the happily married brackets but dare not open their mouths about their men in the armed forces lest, inadvertently, they betray military secrets.

When it comes to talking about their marriages, Deanna Durbin and Jeanette MacDonald both use the same strategy. They're doing it on orders from someone even you would obey





# The truth about the stars' deceptions


told by "Fearless"

Question Deanna, Jeanette, Gene or Brenda about what Vaughn, Gene, Oley or Bill are doing and the girls give you either an "I don't know" (which may or may not be true) or dish you up a deliberate fib.


Those who are unhappily married likewise remain mum in many instances. Without a doubt, several movie stars were wishing for or making definite plans for a separation or a divorce when their men went into the service. They are now for the most part carefully camouflaging or flatly denying those plans, for only the bravest film star dares accuse a member of the armed forces of an unchivalrous act and run the ensuing risk of finding herself in a No Man's Land with her fans.

Claudette Colbert's friends have intimated that the discord between the star and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, had sharpened to the point where a property settlement was being discussed between them; the rumor that Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward were rifling has appeared often and the conjugal felicity of Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne is, or was, suspect in Hollywood. Some of these rumors may have basis in fact, others not. But whether or no, the stars will give the lie to trouble at home, if any, and will doubtless remain married for the duration.

A LESS justifiable reason for preserving the semblance of a happy marriage is the case of Gwen Anderson and Helmut Dantine who, for a year after they both knew their romance had foundered, pretended quite otherwise because (a) The producers of "Janie," the Broadway play in which Gwen had the name part, did not want their star to be involved in divorce proceedings and (b) because the marriage added prestige to young Mr. Dantine, now a rising star in the film firmament. There was, too, Fearless happens to know, a third reason which rather touches the heart: It was Helmut's hope that, by playing ostrich and refusing to face what he did not want to see, he could save his marriage.



Errol Flynn takes pains to cover up one thing in his life



The private life of Jennifer Jones, new star of "The Song Of Bernadette," is just now being revealed



Wise evaders: Bette Davis and her "Farney"



On the subject of their adopted children the stars tell—but protectively — many a whopping white lie. They falsify the youngsters' ages a year or so this way or that in order to confuse those who might try to identify them. Thus they hope to avoid the catastrophe which befell Joan Crawford when, a year or so ago, the parents of her little adopted son, Chris, traced his whereabouts and made it so unpleasant for Joan that to relinquish him was the only solution for the star and for the child. Declining, almost always, to discuss their adopted children at all, the stars will, if pressed, fictionize when they feel it necessary, lie if they sense danger ahead.

Errol Flynn has never spoken of his divorce from Lili Damita or mentioned his small son, Saen. Those who do not know him well suspect him of indifference; his friends claim that the indifference is assumed and is Errol's way of giving the lie to a wound. The loss of his son, they say, is the one thing in Flynn's life that has ever touched him deeply.

When, recently, Lili permitted him to see the boy in New York Flynn came away from that meeting, on his face the grin all proud fathers wear, and straightway confided, "He's the living image of me!" There is no doubt that Errol feels keenly the fact that he has no hand or share in his son's life.

**P**RIDE often plays pranks with honesty, too. For, let's face it, many of the players, the majority, in fact, have the "age" phobia. For one Mary Astor who comes out flatfoot and tells her real age ("I'm thirty-seven and it's too much trouble to lie about it!"), there are several dozen others who do fantastic sums in subtraction, fib fabulously.

One famed star in particular is, heavens, over fifty! But cunning as a lynx, all guards up, not for her dear life can this slim beauty who looks not a day over thirty remember anything that happened to her more than ten years ago.

Try to trap her and you draw a blank as smooth and slippery as the lovely white liar herself.

Jean Arthur, often criticized for her uncommunicative and sometimes downright antisocial attitudes, is among those who emphatically wishes to conceal her age.

However, another equation enters into Jean's evasiveness. She had an early marriage that ended almost immediately in annulment and later on her ex-husband was found dead in a boat off Catalina Island. Rather than discuss her unpleasant past she accepts the onus of being branded as difficult, un-cooperative and even "dumb."

Another star, a glamour girl, an exceptionally sound, sane and well-inte-



**Contrast:** Mary Astor is the one woman in Hollywood who frankly discusses something other stars hide

grated young woman in all respects but one, consistently "forgets" her birthdays, has "lost" her birth certificate and has been known to scream aloud when it is intimated that she is more than thirty-three.

Come to that, the glamour boys are more chary of their "beauty" secrets than are the girls. Fearless has heard Hedy Lamarr and other lovelies laugh about ripping off "those old, tired fake eyelashes" after the day's work is done; he has also witnessed the sorry spectacle of a certain "homme fatale" chewing up the scenery when someone cracked that he must be tired after wearing those "wedgies" all day on the set. And to a man, the boys who wear toupees would prefer to drag out the family skeletons, tattooed from head to feet with the bar sinister, rather than open the doors of the Yale-locked cupboards in which they conceal their tell-tale headpieces.

Now, however, the boys must practice their powers of circumlocution on matters more important than wedgies and toupes.

How those who are not in the service manage to remain out of it causes a few to lie, many to run to cover and all to feel embarrassed. In some instances, it is true, they have completely bona fide reasons for remaining in civvies but have been requested by the War Department to withhold them.

But the others . . . ? Whatever reasons the others may have, the fact remains that you cannot, nowadays, discuss anything pertaining to world

events with Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Flynn or any of the men still in greasepaint. They feel, it seems, that since they are not in a position to speak of their participation in the War effort, they had better play shut-mouth since anything else they might say would sound so trivial as to be embarrassing. For this reason, Robert Taylor remained practically incommunicado for a year before he put on uniform; Spencer Tracy is incommunicado at this writing and although Gary Cooper feels, and honestly, that a man of his age and profession is not likely to be an outstanding soldier and so believes that, by carrying on in pictures, he is making his best contribution to the war effort, he is uncomfortable about it. Lunching one day while he was making "For Whom The Bell Tolls," Cooper glanced down at the wardrobe uniform he was wearing and, with something approaching nausea on his face, flicked his sleeve disdainfully and said, "Looks pretty phony, doesn't it?" While

some of the men in question are over forty, this does not necessarily exempt them since Gable, himself more than forty, spiked that gun for them. Nor can dependents provide an air-tight alibi, for the majority of stars in the big money have long since provided for their families in the event of any contingency.

**N**OW and again studio pressure is brought to bear on the players so that when they fib, evade or engage in elaborate distortions of the truth, they are merely obeying front-office orders.

The case of Jennifer Jones is a striking example. Because Jennifer is playing the name part in Twentieth Century-Fox's production of Franz Werfel's "The Song Of Bernadette," her studio felt it would be in better taste if as little as possible or, preferably, nothing at all were known about the young newcomer entrusted with bringing the sainted Bernadette to the screen. Miss Jones was instructed, therefore, to be as noncommittal as possible when being interviewed and under no circumstances and to no person to mention her marriage to young Robert Walker of M-G-M or her two small sons, Michael and Robert Jr.

Jennifer, a more than commonly forthright young person, was hard put to it when people questioned about her life and looked surprised or frankly skeptical when she left obvious gaps in the chronology. Now, because Hollywood is, to use the tired old cliché yet another time, a "goldfish bowl" in which secrets, however zealously guarded, swim to the surface, Miss Jones has been allowed to relax, with a gasp of relief, no doubt, into her native (Continued on page 86)



*Day in Fall*



Red, White and Blue . . . turn into a tri-color triumph: Laine Day, M-G-M star appearing in RKO's "Mr. Lucky," wearing a fall suit that shows up smartly in three tones. The jacket, of raspberry wool, is bound in navy; the straight navy skirt has the new trouser pleats. The blouse is white; the beret is of navy felt with a dash of crisp veiling





- Mustard Yellow . . . is the important color for casual fall wear. Laraine Day chooses the dirndl skirt in this color, with its two large patch pockets. The blouse is black—very smart; the ruffled neckline is lace-trimmed—very different



Blue and Black . . . duet for fall. Miss Day wears here an ice-blue two-piece dress. The bodice has the soft side drape, figure-flattering, expert designer's trick. Her hat is of black horse-hair, romantic, completely enchanting





# Speaking of October

—let's start talking about coats. Starting these fall buys worn by reader Ruby Griesar, rated by Virginia Weidler

PHOTOPLAY'S  
*Star-Maker  
Fashions*



2

2 Get in the luxury class with this fur coat. It's a tuxedo model, well-tailored, that you can sling over a suit or woolen dress in the autumn—or wear fastened on colder days. It's fashioned of the finest conies, dyed black to give it the sleek, silky appearance of seal. One fur beauty for your money—and a two-year guarantee to boot.

Coat: Beaver or seal Merit-dyed conies.  
Sizes 12-20. About \$169

1

1 Get in the fashion know with a fur-lined coat, an "I must have" for every girl this year. Ruby's is an all-wool body with rabbit fur lining. The little gal with the gleam in her eye is Virginia Weidler of "Best Foot Forward," looking happy about a coat that's going to look nice on Hollywood's young set this winter.

Coat: Heather, brown or blue all-wool body.  
Rabbit fur lining. Sizes 9-17. About \$29.75





3

3

Get the male slant on good-looking clothes and wear a Chesterfield, copy of the gentlemanly stand-by, tailored now to be a leader in the coat parade. Ruby's is all-wool, semifitted, with a velvet collar and fly front. Incidentally, this coat goes out smartly in the evening as well as the daytime.

Chesterfield: Black or brown. Sizes 10-18. About \$35  
Scarf: All colors. Fifty percent rayon; fifty percent wool. About \$2

Hat: Felt in all colors. Adjustable headsize. Under \$3  
Gloves: One hundred percent wool fabric. All colors. About \$1.50



4



5

Get the right look with a soft sport coat. This one is an exclusive fabric by troock, Kuddlin Cloth, one hundred percent wool. The belt is looped casually in the front.

Coat: In lime, beige, gray, brown, blue fox, black, Indian red and RAF blue. Sizes 10-20. About \$55

For a list of stores

where these fashions are available

see page 125

5

Get into military circles by buying a coat like this: An officer's model with fifty percent wool, fifty percent rayon face and one hundred percent cotton knitted back. Dressed the way Ruby is, you can come up against any problem with poise—even if he turns out to be dressed like you!

Coat: In brown, red, Kentucky green, camel. Sizes 9-17. About \$16.95





New Hollywood idea used by Sheila Ryan: Give a kitchen party. Party poser is how to beat the ration bugaboo. Apt answer is to have the guests bring their own fixin's. Above: Sheila greets green-grocer Michael Whalen and milkmaid Jane Farrar



# kitchen party

Five smart girls find two new angles on one old adage: "The way to a man's heart . . ."

Angle No. 2 is to let the guests do the cooking. Result: Roy Rogers turns out high-score bowler, abetted by pin girls Sheila and Dolores Moran



Left: Ladling out the spaghetti and the fun. Hostess Sheila winds up everything with over-the-shoulder help from Dolores and Roy. Mrs. Rogers was unable to attend

Out of the kitchen into tin-pan alley atmosphere. After the spaghetti, salad and strawberry waffles interlude the guests gave themselves some top-notch entertainment. Faye Emerson, Richard Travis, Bill Carter, Jane Farrar and Michael Ames make a musical background for Whalen and Dolores





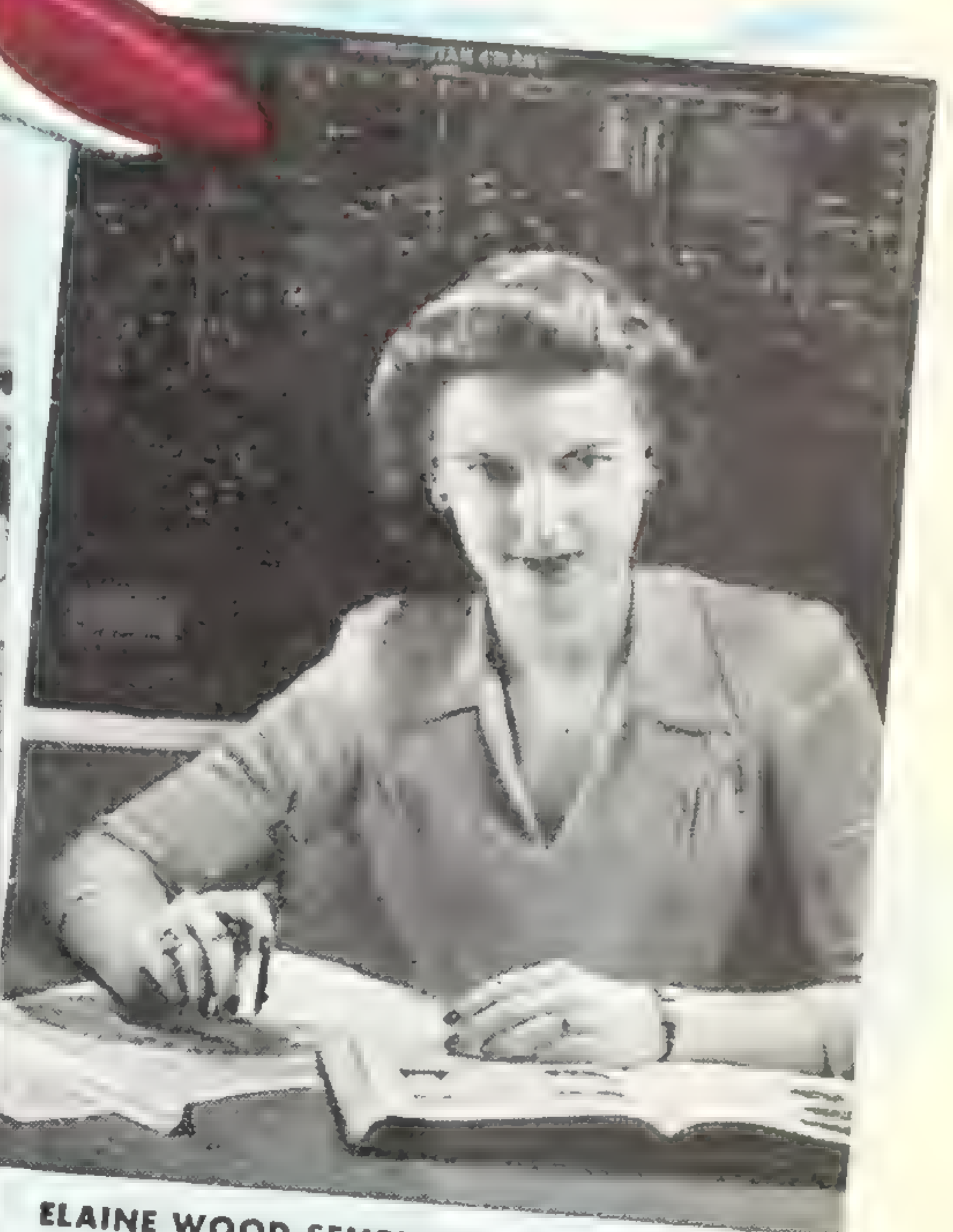
# AMERICA'S SMART FLYING WOMEN choose favorite *Cutex* shades



**GAY GAHAGAN**, active member of the famous 99'ers (over 400 air hours), selects Cutex **ON DUTY**. "It's the softest, loveliest shade I've ever worn. With extravagance out for the duration, no wonder it's so popular."



**HAZEL STAMPER**, working at Piper Cub plant and training for her pilot's license, chooses Cutex **ALERT**—says, "I like Alert because it is so flattering and so in the spirit of the times. It makes my spirits zoom!"



**ELAINE WOOD SEMPLINER**, Queen of the 1941 National Intercollegiate Air Show, chooses Cutex **OFF DUTY**. "It's such a daring color—a real 'lift' in these serious times. Yet only 10¢ for such a wonderful polish."

**RUTH GRAY** trains Pan American World Airways' Trans-Atlantic pilots to fly blind. She says, "Wearing Cutex **YOUNG RED** is like going into a glamour spin. It keeps me looking feminine even in a man-size job."



**TEDDY KENYON**, winner of national flying laurels, now flying for Grumman Aircraft, chooses Cutex **LAUREL**. Says, "It makes your hands look so softly feminine . . . and saves money for all-important War Stamps!"



**ELINOR "IRISH" FAIRCHILD**, enthusiastic young member of Women Flyers of America, says, "I choose Cutex **SADDLE BROWN**. It's a wonderful shade! So sophisticated—and marvelous with flying togs or date dresses."



only 10¢  
(plus tax)

More Women

choose

*Cutex*

than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK





Linda Darnell

cap the climax goggled at the brush that dripped paint from his extended left hand upon the gray velvet rug.

"Hello," Mickey called into the phone in the typical frustrated tones of *Andy Hardy*.

"Mickey, look," came the voice over the wire, "they want you down at the studio

HE WAS down on his knees painting the baseboard when the telephone rang. Rising quickly to grab for the phone, Mickey Rooney bumped his head on a chair, knocked over the picture of Linda Darnell that stood on the desk and to

## Comedy of the Month

to make tests with Hedy Lamarr for 'The Bellboy And The Lady'."

"Well, look," said Mickey, viewing the paint spots splattered on his new gray pants, "I'm over here at Alan Gordon's office on the Strip. He couldn't get any painters to help and I promised—"

"I know, I know," came the voice, "but this just came up suddenly."

"Oh all right," agreed Mickey, and reluctantly put away his brush. Agent Alan Gordon is still waiting for Mickey to get another day off to help finish the job. Thus it is in Hollywood today with friend helping friend and only Hedy Lamarr coming between.

THEY tell it on Sidney Greenstreet, that beloved gentleman who's been rating so much fanfare—and fan mail. The rotund actor was walking across the lot to the set when a minor executive, known in Hollywood as a would-be smartie, stopped him.

The jokester waved his finger in the direction of Mr. Greenstreet's quite evident middle.

"Sidney," he said blithely, "you should diet."

"Nonsense," said Sidney blandly. "I like the color of it just as it is."

Then he walked off, leaving behind him a young smartie-pants with mouth agape and spirits completely chastened.

How's that for a bit of expert dialogue, not to mention Hollywood comic relief for the month?

How to make your  
Brunette complexion look  
more flawlessly smooth  
... glowy



There's a lush-toned new powder shade that does lovely things for brunettes—Pond's misty-soft Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft brunette beige blends perfectly with your skin—undertones of soft rose kindle hidden radiance.

Rosy-beige Dreamflower "Brunette" gives your face that all-over-smooth look that makes your eyes seem more sparkling . . . your lips more clearly shaped. Wonderful investment in glamour!

MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR., attractive New Yorker, and member of Virginia's smart hunting set, says, "I love the soft rose-beige undertone in Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette'—it blends beautifully with my skin. And the powder goes on so smoothly!"



Pond's "LIPS"  
stay on longer!

Five gorgeous, long-lasting shades. Nifty little green-and-cream plastic case—only 10¢!

AND a knockout new flower-sprinkled case in a big size—only 49¢!



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

SIX LOVELY SHADES—new "misty-soft" texture!

BRUNETTE—rosy-beige	ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
NATURAL—creamy shell-pink	DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing
RACHEL—soft ivory	DARK RACHEL—rich golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢ . . . At Beauty Counters Everywhere



# What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS



Bette Davis

After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "justified". I should like to know each person who writes to me - your letters are read by me - I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely read my mail - my publisher, I like to play cards with me. Fredda Dudley to help me. Bette Davis



Fredda Dudley

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am seventeen years old and attend a private girl's boarding school. Five months ago I fell in love with a married doctor about the age of thirty-nine. I didn't fall in love with him at first sight—it took quite a while—but I've been in love with him ever since.

My parents know I have a crush on him and say nothing although they kid me once in a while for they think it's another puppy love affair. I've had so many in the past.

Of course I don't think he knows about it—that I love him. I write him in the professional angle, sometimes just socially. When mother comes to the office with me, he talks to us for a long time about many things. He treats us different than his other patients for he and I have something in common that I can't mention.

He gives the impression that he doesn't like his wife. I've never met the woman. But I believe he is sick of everything. I try so hard to make myself believe that I'm not in love with him, but no can do.

He acts as if he has a great affection for me, but won't say anything because of the circumstances. Should I say it first and maybe settle what we think of each other? Or would I be walking on dangerous territory, also maybe making a chump of myself?

Maybe you can lead me from oncoming disaster.

Jane E.

Dear Miss E:

It is extremely hard for me to judge this situation because of the meagre details you have furnished and the things you have left out.

I am sure, if you told this man how you felt, you would always regret it. It would be in extremely bad taste for you to bring up the question of his attitude toward you; when a man of his age has anything he wishes to say to you, rest assured that he will say it, so wait for that time to come.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm eighteen years old and I feel that my life is just a plain mess. My mother is in the state hospital for mental cases and has been there going on three years. Although I go to see her every single Sunday, I fail to see anything wrong with her.

My brother (I might as well be frank) is in jail going on a year. When I needed him most he failed me and got into trouble and left me to fish for myself. I've spoken to the doctor about my mother and he said that she is perfectly well, but she can't come home until I'm twenty-one. My brother is twenty-one and is serving three to six years. If he was home, I'd be able to have my mother taken out.

I'm living with my girl friend's people and they are honestly swell to me. They treat me like their own daughter. I guess you're wondering what I'm getting at.

Here it is: I want to join the Waves. I want to have my own job in the world and do something worth while instead of being—well, you know. But if I did that, I couldn't see my Mom every Sunday, and I have no other relatives to send to see her. I know she looks forward to seeing me and listening to me tell her things. When I talked to her about the Waves, she said for me to join. She doesn't know my brother is in the penitentiary—I lied to her and said he had joined the Navy.

I don't mean to sound bitter, but honestly, sometimes I just can't figure out why things happen to people. What can I do, Miss Davis? I don't care what you say—just say something.

Doris K.

(Continued on page 78)

If you wish to have Bette Davis's candid advice on a problem in your own personal life, write to this star, known for her honesty and judgment, in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California. All names are changed; all letters become the property of the magazine.





Star daughter, mother author: Sonja in her Hollywood home with Mrs. Henie

# Way of a Winner

—told in a winning way by this mother who feels everyone has a right to know these things about her Sonja

BY SELMA HENIE



A marriage about which a mother has her own ideas: Sonja and Dan Topping

IT has been two decades since that Christmas morning when Sonja received her first pair of skates and went without her Christmas dinner that she might try them out on the frozen pond close by our home in Oslo, Norway. Since then, many things have happened. Fame has invaded our quiet, forest sheltered domain and we, my girl and I, have traveled to far lands and have been part of momentous events.

I have been asked, "If you had it to do all over again, would you change those years? Have you ever been afraid of fame for Sonja and the mark it would make on her life? Ten times a world's champion skater, a world-famous screen star, blessed with the friendship of royalty . . . Has it not been enough to turn the head of one small girl?"

I answer that these questions are natural and to be expected. But I answer, also, that I do not think Sonja's honors have been too much. I do not think they have been too much because hand in hand with all of them has gone work, hard work. Her eyes have not been turned upon herself during these dazzling years. She has not fed on vanity. She is not a champion nor a screen star through accident. She has worked for what she has. And I believe that only when fame and fortune drop in one's lap that trouble comes. I believe that work—the kind of work Sonja has known—is a safeguard.

Sonja was seven years old when she was given her first pair of skates. It was a tragic Christmas day, for her, until—but before that, if you will forgive me, I shall go back to a day which she doesn't even remember—the day she took her first step. For it was then that her father and I realized she was endowed with an attribute extraordinary—a truly miraculous sense of balance. You see, on that first, momentous occasion when she took her tiny hands away from the chair she had been clinging to and moved toward her father's waiting arms, she didn't fall down

as most babies would have done. She covered the necessary distance upright. Nor did she ever fall down thereafter. She simply tried to walk and walk she did.

"Wonderful," her father said. And I—well, I thought so too, but I have never believed in admitting too freely the cleverness of one's children. So I told him, merely, "Yes, she has sturdy little legs."

Long before this Christmas I speak of, Sonja had been begging us for skates. Her brother, Leif, six years older, had them. Already she had learned to ski far better than the average youngster her age, because she must if she was to go places with Leif. She could hike with the best of them. She was strong and accomplished far beyond her years.

But when it came to skates, her father and I feared she was too young for them. So, on that Christmas morning, there were no skates on the tree for Sonja. After she had opened all her presents and she realized there were no skates among them, she turned and left the room. I can see her yet, her little round face beneath her big red hair bow all puckered up with tears, and her little feet dragging.

Her father looked after her and there were tears in his own eyes. "I'll go and get some," he said. And so he went into the city, to the home of a merchant who owned a hardware store, and persuaded him to open his store and sell him a pair of skates for Sonja. Two minutes after he had brought them home, Sonja (Continued on page 74)





**WAR WORKER**—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel tests altimeters.

**OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE**

There's a war job for *you*—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, transportation company, community service. Check Help Wanted ads for needs in your area. Then see your local U. S. Employment Service.



**ENGAGED, HAPPY**—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.



**MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY** is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

**HER RING**—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.



# SHE'S ENGAGED!

*She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

**CHARMING MURIEL LUNGER**—daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D. C., engaged to Raymond W. Hitchens of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job with Bendix, in the plant protection department.

**W**AKING up at 8:30 P.M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite natural to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," Muriel says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I just love slipping into something pretty at home, and adore creaming my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glowy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, like this:

**SMOOTH** on snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream and pat briskly, gently to work its lovely softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and old make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!



**"RINSE"** with *more* Pond's Cold Cream for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals—out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue it all off again.

Give your face this *twice-over* Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime clean-ups! You'll *love* how beautifully clean, how much softer your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get a jar today! Have your first Pond's creaming tonight!

*Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price*

**THERE'S A GLASS SHORTAGE**—SO BUY ONE BIG POND'S JAR INSTEAD OF SEVERAL SMALL ONES. IT SAVES GLASS NEEDED FOR FOOD JARS.





**ANN SHERIDAN**

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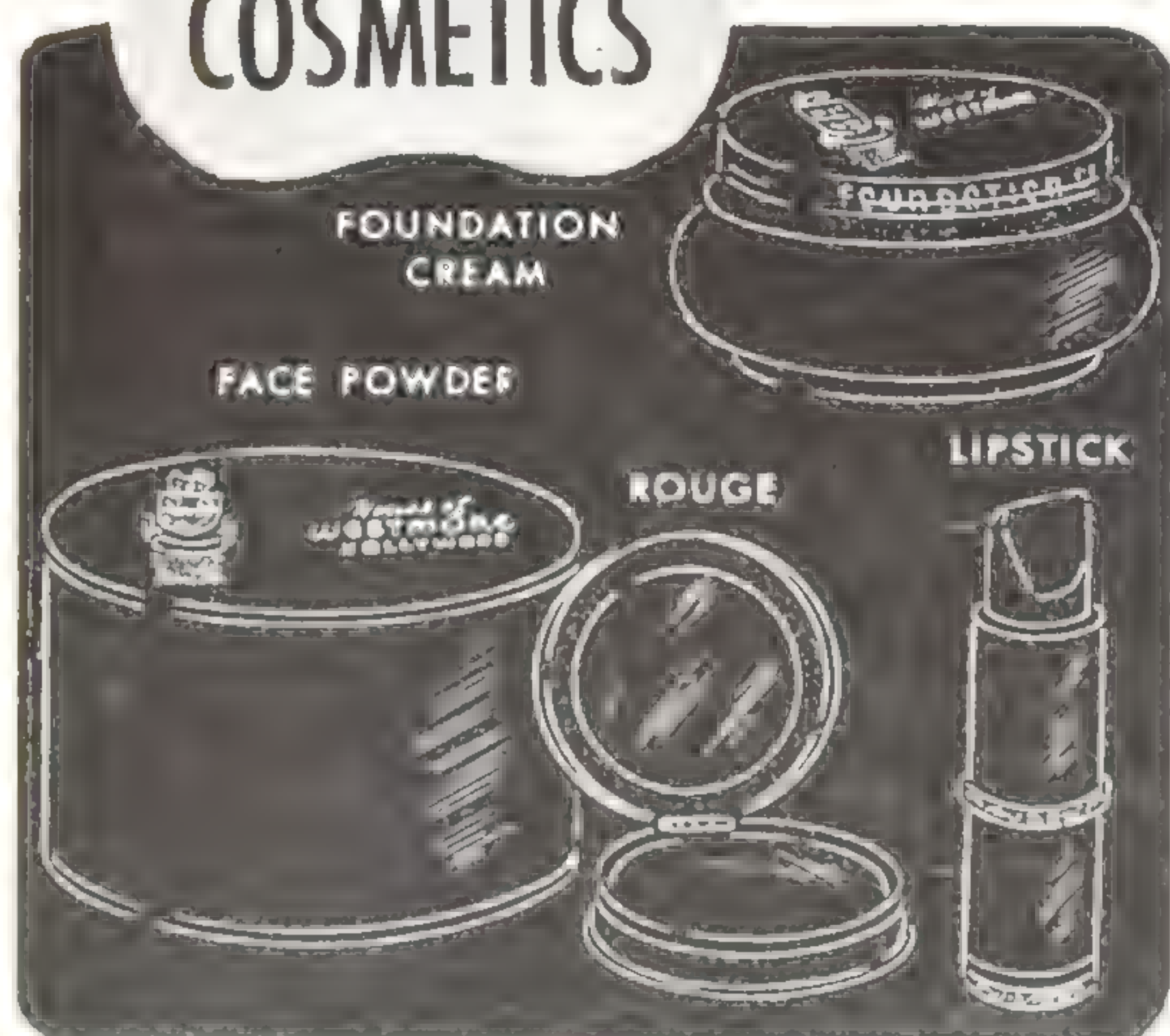
Recently, that famous Royal Family of Make-up, Perc, Wally and Bud Westmore, created a splendid line of cosmetics for a select group of Hollywood stars. Now, they are available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

The foundation cream is made with lanolin to keep your skin soft. It will never give you a "masked" look, it will never cause your skin to become dry or flaky. You will be amazed at the way this House of Westmore foundation cream hides minor skin faults and how well it keeps the powder on your face.

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**WESTMORE  
COSMETICS**

In 25¢ and 50¢  
sizes, at toilet  
goods counters.



## Way of a Winner

(Continued from page 72) was away with them slung over her shoulder, tear-stained face alight. Nor did she return for dinner, which we had at two o'clock in the afternoon. Later on, some friends visited us. "You should see your Sonja," they told us. "She is skating beautifully."

Her father hastened to the pond and he told me later that she was, indeed, skating beautifully. True, he learned, she had fallen down at first and Leif had laughed at her. But she was soon flying over the ice like a bird. "I shall find her an instructor," her father said to me. "She has more than ordinary skill . . ." That moment was marked by destiny.

Time went on . . . That winter passed, the summer after it and the long autumn months. Then there came a Saturday morning when Sonja left the house with her skates, as though she were going to the pond, as usual. But late that afternoon, she came running home to her father and me. "I won," she cried, breathlessly. "I didn't want to tell you, first, because I thought I mightn't, but I won!"

She was talking about the Norwegian junior ice-skating meet. Her competitors were some of the finest young skaters in Norway, but she had won!

"I am going to be the best skater in the world!" she told us. "I shall never stop trying. . . ."

"**W**AS Sonja ever naughty, and did you ever punish her?" I am asked.

Perhaps it may seem strange—perhaps you may feel I am an overindulgent, blind mother, seeing no faults in her own child—but the answer is, no, Sonja was seldom disobedient. I seldom punished her. You see, when she wasn't in school or eating or sleeping during the long winter months, she was skating. And an obsession like that doesn't breed naughtiness. And in the summer, she was working just as hard at her dancing. Back in the beginning, before she was given that first pair of skates, she had shown a fine aptitude for dancing. I had thought that it might be a career for her, one day. But now she studied dancing solely because it improved this other talent.

I do not believe it was exactly ambition with her. I believe ambition is more often concerned with doing something for gain and Sonja had no thought of the money she would one day make from her skating. She only wanted the satisfaction, the thrill, as you say it, of being "the best in the world." She entered the Oslo figure skating competition for senior women. She was only seven years old and weighed only seventy-five pounds.

The judges awarded her the prize . . . and after she had received it, she returned to us and told us, simply, "Next, I shall win the national championship."

Yes, her eyes were already turned far ahead. And we who loved her could only try to keep up with her. She captured the Norwegian championship—at the age of ten. But world competition was different. Her father believed her too young to try for it.

"If you lose, as you most certainly might, you are too young to bear the disappointment," he said. "Wait a little while, Sonja."

For the time being, Sonja needs must accept his decree. But, even then, she kept on preparing herself. Practice became a daily ritual—two hours in the morning, three in the afternoon.

Then Sonja, at last, had his permission to enter the great meet scheduled to be held in Oslo that year. And when she was only eleven years old she won her first world championship.

I shall never forget that day—and how, afterward, when she had been awarded the trophy, she was led to the royal box of King Haakon and Queen Maud—such a tiny little girl, dressed in white—to receive their congratulations. As I watched her, proud and glad as any mother would be, I felt nevertheless a sharp twinge of fear. "Is this right for Sonja?" I asked myself. "Will such plaudits turn her head? She is so young. . . ."

And so when she returned to our box, I tried to minimize the honor that had been accorded her. I said to her, carelessly, "King Haakon and Queen Maud are very charming, are they not?" And if she gave a little start of surprise at this reaction of her own mother to the honor that had been accorded her, she was quick to conceal it.

"They—are, indeed, Mama," she said. I like to think that at this moment was planted the seed which grew into her sane and wholesome attitude toward the honors which have since been showered upon her. She has met many illustrious people—King George V and Queen Mary of England, the Duke of Windsor, the President of the United States and his lady—yet since that day when she was presented to her own king and queen, I have never heard her refer to her acquaintance with the world's great as—how do you say it?—a feather in her cap. I hope I never shall.

Yes, she has been a good girl, Sonja. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She doesn't sulk or fret when things go wrong. She is sunny tempered and kind.

Sonja won ten world skating championships and three of (Continued on page 76)

*Personal*—To Gary Cooper enthusiasts:

Don't miss the life and times of Hollywood's biggest man of the hour

*Gary Cooper*

by the greatest Hollywood writer of them all

*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

*in our November issue*



# BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



*Community*  
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

Today he has a war on his hands. But the day will come, please God, when *your* Tom or Dick or Jack comes home for keeps . . . when kisses will be real, not paper; when you may know the good feel of a tweedy shoulder, the clear sound of a longed-for voice, a strong hand on yours in a dim lit room . . . when crystal will gleam and silver will sparkle on a table set for two.

To that day we of Community\* are bending every effort to speed the work of war. On that day we pledge again to make the loveliest silverware patterns that ever graced a radiantly happy table. Are you doing a little *personal* post-war planning? So are we—at Community. *And the day will come!*

TRADEMARK

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**Only FIBS\* of all tampons give you all 3**

## 1 Fibs are quilted



...for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion... so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

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...smooth, gently tapered ends...for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size; not too large, not too tiny.

## 3 Fibs—the Kotex Tampon



... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,\* the soft, fast absorbent that's used in Kotex\* and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

**The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection**  
(\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 74) them Olympic championships before she turned professional, presented her skating revue in Hollywood and won a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. Yes, she had thought it all out. Even to her ambitious young soul, ten world championships seemed enough and so I suppose it was natural when, one day, she said, "I am going to go into the movies."

Sonja in the movies... it seemed very bewildering at first. No one had ever made a skating picture before. Yet Sonja never worried. She was not used to failure. Nor was Mr. Darryl Zanuck. And, sure enough on the night "One In A Million" was previewed, their confidence was justified. The picture was a success.

It was a strange, new kind of fame that Sonja now had. She was used to crowds, but the crowds that now surrounded her were different. They clamored for autographs and souvenirs. They followed her on the streets. Letters and messages and gifts poured in. It was more than acclaim; it was adulation. For the second time, I was a little afraid her head would be turned.

"My, my," I used to say to her. "*Er vi ikke vigtig!* Aren't we important!"

I admit I was proud of her. But I didn't let her see it. And she would flash her dimples at me and tell me, "*Er vi ikke!* Aren't we?" Then I would realize that she was laughing a little, at herself... and that so long as she could laugh at herself, her ego was safe from inflation.

She has been in the movies over six years, now. She has done well, I think. Her pictures have been successful. Her road shows have been successful. Her marriage has been successful. But—

"But what more could she want, then?" you ask. Well, I, her mother, to that will say, for all the fame and the fortune she has won, her life is not yet complete. She is still very young. She is still full of her work. She practices her skating hour after hour, day after day. In truth, what else can she do but work, with the

world at war and her husband in the armed forces? What can she do but wait—and wait until that day when peace shall come and with it normalcy again. Someday I hope she may know the joy, the quiet happiness in marriage apart from career, that is every woman's right.

Sonja has always had what you call "single-track" mind... That is, when she set herself a goal, she threw her head and soul into its accomplishment. Until she met Dan Topping, she devoted her life to being a skating champion and screen star. After she met and married Dan, I thought perhaps she might devote herself to being a wife. But just at first there were certain professional commitments which she felt bound to honor. Then war came and Dan became a captain in the Marines. The two of them were of necessity separated for long periods of time. And they must be so separated until the war is won. That is the big thing now and no personal dream or desire is important beside it.

I was glad when Sonja fell in love with Dan. I had wanted her to choose for her husband a man of integrity and strength of will. I had wanted him to be apart from motion pictures, apart, even, from Hollywood. There is too much restlessness here that is sometimes injurious to happy marriage. When she married Dan, I felt that she had chosen wisely.

Of course, every mother builds some dreams around her children which do not materialize.

Will mine come true? That I cannot tell, of course. Sonja loves her work and at present there is no question but that she must go on with it. But, one day, when the last gun is fired and Dan shall come home for good, perhaps she will forsake it for other good things in life which she has so far missed. Sonja has never failed to listen to me and when one day, I say to her, "*Liebschen*, this is enough. Forget career for a little while," I believe she will listen once more.

THE END



Summertime pose of a "Wintertime" girl—Sonja, busy practicing skating, keeping her house until Dan shall be home again



*...I use  
Dura-Gloss"*

You're sweet to praise my fingernails, Marjorie. There's nothing very complicated about it. I just use Dura-Gloss all the time—Yes, it's only 10¢ and I can't see why anybody should want to use anything else. Dura-Gloss gives your nails such a brilliant, beautiful finish; it goes on so nicely, and there's something in it called Chrystalline that makes it stay on the nails longer without peeling—which is quite a help when you're as busy as I am. Want to try some of my Dura-Gloss?



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Cuticle Lotion  
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FINE NEW GUM BY

# FLEER

A FINE OLD FIRM

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. ESTABLISHED 1885

## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 71)

Dear Miss K:

I can understand your restlessness to get out and do something, particularly in these times, but your weekly visits must mean a great deal to your mother. After all, you are only eighteen and there will be many years during which you will be able to do the things you want to do.

Your brother, obviously, can be of no help, so you are left with the entire responsibility in this matter, so you must decide it as such.

It seems to me that you are very fortunate in liking the people with whom you are staying; they must have volunteered some advice which you might consider.

You say, at the end of your letters, "sometimes I just can't figure out why things happen to people . . ." Remember that, all over the world, things are happening to others that they don't understand either. As a matter of fact, in the lives of those around you there may be many tragic situations of which you don't dream; always remember you aren't the only one with troubles. Maybe this thought will help you over some hurdles in the months to come. I hope so.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I don't know whether men write to you or not, but I am trying, regardless.

My problem is somewhat of a personal nature.

I have been in the Army Air Force eighteen months and I have never gone

out with a girl, had a date, and I am self-conscious in front of girls. I have never kissed a girl. I am 20, 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weigh 160, have black hair and brown eyes. I am not too bad-looking except that I have round shoulders. I don't dance, but I sometimes go to the U.S.O. clubs for entertainment. I am ambitious to become a radio announcer after the war. How can I develop a smooth-sounding voice, Miss Davis?

As for the problem of girls, what should I do to get a girl friend? I can talk to them, but the conversation drops off after a while and they seem to lose interest in me. I try to center the attention on them and not to talk about myself. Am I right? Most of my buddies keep late hours, but I don't see the advantage in that. They keep telling me I should go along with them, but I refuse.

My folks never treated me good at all when I was home. That's why I joined the Army.

Does this case sound strange to you, Miss Davis? Please answer and tell me what I should do. I feel lonely and it seems like years since I've had a good time.

Bob Z.

Dear Mr. Z:

I always feel extremely flattered when men write to me about their problems.

Since your "buddies" apparently invite you to go out with them, why don't you ask one of them to tell you why he thinks you are not interesting to girls. Ask him to be entirely frank. He might be able to

help you. There is one thing that I can suggest: It would be a good idea for you to learn to dance.

In regard to your ambition to become a radio announcer, why don't you make friends with someone in your camp who has had some training in singing? Anyone who has had voice coaching will be able to give you some exercises that will improve your voice.

It all boils down to proper voice placement and proper breathing, and you could certainly be working toward your ultimate goal if you would devote some time to exercises now.

It seems sad to me, and unnecessary, for anyone to feel that it has been years since he has had a good time. I'm sure you can change this if you want to.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I saw your picture, "Now, Voyager" three times. Not only did the acting thrill me, but the music as well. I am a musician in this little town of ten thousand and I am considered a fairly good pianist. I would like to know the name of the composition that was played while you and Mr. Henreid were alone. First, when you met him on the boat, and when you saw him at the station after the dinner and theater party. It was played mostly by the violins, usually in the high register.

Also I would appreciate it if you would give me the name of the orchestra that may have recorded it.

Georgina O.

They're still fighting—are you still buying? THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE



Dear Miss O:

The song to which you refer was an original love theme composed by Max Steiner and played by the studio orchestra. As you undoubtedly know, it was given an Academy Award. A popular song has been made of the theme and titled, "It Can't Be Wrong." I believe that it will soon be available in sheet music, but I haven't yet heard of any orchestra's recording it.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have one of those problems that doesn't seem important to anyone but me.

On my way home from school on the bus one night there was a boy standing fairly close to me and he said to his friend, "I have never seen a good-looking redhead yet."

You see, I am a redhead with a lot of freckles. What can I do to be attractive, so no one will ever say that again?

Evelyn T.

Dear Miss T:

Before you feel too unhappy about this boy's remark, I should like to remind you that practically every girl in the world has wished at some time in her life that she were a redhead. I know I have.

Perhaps this particular boy simply wanted to attract your attention and couldn't think of a more tactful way of doing it. It might not have been courteous, but it did get results, as your letter proves. I daresay you'd recognize him, no matter where you saw him a second time.

Probably you know that Jeanette MacDonald, Judy Garland, Rita Hayworth,

Nancy Coleman, Ann Sheridan and Greer Garson all have red hair. Certainly none of them would fail in a glamour test, so cheer up.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm so glad you are now giving advice to those who are bewildered in this time of strife. Now, Miss Davis, I have been married fifteen years and I have two lovely girls. My husband has provided me with a good home. We are considered middle class—not able to afford luxuries, but we have things nice. My problem is this: I want to become an airplane mechanic.

Now for the trouble. My husband is in ill health since the last war. He keeps saying he won't live long and I do worry about him. If I don't prepare all his meals I feel I have neglected him and think maybe he isn't getting a balanced diet. He is able to work and keep going, but he says he hasn't much time on this earth and he even told me who he wants to speak at his services. He gave me a few dollars the other day to take to the minister of our church.

Miss Davis, it frightens me, as I want to be with him all I can. When he talks about leaving me and my daughters, I want to scream.

I'd like to get out of the house a little and do something useful like aircraft mechanical work, yet I want to look after my husband. He is everything I ever hoped for in a husband. I know he wants me to be able to carry on, but I think perhaps I should stay as long as possible at my husband's side.

Thank you for your ideas on the subject.  
Mrs. Orpha S.

Dear Mrs. S:

I thoroughly appreciate your desire to help your country by becoming an aircraft mechanic, but in your case, your duty is definitely at home with your husband. Knowing how he feels, you would regret every hour you had spent away from him if anything should happen.

Actually, you are doing your bit in the war effort by maintaining a home, as a nation's strength arises from a nation's homes. Most of the boys to whom I talk at the Hollywood Canteen are eager to win this war so they can go "back home."

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have only recently been inducted into the Army. Previous to this I was an actor—or thought I was. I did Little Theatre work (twenty-seven plays in about thirty weeks during the last season) and had a dramatic program on the air every Saturday afternoon.

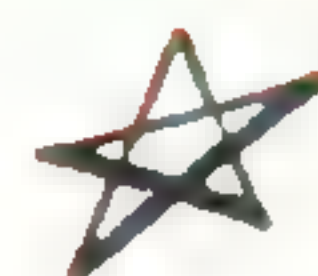
I'm still, even after my induction, as determined as ever to become a great actor, but it is presenting ever-increasing problems. Because of lack of privacy, I hesitate in practicing vocal exercises and recitations. One night I did break down and do Oswald Alving's "mad" scene from the third act of "Ghosts" and was promptly greeted on all sides by some royal Bronx cheers.

I really don't mind them laughing at me—I'm probably due for a lot more—but I'm afraid I'll go stale from inactivity. Acting is something that must be practiced constantly and I'd hate to lose three years of time and study because of inactivity. I asked permission to put on some plays here at camp, but my suggestion was discarded as "unimportant."



*Helps set  
the Pace*

"Bigger and better" is the cry on the work front. And that's why Pepsi-Cola hits the spot all over the country. Swell taste—big drink—12 full ounces for a nickel. Have a Pepsi-Cola today.



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## "Don't you know the calendar's bluffing?"

SMILE, young lady...for crying won't help when menstrual pain comes just in time to upset plans or interfere with pleasure.

Yes, smile and take heart. Most of the time, the calendar is *bluffing*. Much of your pain may be needless. The headache and blues unnecessary. *How unnecessary* you can prove by trying Midol!

Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special care, Midol should give you quick, effective relief, for it acts in three ways to save you functional pain and discomfort. An *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases the typical spasmodic pain. Another ingredient soothes menstrual headache. And a third lifts your blues—gives faster, more thorough comfort.

There are no opiates in Midol, so try it confidently. Ask for Midol now at your nearest drugstore and be ready, another month, to keep going in comfort!



# MIDOL

Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering

MENSTRUAL HEADACHE  
DEPRESSION  
TYPICAL SPASMODIC PAIN

What would you suggest I do? Forget about it completely for the time being, or struggle along as I have been—completely miserable. Perhaps you'll give me a little help.

Private Joe B.

Dear Private B:

In the first place, it's possible that the "Bronx cheers" were given only because of your selection of material.

I understand very well your fear of going stale from inactivity. If, however, instead of worrying so much about privacy for vocal exercises, you will observe the people with whom you come in contact and learn something of their mannerisms and habits of speech, you will be storing up valuable bits of characterization for the future. The war isn't going to last forever, you know, so you can use this time to advantage by increasing your general knowledge and your awareness of the differences in human beings.

For practical exercise, you might volunteer your services to some of the shows that come to your camp, as they always need people of your experience and ability to help out. This will make you feel you are still working at the job you like best.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm twenty-two years of age and I never thought that when I married I would have any problems at all.

To begin with, about a year and a half ago I met a nice man of twenty-eight who came originally from a small town in Massachusetts. He is a draftsman and a college graduate. We discovered in November, last year, that we cared enough to get married, so we did.

Naturally, before I married him, I asked him all about his previous romances. He said that when he was back in his own home he had very little money—going to college and all—so that he hadn't dated very much. But I finally got him to tell me about a nurse he says he had known for about nine years. He swears he never told her he loved her, and never proposed, but I can't figure anyone knowing each other that long without getting serious, can you?

I care for my husband, and yet one hundred percent do not believe what he tells me of his relationship between this girl and himself. Would it be proper for me to write her and find out just exactly how they felt about each other? She is now married to another man, but I feel that I want the truth about his early life. Am I wrong?

Mrs. Jennifer W.

Dear Mrs. W:

I can see no reason for your wanting to find out about the former romantic life of your husband. You remind me of a myth about a girl named Pandora. You probably remember that she was placed in charge of a mysterious box and was warned that it did not belong to her, so she must never open it. But Pandora was

made restless by the gnawings of curiosity, so she opened the box . . . thereby releasing all the troubles in the world.

Your problem boils down to this: Your husband has married you, so what difference does it make what he did before, as long as you are happily married now? Why go into ancient history?

You would subject yourself to severe criticism if you wrote to this girl and asked for her version of this alleged romance. How do you think your husband would feel about such a letter? At the expense of sounding very trite, I must say—let bygones be bygones.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

You have been so helpful to other girls with problems, so perhaps you can help me.

I am twenty-three and a bookkeeper in a department store. My father has bad health and never will be able to work regularly again. He doesn't make much from part-time jobs so my family look to me for financial aid. I turn most of my money over to them. I have a younger sister who is just starting high school so she won't be out for four years.

I have broken up with most all the boys I have dated because I know how impossible it is for me to marry and leave home. I am going with a nice boy now. I think he will ask me to marry him soon. You know a girl can always tell when a boy is getting serious. If I let myself, I could love him very much as he is really wonderful.

Should I break off with him before our romance goes any further? My friends advise me to marry and let my family get along the best they can, but I hate to hurt them. Sometimes I think I'll have to be an old maid.

Jane A.

P. S. Will you please send me the name and address of the little girl who was so short and who had no boy friends. I would like her to get in touch with me so I could give her some suggestions and ideas that worked wonders for me. I was like her once. I am only four feet ten and one-half inches tall myself.

J. A.

Dear Miss A:

When this boy asks you to marry him, why don't you explain the situation fully? If he really loves you, he will agree with you that you must carry on your responsibilities. But there is no reason—if he is working, which I presume he is—why you can't also have a life of your own. You could continue to give financial aid at home, while he supported the two of you.

There is no woman so lonely as one who has sacrificed her entire life for her family and then—when the parents have passed away and the younger children have married—finds herself stranded without emotional ties.

I am mailing you, under separate cover, the information that you wanted about the small girl. It is generous of you to volunteer to help.

Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 82)

She's on the November cover

Ann Sheridan

A "must" for your gallery of color



# Ginger Rogers

IN PARAMOUNT'S

"LADY IN THE DARK"



★ *It creates a lovely  
new complexion*



★ *It helps conceal tiny  
complexion faults*



\*Pan-Cake  
Trade Mark  
Reg. U.S. Pat  
Off.



★ *It stays on for hours  
without re-powdering*

## Look more attractive ...in just a few seconds

GAIN new loveliness, create the glamour you desire...easily, quickly...with this modern make-up originated for Technicolor pictures by *Max Factor Hollywood*. After your very first make-up you'll be devoted to Pan-Cake Make-Up forever...because it creates a lovely new complexion, helps hide tiny complexion faults, and looks lovely through the hours of the day or evening without re-powdering. Try it today...for a new beauty adventure.

## PAN-CAKE\* MAKE-UP

ORIGINATED BY *Max Factor \* Hollywood*



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*Hunting*  
*for a*  
**HAIR RINSE**  
*that adds*  
**MORE**  
**COLOR** ★  
 ★ ? ★



*This is it!* A simple, quick, inexpensive rinse that **actually colors hair!** It's made by DUART, creators of the famed Duart Permanent Wave. Ask your beautician for a DUART LIQUID RINSE. One of the 12 beautiful shades will give exciting, new, more colorful beauty to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach... but color stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover grays, blend faded ends or streaks. Costs no more than other rinses at your beauty shop where you'll find...



DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.  
 SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm a girl of eighteen, all ready to get married with one exception. I need advice and I need it bad. I have no one to turn to, so I'm begging you for help.

I have a stepmother; my real mother died when I was about two weeks old; my grandmother took care of me from then until I was eleven.

I know this isn't nice to say, but it's the truth: I hate my stepmother and my father for the simple reason that they've ruined my life. When I was eleven, my stepmother decided she wanted a child and she thought I'd be in the way at such a time. She treated me horribly, made me stay outside in rainy weather until my dad came home from work. The neighbors began to talk, but she didn't care—she knew I'd do something to give her reason to put me away. I did. I ran away—that's what she called it, although I only went to my grandmother's.

My stepmother had me put in an institution the next day. It hurt me so to know that my dad would let her do it. I had been at the home six years when my stepmother decided she wanted someone to do her housework and take care of the baby, so she took me out of the institution.

She had me put on parole until I'm twenty-one, so she could have me sent back at any time. The abuse I took! She threw things at me and hit me with anything she happened to have in her hands. I couldn't take it any longer so I ran away again. She reported it, but the home—instead of taking me back—made my grandmother my guardian and let me live with her.

My stepmother was so mad she wouldn't let Dad give us any money, so we had to go on relief. Granny had a stroke a few weeks later and died.

Well, one of the officers from the home came to see me and told me I had my choice: Go back to the home, or live with my stepmother and father. I wanted

neither, so I did the only thing I could think of: I ran away again. I came West—it's been almost a year now. I still don't have any peace because my stepmother notified the police. She won't rest until she gets me back in that home, but I'll die first. I'm sorry I had to tell you all this—but you've got to know what I'm up against.

Now, about George. I've been going with him eight months. He wants to marry me, even though he knows all about my family. He's good, kind and decent; I think the world of him. But if I marry him, it might make some sort of trouble for him. I'm not supposed to marry without the home's permission.

I keep putting him off all the time because I'm half-crazy, not knowing what to do. Where can I go for advice, without getting into trouble—except to you?

Ruth T.

Dear Miss T:

I consulted my own attorney about your case and he suggested that the only thing for you to do is to look through the telephone book (the yellow section) and find the address and telephone number of the State Bar Association in the state in which you are living at present. Ask them to tell you how to get to their Legal Aid Clinic, which will advise you without charge.

Naturally, the easiest thing to do would be to consult an attorney near you, but I thought there might be a financial problem and Legal Aid Clinics, you know, give official advice without charge.

This should be a comfort to you and encourage you to see any attorney and get everything straightened out: I understand that it is the habit in most states (particularly in the one in which you are now living) to parole a girl to her husband when she marries. In this way, marriage to this boy would solve all of your problems at once.

Bette Davis.

Five in a five-star picture: Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ann Sothorn, Joan Blondell and Margaret Sullivan in M-G-M's film of the part women played in the defense of the Philippines, "Cry Havoc"





The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors — a movie around the corner — a table of bridge, or having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Years of  
No bitterness*

*Just the KISS of the hops...*



—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you'll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America's most distinguished beer.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS





*Yes...you can be  
more beautiful*

In a Way that's as Old as  
Cleopatra and as NEW as

*Princess Pat*

Suppose you found, as did Cleopatra, you were less beautiful than you *could* be . . . And then discovered, as she did, a new way to loveliness. Wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course—and here is the secret: A



**Prepare!  
For Romance**

Prepare for that first exciting kiss—your introduction to romance. How? With smooth, tempting lip color that goes on easily and stays on! . . . Ask for famous Princess Pat Lipstick, when you buy Princess Pat Rouge.

to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence—bids you be irresistible. And if you *feel* irresistible—well naturally, you *are*!

**Only PRINCESS PAT ROUGE . . .** has this *duo-tone* secret. See it perform its color-miracle on YOU. Until you do, you will never know how lovely you really are. You can get Princess Pat Rouge now at the beauty counters of all stores.



Send for  
**"Boudoir Chat"**  
by Princess Pat  
**IT'S FREE**  
Mail this Coupon

PRINCESS PAT, DEPT. 50

2709 S. Wells St., 16, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, free, the "*Princess Pat Boudoir Beauty Chat*" which reveals exclusive Princess Pat secrets that have glorified stars of stage and screen—beauty secrets that show me how to acquire added charm, how to conceal blemishes and large pores, how to hide unwelcome circles and lines, how to enhance the attractiveness of my eyes and lips and how to improve the contour-appearance of my face.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Hollywood Horoscope



Paulette Goddard: She gets a sharp warning this month from . . .



. . . eminent astrologer Trotter

BY

MATILDA

TROTTER

IN reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

**Veronica Lake:** In March 1943 I predicted in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that this would be a dramatic year for Veronica Lake. The first half has indeed proved eventful—success in picture work, talk in the gossip columns of impending divorce and just recently the news of the death of Veronica's baby.

Her chart indicates that October should lift the oppressive influence of the transiting Saturn while Jupiter and Venus will come to her aid and bring some problem connected with her home and emotional life to a culmination.

Mars going through her house of divorce, partnership-money and legal affairs suggests that many legal documents will be signed by Veronica during October.

The latter part of 1943 should find her surrounded by glamour, romance and new friends.

**Paulette Goddard:** The cagey and clever Paulette may give away a secret and satisfy the curiosity of the gossip mongers in spite of herself, during October, due to a conflict between Saturn, the disciplinarian, and the impetuous Mars. This aspect can make Paulette feel so frustrated that she will be inclined to throw discretion to the winds and matters which she has managed to conceal may become public knowledge.

Because of a square between Uranus in her house of secrets and self-undoing, and her moon, which represents women and the public, she should not place too much confidence in another woman at this time, nor should she expect loyalty from her public in case of trouble or scandal.

Take care of your health, Paulette, and, as I warned you last March, don't take unnecessary risks.

**Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman:** The combined charts of these two favor success in any joint undertaking.

Ingrid's chart indicates that this will be an inspirational and romantic period which will bring her to the pinnacle of her success.

According to the stars, "For Whom The Bell Tolls," or a picture begun by Gary and Ingrid under October's beneficial aspects, will bring additional fame and possibly a coveted award to both in 1944.



# How to Win Out on ROMANCE

by DIANA BARRYMORE



**1** When that man you've had your eye on asks for a date it's time to go into action. You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to *feel* it.



**2** Take time out for this beauty pick-up. It's wonderful what a refreshing Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will do! Leaves you feeling like a million, really *sure* of daintiness.



**3** You'll see approval in his eyes. Men don't call it "daintiness"—they just know it's nice to be near the girl whose skin is smooth and fragrant.



**4** Ten to one he'll say "You're sweet." You can't afford to take chances with daintiness, so make *sure* the gentle Lux Toilet Soap way.

A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS**—MAKE **SURE** OF SKIN THAT'S **SWEET**



Lovely Star of Universal's  
"FIRED WIFE"



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—it leaves skin SWEET!**

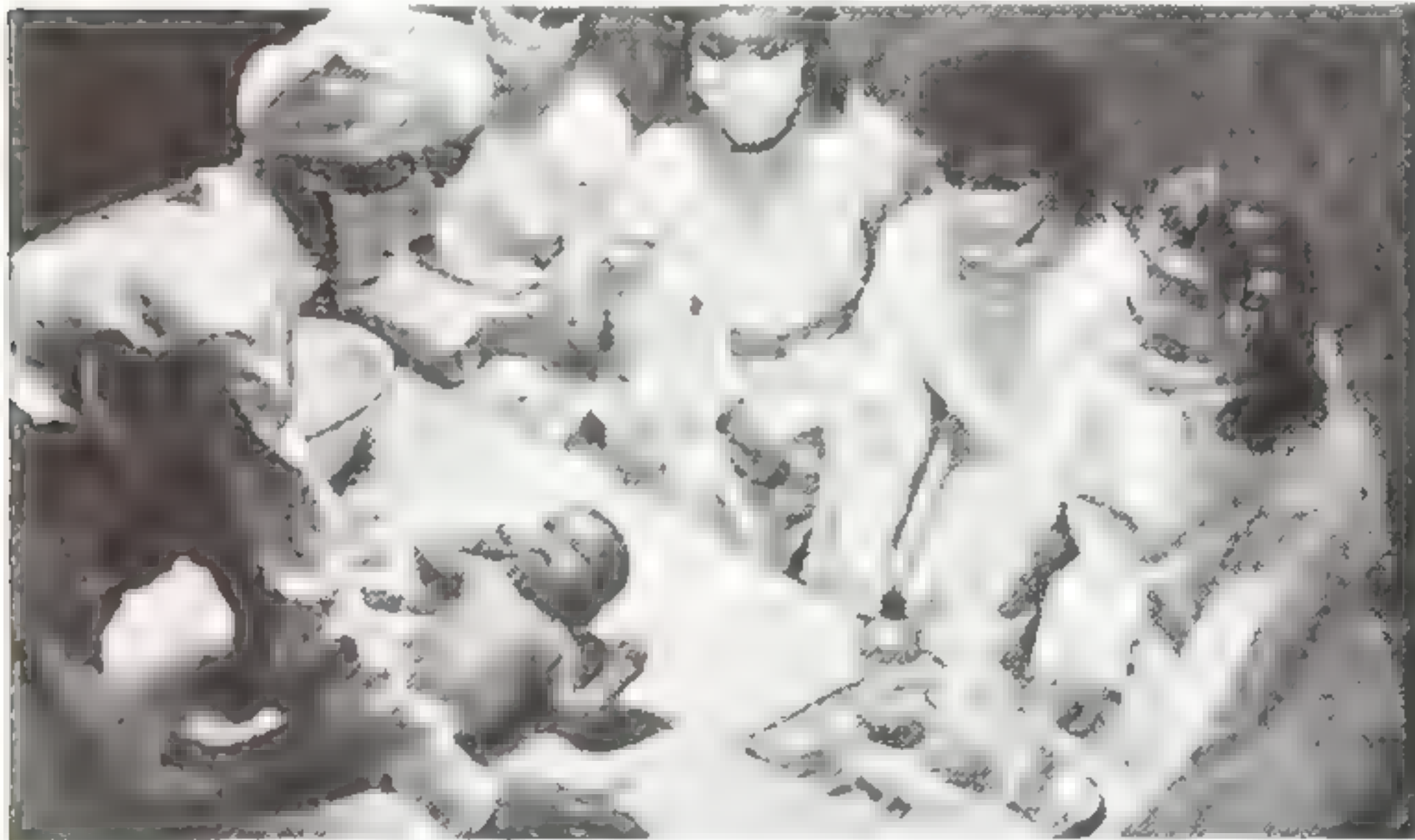




BABIES GET THE BEST START IN HOSPITALS; BELOW, SEE HOW HOSPITALS CARE FOR BABIES

## Test Yourself on this BABY QUIZ

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of doctors said *yes*. (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use *Mennen Oil*—because it's *antiseptic*).



**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be *antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

## White Lies

(Continued from page 62) element—truth-telling.

Others maintain silence on certain subjects or permit themselves defensive lies because to do otherwise would be to injure or embarrass those close to them. Bette Davis, perhaps the most unequivocally honest of all the honest folk of Hollywood, recently said that she preferred not to discuss her second husband, "Farney," for publication. "Because," Bette said, "I can't do to Farney what I did to Ham." Amplifying, Miss Davis explained that while she does not believe disparity of income or fame causes marital shipwreck, she does feel that for the one in the spotlight to talk about the other "emphasizes and highlights a relationship which, at best, is not normal. The less said about it, therefore, the better." She added, "I talked too much about Ham. It was injurious to our marriage."

SOMETIMES the stars have funny little phobias. Jack Benny can go along with a gag any old time, but speak of illness or death in his presence and Jack, a hypochondriac as ever was, winces. And Charles Bickford, whose role of the dynamic priest, *Peyramale*, in "The Song Of Bernadette," is second in importance only to that of Jennifer Jones, has something he never talks about and thanks you, with a bark, not to mention.

Seems that back in 1936 when Bickford was playing in a picture called "East Of Java," the script called for his working with lions. The studio planned to use a double. "I've worked with lions before," said Charley. "I'll do it myself." So into the lions' den went redheaded Charley, worked for days (and without a gun) with the big cats. Then, one day, they turned on him and nearly killed him. He was in bed ten months.

Clyde Beatty, the famous lion-tamer, visited Charley in the hospital and gave him a lacing; told him that only a moron would suppose he could handle lions without previous training. Realizing, then, that his "heroism" wasn't heroism at all but exhibitionism of a particularly childish sort, Charley would just rather not talk about lions, if you please!

Sometimes the stars' own words catch them in embarrassing traps. Tempestuous Maria Montez, for example, told a most heartbreaking tale of her "great love" for one Claude Strickland, an RAF flyer believed to have been lost in action. One week later Maria fell in love with Pierre Aumont and, in something of a predicament but unabashed, simply "edited" her previous story by substituting the name of Aumont for that of Strickland.

In both instances, Maria had been sincere; she *had* been in love with young Strickland; she was now in love with young Aumont; and no harm done.

Nevertheless, experiences such as these do teach the players that they do not always know their own hearts and had better take them off their sleeves. Lana Turner comes to mind. How wise she was, whether unwittingly, by instinct or by studio edict, to make no statements about whether she would or would not remarry Stephan Crane.

But allowing for its white lies, Hollywood is still one of the most fundamentally honest communities you will ever find.

THE END

Your War Bonds got them overseas—  
Buy more and get them back!



## Candid on Ingrid

(Continued from page 39) registers at a hotel as Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. Once, after buying gloves in Saks Fifth Avenue, she told the salesgirl to have them mailed to Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. "Oh, I thought you were Ingrid Bergman," the girl said. "No," said Ingrid, "I am Mrs. Lindstrom. Many people have made that mistake."

She cannot abide ostentation, flash, show-off, or display in anyone. She utterly dislikes the Hollywood set which makes constant use of the word "darling," or the now popular catch phrase, "she couldn't be nicer."

Her contributions to the American war effort have been steady but unpublicized. Many times she has made recordings for broadcasts to Sweden for the O.W.I.

It was in her contract with David Selznick that she could go back to Sweden once a year. The war, of course, prevented that, so when her vacation time came last December she went to a Swedish farm in Minnesota and for a week she lived with Swedish people, helped the women in the kitchen, ate Swedish food and talked Swedish.

She is fascinated by American slang and will use a new word at the first opportunity. She is very interested in American politics but refuses to discuss them. She spends hours knitting sweaters for the Coast Guard.

She is a forthright person and doesn't act like an actress. One day at the studio she hooked bumpers with another car. A studio policeman found her tugging and heaving with all her might and she practically had the cars untangled before he assisted her. "Darndest thing I ever saw," the studio policeman said. "First film star I ever knew that didn't mind getting her hands dirty, or didn't cuss out the other fellow for leaving his car in the way."

Her ambition is to play Jeanne D'Arc on the screen.

She rarely goes to a night club, but when she does she enjoys it. She is a good dancer.

She goes to bed early. She generally reads in bed and listens to the radio. She never has any trouble falling asleep. She sleeps with all the windows open and she dislikes blankets. She usually sleeps in the nude. She believes that most women try to look too fancy in bed.

THE END

\*\*\*\*\*

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Monday through Friday  
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Listen to

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—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in co-operation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

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Use  
**FRESH**  
and stay  
fresher!

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Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.



Three sizes  
50¢ — 25¢ — 10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





## "Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are *great* candy bars, rich in Dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

BUY U. S.  
WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS



When you don't find  
BABY RUTH  
on the candy counter,  
remember . . . Uncle  
Sam's needs come  
first with us as  
with you.





## How's your I. Q. on Jeanette MacDonald?

1. How was she consistently discouraged early in her career?
  - a. Her family couldn't afford to give her singing lessons.
  - b. A show producer told her to give up singing and become a dancer.
  - c. Her voice instructor refused to take her money, because he said her voice was hopeless.
2. Why has she always hated the word "stooge"?
  - a. Ned Wayburn chose her for her first stage role as a comedy foil.
  - b. Her elder sister nicknamed her "Stooge" as a kid.
  - c. The chorines in her first musical show called her "Stooge."
3. Why did she once become a fur mannequin in New York?
  - a. Because she was fired from her stage job.
  - b. Her show closed and she had to have money for voice study.
  - c. She had decided to give up singing and a dancing career.
4. What noted motion-picture personality was responsible for her first screen test?
  - a. Richard Dix.
  - b. Maurice Chevalier.
  - c. Charlie Chaplin.
5. Why did standing box-office records topple from their marks in the spring of 1939?
  - a. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made a duo personal appearance.
  - b. Jeanette personally appeared on the stage in "The Merry Widow" road showing.
  - c. Jeanette MacDonald made her first American concert tour.
6. How did she meet her husband, Gene Raymond, for the first time?
  - a. At a preview of his new picture.
  - b. On the doorstep of a mutual friend.
  - c. At a garden party beneath a full moon.
7. When were they married?
  - a. On Jeanette's birthday, June 17th, 1937, at a home wedding.
  - b. On Gene Raymond's birthday, at the Santa Barbara mission.
  - c. On June 16, 1937, at a formal church wedding.
8. Who is "Stormy Weather" in her life?
  - a. Her yacht.
  - b. Her colored butler.
  - c. Her dog.
9. What does the title "Let Me Always Sing" mean to her?
  - a. It is a childhood motto framed on the wall of her room.
  - b. It was the title of her first motion picture.
  - c. It is the name of a song Gene Raymond wrote for her.
10. What is "Date Leaves" to her?
  - a. The name of her favorite dessert.
  - b. Her own title for home hospitality for service men.
  - c. The embossed title on her daily engagement book.
11. What is the name of her home in Bel Air?
  - a. Mac-Raymond.
  - b. Twin Gables.
  - c. Rancho Contento.

For answers see page 111



## ARE YOU TAKING A CHANCE WITH SCALP ODOR?

Many a girl has ruined her chances for romance by not guarding against scalp odor. Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Oily hair, particularly, collects unpleasant odors. To be sure, yourself, check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

There's a simple way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take a chance. Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store. It will leave your hair soft and lustrous—your scalp clean and fresh.



**The Clean, Odorless Way to REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!**

For lovelier lips, cheeks, arms, legs, Barry Lechler's VELVATIZE in pocketbook use any time anywhere! Easy and clean—odorless—no wax, no hair, nothing to wash off! Remove UNWANTED HAIR INSTANTLY! At drug or dept. store or send name and address. Send NO money. Enough for Season! Use! Send name today for one compact at \$1 for either face or legs or both. Compact in the Duplex Package for \$2. Pay postage (plus few cents postage on arrival. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

**Lechler's VELVATIZE**

Lasts Months  
Postpaid for \$1 only

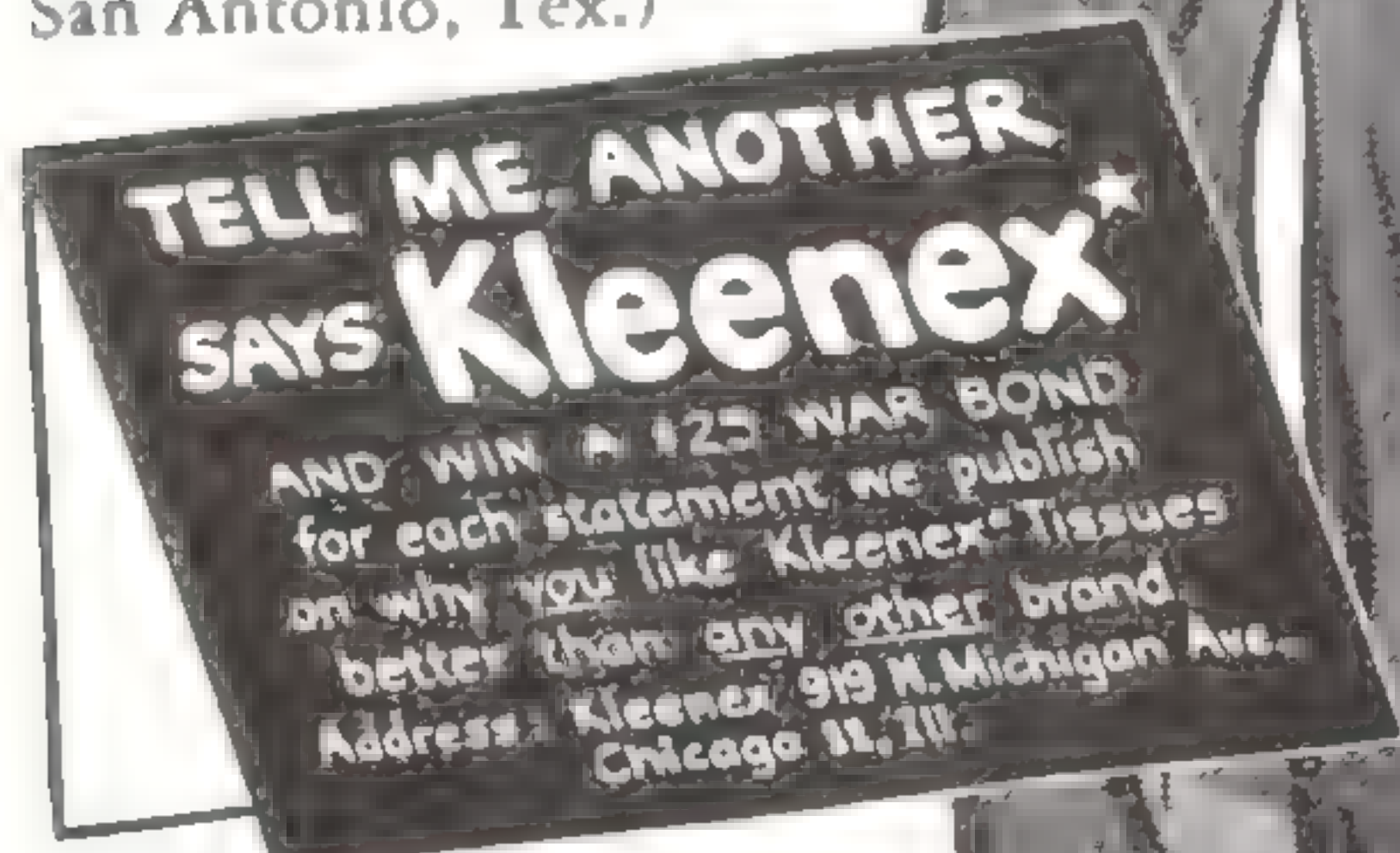
House of Lechler, Dept. 2410, 560 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.



## DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

Spreading a cold is serious in wartime, so use **KLEENEX** Tissues—then destroy, germs and all. Kleenex is kind to your nose, your neighbors, your nation.

(from a letter by N. E. F., San Antonio, Tex.)



### RATION STRETCHER!

When storing left-overs in my refrigerator, I cover them with **KLEENEX**. Keeps foods from drying out—mighty important these days!

(from a letter by F. De V., Orfordville, Wis.)

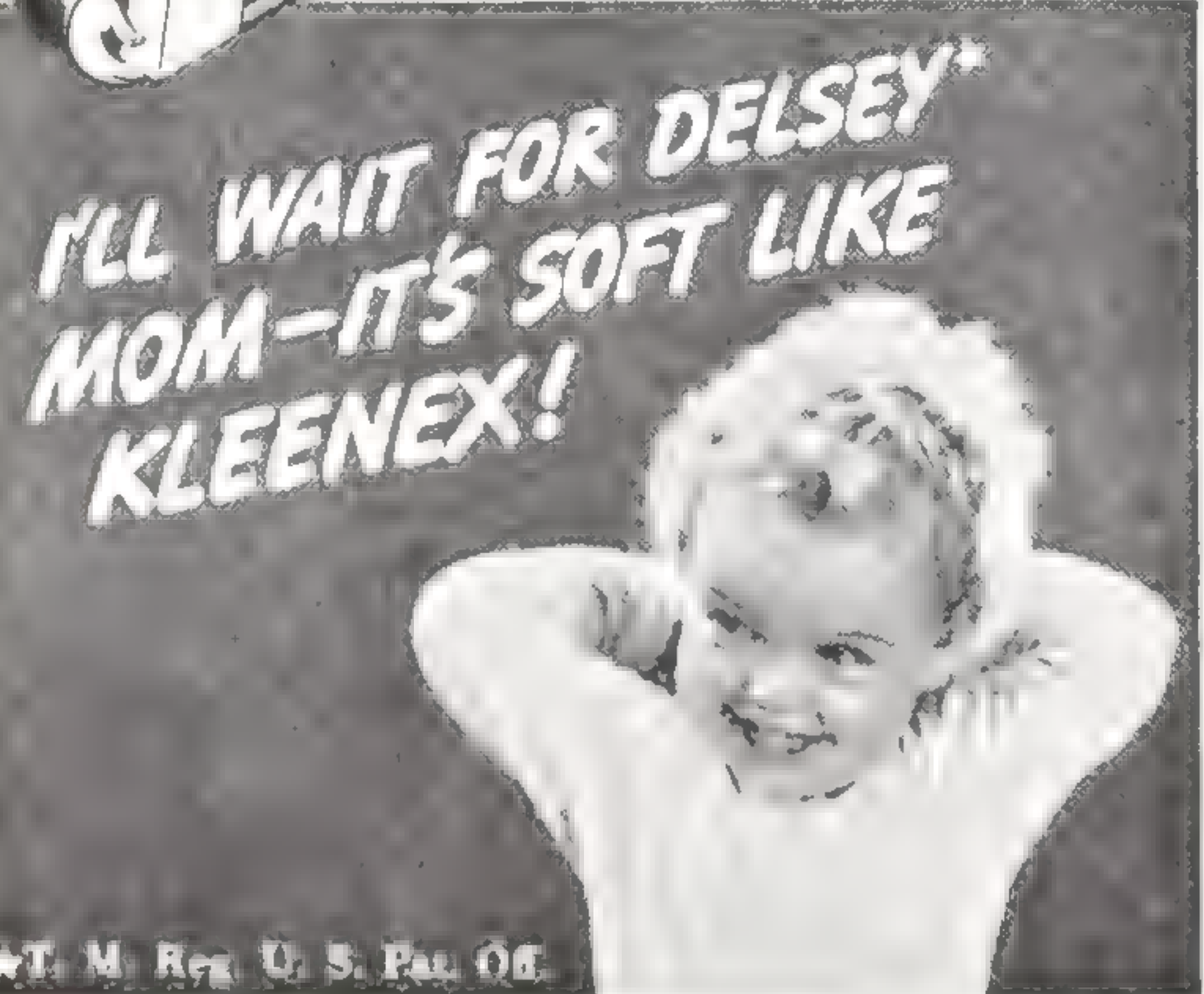
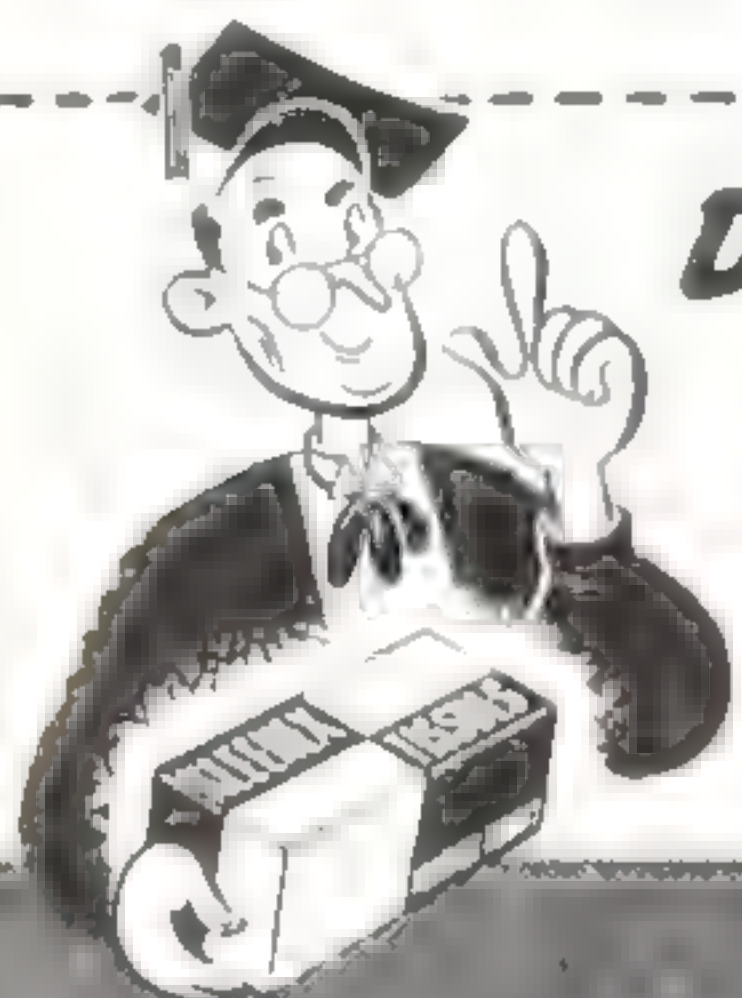
## Not Enough KLEENEX to Go Around, Either!

SO IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT—PLEASE BE PATIENT, HE'LL GET SOME SHORTLY. OUTPUT IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT TO KEEP **KLEENEX** THE MOST SERVICEABLE TISSUE YOU CAN BUY, WE ARE DETERMINED NOT TO SKIMP ON **KLEENEX** QUALITY OR SIZE!



### DID YOU KNOW?—

There is only one Kleenex—tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex!



# Beauty Bag of Tricks

BY GLORIA MACK

### Good-bye Chips

A coat of nail polish under the tips of your nails will prevent chipping.

### Soft Soap

If your eyebrows won't go into training, keep them smooth and in shape by moistening them with a finger tip after you've rubbed it over a cake of soap.

### Dot and Dash

Always apply your foundation cream in small dots all over the face and neck and then rub it in smoothly.

### Circle This

Don't be a lady with dark shadows. If you have circles on a big-date evening, paint them out by massaging around them with eye cream, then covering them with a lighter shade foundation than you're using on the rest of your face.

### Hot Stuff

... is bad for the hands. Never use too hot water when washing the hands and always finish off with a cold rinse.

### Around the Corner

Use plenty of cream around the corners of your mouth and you won't be bothered with blackheads. That's where they usually make their debut.

### Sweet Stuff

Be remembered by your perfume. Be sure that you use plenty of it, that you keep your bottles tightly covered so that dirt and grime can't do a sabotage job.

### Leg Work

Stock up on this idea instead of stockings. Cover your legs with liquid leg make-up. You have lots of shades to choose from; lots of fun fooling everyone; lots of pennies saved for War Bonds.

### Choice Idea

You can take the guesswork out of choosing your powder shade. There's a new powder selector at cosmetic counters that tells you in a whirl of the dial just what shade you should use.

### Isn't This Neat!

No more too-big powder puffs for your compact. You can have a make-up kit that's as neat-as-a-pin and twice as pretty by acquiring the new gadget that cuts the powder puff to the exact shape of your compact.

### Soft Shoulder

Do you wonder where those blackheads on your shoulder and back come from? Maybe it's because you comb your hair in your slip; the dust and grime fall on your shoulder; presto, the blackheads get a foothold. Make an "always" promise to yourself to use a combing jacket.

### The Shadow Before

Your eyeshadow should always go on before your powder if you want the best effect.

### Shine?

Don't despair if your eyebrows look dull. After you've brushed them apply a small amount of cream to them to make them glisten.

### Lip Reading

Always make up the upper lip first; then close the mouth, roll the upper lip over the lower, then outline the lower lip. Apply the lipstick heavily, then bite on tissue until there is no red print left.

### Tip-off

If you like the tips of your nails unpolished, rub off the excess polish with the ball of your thumb, not a towel, to have a smooth, finished manicure.



## Backdoor Debutantes

(Continued from page 52) card but she said she meant my Membership Card. I searched through my bag and pockets and said, oh dear, I must have left it in my other bag. Then she said she would look in the fingerprint files. I must say they're awfully careful about spies in Hollywood.

People were coming in and going out and I took the opportunity to get a good eyeful before the hatchet descended. Claudette came back and said sweetly that it was curious but she couldn't find my record and was I a member of the A.T.W. (Later I found out she meant American Theatre Wing, but how was I to know?) So I said I belonged to the G.S.L. which was a branch. At that moment, of all people Alan Ladd walked in looking simply miraculous in his uniform and I fairly crumpled up inside. Claudette got talking to somebody so I tried to duck into the door after Alan. It wasn't on my own account, but for Barb who worships him. I thought if I could dance with him just once, it would give her the thrill of her life. But I hadn't reckoned on a sourpuss who grabbed me by the shoulder and said, "No kids allowed in here." I didn't care about the pain, I've been through the mill at Grand Central and the Paramount stage door, but what hurt me was that Alan saw it and flashed me a sympathetic smile. I don't want his pity!

I GAVE the sourpuss a withering look and walked out with dignity and aplomb. For some reason my eyes seemed blurred, probably on account of the artificial lashes, so I couldn't see where I was going, because I would rather have died than take out my handkerchief. Suddenly I ran into something and a pair of strong arms folded around me, and I found myself beating my fists against a white duck middy.

"You pack a beautiful wallop," said a voice, "but why my chest?"

I looked up, hoping against hope, but it was an unknown face, though very nice. The eyes were brown and sort of smouldering. He kept his arms around me protectingly and I stole a look around for Barb but that Zombie had gone home with the camera. She'll never make a good reporter.

"How about coming back for a dance with me?" he said. "You look like my specifications."

"I should say not," I replied. "I'll never go in that place again."

"What's the matter, sugar, did some guy get fresh?"

It was a golden opportunity and I wasn't going to miss it, so I looked up at him from under my lashes and said softly:

"It's all right. Perhaps he had a little too much to drink."

"Just point him out to me and I'll make his face concave. Is he a Navy man?"

"No," I said with sure instinct. "Army."

"I thought so," he said. "How about a drink somewhere? It'll settle your nerves."

"Thank you," I said, "but I must go." It was after six and I knew Aunt Helen would be worried. He said he had to get back to Huanera that night but would be in again Thursday.

"Women are crazy about me," he said "but I could save room for a nice little wahini like you. I'll pick you up and we'll have chow some nice place. The sky's the limit up to five dollars. My name is Robbin Hood."

"And mine's Marie Antoinette," I said.

"No kidding. The family name's Hood

\$375.00 will buy two depth bombs—  
Buy U. S. War Bonds



## That's why we make Fels-Naptha Soap!

These husbands! Very handy to have around the house . . . but completely irresponsible. Easy victims for the wiles of some designing female (see illustration). And right in front of the 'little woman,' too!

It's lucky for these two miscreants, this is a Fels-Naptha home. They know the tell-tale evidence will be gone tomorrow . . . so easily they probably won't even get a scolding.

Yes, that's why we make good Fels-Naptha Soap . . . for homes where there are hard-working husbands, happy, heedless children and busy women. That's why we're doing all we can to keep *your* grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap.



## FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



# LOVELY ARMS... LOVELY LEGS

Long-stemmed American Beauties use WONDERSTOEN  
to keep legs and arms petal-smooth, free of unsightly  
hair. Quick, odorless, dainty, efficient.



*Bellin's*

## WONDERSTOEN

### THE DRY-METHOD HAIR ERASER

For smooth-as-silk skin, *rub off* every wisp of offending hair with Wonderstoen. Gentle in use...no chemicals to sting or burn...leaves no bristly aftermath of stubble...a must with liquid hosiery. It's economical, too...one rosy disc a season's supply. Wonderstoen for Arms and Legs, \$3... Wonderstoen for the face, \$1.25.

At department and drug stores. Write for interesting booklet "P" to 1140 Broadway, New York

and my father was a practical joker. I'm a Seabee, stationed at Huanera. Do you live near here?"

The sourpuss was looking over at us, taking it all in.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I can never see you again. Don't ask me why. Be brave and remember that we on the home front are making our sacrifices too." With that I kissed him on the chin, which was all I could reach, and hopped into a cab somebody was leaving. I told the driver to drive furiously around the corner.

I thought of that poor fellow risking his life in the far reaches of where they sent him, to protect me. He could tell his comrades as they went into action that a beautiful actress with violet eyes and long lashes had rested in his arms for one brief moment and then was gone like a breath of intoxicating perfume on a summer breeze. It was the least I could do for my country.

Barbara thinks I was a fool. "If we can't get stars," she said, "the Army and Navy might come in handy. Besides, he probably has a buddy who would do for me."

Maybe I can get a story out of it by changing Robin Hood to George Montgomery. That's merely Poetic License.

HOLLYWOOD is the city of miracles after all, and Barb and I are on the threshold of the Great Adventure. I am so thrilled I can't eat or sleep.

Soon we shall be burning up the wires with stories of our personal contact with the very best stars, and Vera Bailey will eat her words.

Things got desperate. We had used up the ten dollars film money (though making out an I.O.U. to the club) and we didn't have so much as the price of a barbecue sandwich at a walk-in.

Wednesday morning while I was trying to keep my mind on fungi, such as bacteria, yeasts, molds, rots, blights and smuts, Barb was looking through the Help Wanted, Female, columns of the Los Angeles Times.

"Jane," she squealed, "lookee. I know how we can get into Their houses. Right into Their bedrooms and everything, and we'll get stories and pictures. It's a wonder you didn't think of it."

"Think of what?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Domestic Help. They're crying for it. With the Japs gone and most of the servants working in war plants, the poor stars are desperate. Here are four solid pages of ads, parlor maids, nurses, cooks, everything."

"Don't be phantasmagoric," I said. "I can't boil an egg and you can't wash two dishes without breaking at least both of them. Where would we get references? Besides, we don't look like domestic help. They wouldn't believe us."

"We could make up plain, or we could say we were working our way through college. They're not so particular these days. What have we got to lose? We've been kicked out of better places than employment agencies."

"You've got something there," I said, flinging Rickett across the room. "What I'd like to be is Boyer's valet."

The Goetz Agency, Domestic Help of All Nationalities was in an office building in downtown L.A. There was a long room with benches on both sides. The Help side was empty but for us and a few old people around forty, but the Employers' side was jammed, including several celebs. Barb controlled herself very well in the face of Signe Hasso and Alice Faye. The

**\$150**

*in War Bonds buys a parachute!*



woman in charge looked at us rather suspiciously and gave us application blanks to fill out. Then she interviewed us together. She didn't think I looked very husky.

"She's the wiry type," said Barb, "she can lift a piano."

The telephone rang and it was a call for a gardener and second maid, preferably a couple. Mrs. Goetz made notes as she talked and said she would do her best and call back, but it was almost impossible to get help now what with, etc.

"There's a job one of you might try, second maid. Do you wait on table?"

"I earn my tuition at college being a waitress," said Barb. "I can balance a tray in one hand. You serve the hostess first, then the other lady. At large dinners you rotate clockwise. Serve from the right, remove plates from the left, make as little noise as possible."

What a break that Barb knew her Emily Post.

"But we want to work together," said Barb. "Where is this job?"

"With Miss Methot. Make up your mind. I have to call her back."

My heart almost stopped. I looked at Barb, but her face was blanker than usual.

"I could handle the gardening," I said. "It happens to be my specialty."

Mrs. Goetz looked at my application. "Everything seems to be your specialty."

"In college I majored in Botany," I said.

"This isn't Botany, it's tomatoes and onions and carrots. It has to be hoed and weeded. It's a man's job."

"That was in the old days, before scientific farming. All over the country women are tilling the soil, plowing the fields, gathering the hay. I've had lots of experience. I worked on my uncle's farm and I took a course in Victory Gardens. I'm writing a thesis on Rotifers and Their Vitamins."

"I'll call her and see," said Mrs. Goetz, doubtfully.

She called back and it was all right. The salary was Eighty for the gardener and Seventy for the maid. I had forgotten to ask.

"That's not enough," said Barb. "I want Eighty, too." I kicked her, but she paid no attention. That goon was ready to wreck our lives for ten dollars. But it appears Miss Methot said it was all right and that we should report as soon as possible. Barb refused point-blank to go before Monday morning. She won her point. Mrs. Goetz gave me a slip with the name, address and directions to get there.

When we got outside, Barb burst into tears.

"We didn't have to come to Hollywood," she said. "We could have stayed home and been a waitress in Childs."

"You Zombie," I said, "don't you know where we're working? The trouble with you is you don't read. You're not informed on the News behind the News. If you kept up with your reading you'd know that Miss Methot is Mrs. Humphrey Bogart!"

Barb let out one of her squeals.

"Oh Jane . . . and I actually had the nerve to ask for a raise!"

"I wonder what he's like in his lighter moments," I sighed.

Right into the sacred portals of Humphrey Bogart's home waltz Jane and Barb next month. What they don't do there isn't worth speaking of—but what they do do . . . well, just read

November PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR



*Happiness  
is a gay ribbon...*

It's a wispy hanky with precious scent—a wild, bright scarf at your throat.

For it's little extra things like these that make you feel wonderfully feminine, serenely confident—keep you brave in a war-busy, war-troubled world.

And so a wise woman keeps an eye out always for little tricks that help her—the spirited colors, the new powder base, the softer, more luxurious sanitary napkin.

Modess costs no more than other napkins—yet gives you so many extras.

**Greater softness. Heavenly comfort.** It's made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. **3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer.**

**Wonderful, blessed safety.** Modess has a triple full-length shield at the back to guard the entire pad—your assurance of greater protection.

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Is it any wonder so many careful women insist on Modess? Try it yourself, and see what a difference!



**MODESS REGULAR** is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize pads unnecessary. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower pad. \*\*\* In boxes of 12, or Bargain Box of 56 pads.





WHEN I LOOKED  
AT MY HANDS I FELT  
AS OLD AS THE SPHINX



"You know the old saying about a woman's age telling in her hands. Well, after canning tomatoes out of my Victory Garden, my hands made me feel as old as the Sphinx!"

"Red, rough-looking, and revolting! Me, who used to be so proud of my white, smooth, young-looking hands. I shuddered to think of what my husband would think of them now."



"Something certainly had to be done. And I didn't know what to do. I began to get frantic. My poor, work-beaten, horrid-looking, old-looking hands. Would they ever look 'young' again? Soft? White? Smooth? Or would they stay rough and red?"



"And then a nurse I know told me about Pacquins. How people whose hands took really bad beatings simply swore by it. Glory be, it worked! Look at my hands! They're white velvet. Like a debutante's! You should have heard my husband..."

ARE YOU EVER IN DESPAIR ABOUT YOUR HANDS?



Then try **Pacquins**  
HAND CREAM

- See for yourself if red, rough-looking hands don't smooth out fast, feel smoother longer with Pacquins. Rub on this non-greasy, fragrant, snow-white cream, originally formulated for doctors and nurses who wash their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Try Pacquins—the special hand cream. Use it for elbows, knees, ankles, too.

**Pacquins** HAND CREAM  
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

## Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Stars

(Continued from page 33) we like to think ill of. I don't think we should. Miriam's got lots on the ball. She's a fine actress. Her only difficulty is that when she's hired to play a slitch, that perverse streak in her nature comes out and she insists upon turning into a sweet, charming Southern belle. She's done that twice now with Bette Davis. Both times Bette knew she was going to do it and both times Bette helped engage her—the first time in "The Old Maid," where I must say they shared honors, and recently in "Old Acquaintance."

Of course, Bette can be pretty perverse herself. Perhaps it was Miriam's inverted sense of humor that would make her turn sweet instead of sour, so that they would have to retake and retake a scene until Bette had reached the breaking point—when Miriam's nature would curdle on her and she'd do the part as it was written in the script. Maybe it was just that age-old conflict between two good actresses. But whatever it was, it didn't make the little Hopkins any too popular in our town.

ONE of the most misunderstood men in our town is Melvyn Douglas. He has been crucified and villified for years by the populace hereabouts of which I (and I hang my head in shame) was an enthusiastic member, because his humanitarian efforts to help the underdog were represented as rabble-rousing efforts to overthrow our government. In desperation, he finally went to Washington and took a job as a part of the government in order to prove his loyalty, but even that was no go. The press, including me, tore him limb from limb.

Finally, in despair, he sought to hide from the public eye by donning a private's uniform and doing his lowly bit just like Joe Doakes' son, and right along next him, too, if you please. But such sterling qualities of patriotism and leadership as his shine through even in such naughty times as these and he has been promoted, against his wishes, against all precedent, from a private to a captain in one short jump, proving what Horatio Alger said when Grandpa was a boy, "You can't keep a good man down."

Not so long ago you were reading the most colossal phrases in connection with Jean Gabin. When he first arrived he was hailed as the fighting hero whose hair had turned gray overnight at the time France fell; he was called a superlative artist—the French Spencer Tracy. He was good, too, even though he did make a bad picture. Then a curious change set in. He became a veritable prima donna. Wouldn't make any picture that was suggested for him. He even had to return some money Twentieth Century had already paid him. Went to RKO, where he had a special story written for him by Dudley Nichols, one of our best, to be directed by one of his own nationality, Jean Renoir. He approved the story, he approved their signing Luise Rainer. When all that was done, he turned





down the picture and started dickering with Universal. Twice rumor has reported him as leaving to join the Free French forces, and if that should ever come to pass, I fear there would be few to miss him save Marlene Dietrich and the Hollywood Canteen where, be it said in all fairness, he has been a faithful dishwasher.

ORSON WELLES is the bad boy who made good in spite of Hollywood. When "Citizen Kane" was finally seen on the screen, our upper crust threw up their hands in holy horror and said, "That's the end of Welles." Yet the very producers who swore they'd run him out of town are now bidding for his services. He's a master showman, he knows his trade.

The town got a nasty snicker out of Welles, the exhibitionist—Orson sprouting a beard; Orson at work garbed only in a bath towel; Orson and his pet mice at his studio office; Orson driving around town in a horse and buggy. But while the town was snickering, he was keeping alive the name of Welles throughout the unconscionable delays before the appearance of his first Hollywood picture, not only for himself but for the band of loyal friends who had cast in their lot with him, his Mercury Theater group. Look at that group today—Jo Cotten, Ruth Warrick, Lee Cobb, Agnes Moorehead, to name a few. Do you suppose they regret the steadfast faith they had in their friend now that they're high on the road to their own successful careers?

No, sir, he may be crazy but he has a wonderful capacity for friendship, a rare understanding of his fellow man. Let the town brand him showoff. Those broad shoulders of his can take that—and a lot more.

So you see, many times it's the devils who turn out to be angels and just the reverse. Now why don't you do a little wing-and-horn pinning of your own?

THE END



Harry and Betty in a backstage bill-and-coo act at CBS—a first "after the honeymoon" picture of the Jameses



Nice to come home to—

## kisses on a Satin-Smooth little Face



### CORRECT WAY TO CLEANSER A DRY SKIN

Tie back your hair. Smooth new Jergens Face Cream generously over your face and neck, using light upward gesture. Leave on 2 minutes; remove cream. For a very grimy skin, repeat this. You'll have such clear, clean skin—so gloriously smooth.

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

### New One-Cream Beauty Method effective against Dry Skin Lines

New, simple way to smooth-skin beauty! One cream is all you need—this new Jergens Face Cream.

Just use it as though it were 4 creams, and Jergens Face Cream gives you all the exquisite essentials of skin care every day. This new cream

- (1) Cleanses like magic;
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- (4) Acts as a fragrant Night Cream — very helpful against distressing dry skin lines.

Made by the skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar. Start now to use Jergens Face Cream.





Betty McLauchlen  
COVER GIRL tells



## "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"Glamour is my 'stock-in-trade,'" says successful BETTY McLAUCHLEN

"Before I became a Cover Girl on the fashion magazines," beautiful Betty says, "I had to learn to beat the heat of merciless photographer's lights. I had to find a deodorant that really did keep underarm perspiration *under control*! I found the charm-protection my job demands in Odorono Cream. My underarm is fastidiously dry and the luxury clothes I model in are entirely safe."

### Why I Recommend It

"I want to recommend Odorono Cream to every girl who values her

charm, because it contains a really effective perspiration stopper. The tiny underarm sweat glands are simply closed and kept closed—up to 3 days! And when your underarm is dry . . . it is odorless."

### Safe for Skin and Fabric

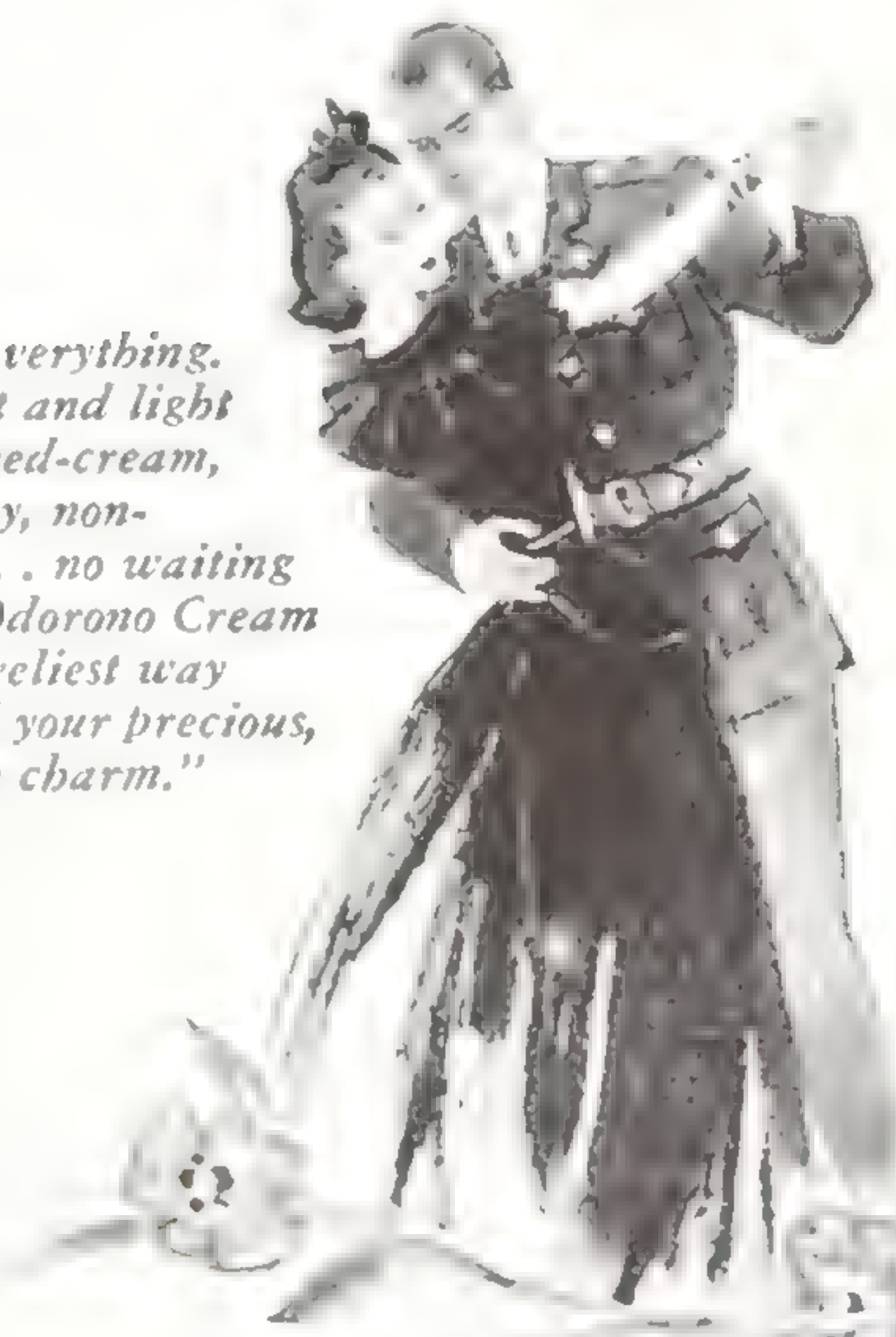
"Odorono Cream is skin-safe, too. It will not irritate—actually contains emollients that are soothing to the skin. I even use it right after shaving. And I've also proved that it won't rot dresses. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like. Every day if I'm rushed and busy."

### Another Big Advantage—Economy

"And you'll be delighted with your big saving on Odorono Cream. Actually, it gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢—50% more for your money—than other leading deodorant creams!"

"Do try my perfect Cover-Girl way to underarm daintiness—Odorono Cream! You'll love it!"

"It has everything. Fragrant and light as whipped-cream, non-gritty, non-greasy . . . no waiting to dry! Odorono Cream is the loveliest way to guard your precious, feminine charm."



## And So We Were Married

(Continued from page 49) sound, I guess, because Louis finally reached over and put his arm around me—and we sat there reading the funnies—

"All right—but I still say it's a swell basis for love—a mutual appreciation of the funnies."

After that we began to have a lot of fun together—musical mostly. Musicians are great believers in the busman's holiday; they spend all their time trying out new tunes or listening to some other outfit try them out. We discovered we were both crazy about Chinese food—and that we both wanted to get to Hollywood. We used to sit up nights on the bus tours and plan what we'd do when we got to the Coast. I wanted to try for the screen and Louis wanted to make special arrangements for radio production. And then Kemp signed a Coast contract, which lasted, as you know, until his death in an automobile accident.

"The band held together for a couple of months after that—but we all missed Hal pretty badly."

SO there we were in Hollywood, just as we had planned. I tried for a screen role at Columbia, in "Three Girls About Town," and got it. Louis started doing the sort of things he wanted to in radio and made a grand success of it. He left to enlist in the Air Corps.

After I got into pictures, Louis insisted I go out with other men. I tried it. I made some lovely friends—but I didn't want any "publicity romances" and the studio was kind enough not to force any on me. After a while, we both gave up the idea. I don't care much for night-clubbing and headline parties, and Louis understood it. Because he doesn't either. We'd both just rather have a group of friends over and sit around the piano, and sing, and try to top each other's gags.

"And eat Jannie's cooking—did she ever tell you she can cook? The things she can whip up without rehearsal!"

After a while, the columnists began to hint we were married. I was making "My Sister Eileen" about that time—and envying the girl's technique. One look at a man—and she had him right in her pocket—which only supported my theory that a scenario writer could probably have done a better job of my romance than I was doing.

Then one morning, but early, a columnist called me.

"Are you married to Louis Bush?" he asked me. I told him no—and he asked me a lot of other confusing things about "Why not" and "When"—or did I have some other "secret romance?" Finally, when he said, "Well, you're engaged to Bush, aren't you?" I said yes, meaning I wasn't engaged to anyone else. Louis heard about it in the papers the next day—

"I still say it's a terrific pastime, reading the papers. I should have sent the guy cigars, but I was busy buying a ring."

I was leaving for New York and a personal appearance that day—and about five minutes before train time Louis rushed up and sort of tossed a box at me. He said it wasn't what he would have bought if he had more time—but if I was engaged, I ought to have an engagement ring. Later he had the diamond reset in a bowknot of rubies and my wedding ring is circlet of rubies to match.

That's about all, except that I really wanted to go back to Altoona for the

**They're still fighting!  
Are you still buying?  
THIRD WAR LOAN**



wedding. I had a picture of a white veil, and flower girls, and all the fixings. But we decided that things like that aren't too important in wartime, and transportation was too vital for us to take up space all the way to Altoona. So we made it a small, quiet party, and I wore—you tell what I wore, dear—

"It was green—kind of—"

I knew it. It was chartreuse, and I wore orchids, with a chartreuse hat and orchid-colored feather business. Not a big feather, a small one. I bought the whole thing in a week and my knees are still sore from begging shoe stores to dye a pair of shoes to match. The ceremony was wonderful, I think, although we were both a little nervous—

"The first thing she said afterwards was, 'Louis—you've got lipstick on your face!'"

And the first thing he said was, "Ye gods, I gummed up my lines!" He was too nervous to hear what the minister wanted him to repeat. The honeymoon was a little hectic, I'll admit. Louis wangled a two-week furlough—

"And it would have been nice if she could have done the same. As it was, we spent a day at Arrowhead—and then Jannie had to come back for a radio rehearsal. Then we spent two days together at San Ysidro and Jannie had to run into town for a script rehearsal—and so on, far into the honeymoon."

Our plans? Well, right now Uncle Sam is making them for us, of course. We'll build a home, when it's all over—

"With a private golf course, with a juke box at every hole—"

There's just one thing we'd like to say I've always hated to pick up a paper or magazine and read some newlyweds' gooey quotations about "our happiness will go on forever." Louis and I don't believe in tempting fate that way—too often you pick up the paper in another week and read about the same couple's divorce. We just hope we're going to be together, and happy, for a long, long, time—

"I think what Janet is trying to say is that we've had fun together for four years—and the way we feel now, we're planning on having fun for eighty-nine years more."

What we're really trying to say is, we wouldn't be surprised if it works out that way!

THE END

Please—



"When I'm empty," says Mr. Soft-Drink Bottle, "please take me

back to where you got me. I go to war too and if there aren't enough of us to go around, you won't be seeing me any more...

"And don't forget to return my cap, please!"

## LINNY Plays Aunty for a Day BY These



**MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS** is the thrill of anticipation. It's a joy to dress up little girls in such pretty dresses. After starching with Linit they iron easily and beautifully.



**HE ONLY WANTS TO PLAY.** And don't worry about your clothes. Linit-starched surfaces tend to shed dust—stay clean longer.



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**WON'T YOUR MOTHER BE SURPRISED** to see you come home looking so fresh and clean! Tell her that your Aunty Linny starched your dresses with Linit and to try this starch on everything washable—G'bye Now.

ALL GROCERS  
SELL LINIT



*give yourself a Glamorous*

# PERMANENT WAVE

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HOME *for Only...*

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OR YOUR MONEY BACK



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It's simple! Convenient! Economical!—and the results in hair beauty are truly amazing. That's why women and girls everywhere now give themselves their own permanent waves right in the comforts of their own homes with the truly sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS.

"CHIC" is safe to use, even on children... no experience is needed... "CHIC" is free from harmful chemicals... no machines, no electricity or driers are required. All you do is follow simple, illustrated directions included with every package.

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## Minding Their Minors

(Continued from page 43) in the garden, hides them and Jamie must hunt for them and find them, or go without. If Jamie does not grow up with a pretty good idea that a man builds his own environment and hunts his food, it will be no fault of his mother's.

WHEN Joan Bennett's second child, Melinda, was four years old, she developed a pretty grand attitude about cars. It seemed a car and chauffeur were constantly at the door to take Melinda somewhere. Either her father, Gene Markey, sent his car and chauffeur to fetch her to lunch with him or Joan's car was available to take her where she wanted to go. The youngster reached the point where she would order the car at her convenience, snuggle luxuriously into the back seat and give her orders through the speaking tube.

When she called the car one afternoon to take her to her little playmate's house next door, her mother decided the time had come! There was an old car in the garage, one the gardener used for spare errands. It was of ancient vintage and it needed paint badly. So, whenever Melinda had to go somewhere, to the dentist or the eye doctor, she was taken in the jalopy. When she wanted to go anywhere she could walk, she walked. She soon came down to earth and, her mother is happy to say, has stayed there.

Joan believes that taking away privileges is the most successful method of discipline. A couple of years ago, Joan's eldest daughter, Diana, was exceeding careless and always losing things. One summer she lost three retainers used in the straightening of her teeth. Her mother talked to her the first time, explained that retainers are expensive and that she must be more careful in future. The second time, Joan warned Diana that if it happened again, she would have to find some way to pay for it. So when it did, Joan took away Diana's weekly allowance, which meant that the child did not have the money to do the things her friends did, such as going to the movies and for ice-cream treats at the drugstore. This went on until a substantial amount towards a new retainer was saved. Diana held on to that last retainer until the time came not to use it anymore.

Diana also had a bad habit of forgetting things which were her responsibility until the very last moment, her assumption being that Mother would manage somehow. When she came home from school one afternoon and said she had to have a costume for a school play the next morning, her mother made her go to school and take her part in the play without a costume. Diana's forgetfulness took a remarkable turn for the better after that experience.

Joan and Diana combine the relationship of mother and daughter with that of being congenial and intimate friends. They go on mutual shopping tours, go to movies together, to teas and luncheons. But when Diana does something her mother feels she knows better than to do, the intimate-friends relationship ceases for a time. It doesn't take Diana long to grasp the idea that when she lapses into carelessness or behaves like a spoiled child, she is treated as such.

"This method of discipline may sound priggish," Joan said, "but I hope it will help Diana to realize that friendship is a privilege which must not be abused."

Even before the Hollywood servant prob-

*Back the Attack  
with War Bonds!*



lem became so acute, one night each week, at the Bing Crosbys, the help were sent off so that the boys would have to wait on table, wash dishes and clean up the kitchen as their dad and his brothers had to when they were kids. Bing worries because he is able to give his sons so many advantages. The only advantages worth having, he maintains, are those we make for ourselves. He has no fear of a future that may bring with it a reduced standard of living. Where his boys are concerned, he welcomes the idea. "Good for 'em," he says.

**N**ORMA SHEARER makes a practice of changing nurses every few months so that her children, Catherine and Irving, will learn not to become too dependent on any one person for their comfort. Norma's theory is that we must all learn to make adjustments and, now more than ever, to adapt ourselves to new patterns of living. She feels that by frequently changing nurses, who are the dispensers of comforts, and schedules, she is helping her children learn to adjust and adapt themselves to life.

Until recently, Hollywood stars made a practice of exchanging expensive gifts at Christmas time, not only with each other but with the children. Now, the stars' Christmas gift money goes mostly to Relief Funds. But during the period of lavish giving, Barbara Stanwyck made it a rule that her son Dion could not accept any present costing more than \$2.95. For the past two years Dion has been given a choice. He is asked to select from his list the five presents he wants from the family. This is intended to give him the idea that he can have what he wants the *most* but not everything he wants.

Twice a year, he weeds out his toys and gives half of them to a home for orphaned children, the other half to one for crippled children. In addition, Dion distributes the toys himself to the children. Barbara feels this serves a two-fold purpose: Dion is made to feel the joy of giving and he sees children who are ill and homeless.

Susan Ann Gilbert, ten-year-old daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert, attends the public school in Pacific Palisades. She is given an allowance of twenty-five cents a week for such things as ice-cream sodas, neighborhood movies and candy. Experience has taught her not to splurge and spend all her money in one day because if she does she goes without until the next allowance is due. She has a normal child's wardrobe purchased in the department store patronized by the mothers of the children in her class. Not until they are badly damaged or outgrown does she get new ones. This places her on a par with her playmates and makes a new dress an Occasion. Her mother believes this will teach her that you cannot have pleasant things unless you are a pleasant person.

**E**LEVEN-YEAR-OLD Marilyn Thorpe, Mary Astor's daughter, goes to the public school in Santa Monica. Mary believes that the most important factor in bringing up a child is to teach her not to take herself too seriously. Three years ago, for example, Marilyn went through what the family termed the "tantrum stage." When she found her tantrums ignored, tantrums became out of date. She graduated into the "teasing phase." When she found she never got anything she teased for, teasing went down the chute with tantrums.

Marilyn recently developed "telephoni-

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**ALICE FAYE AND JAMES ELLISON, IN "THE GANG'S ALL HERE,"  
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE**



**"Your own heart tells you,"**  
says *Alice Faye*



**"a girl's hands must be soft for romance."** Don't think such charming hands are not for you. They easily can be—if you make regular use of Jergens Lotion. Jergens helps *prevent* the roughness and chapping that seem so forbidding. This lovely lotion gives you specialized, almost professional hand care.

**"How the Stars help keep their hands romantic."** The Hollywood Stars care for their delightful hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. They probably know, 2 of the ingredients in Jergens are the very ones many doctors use to help grubby, rough skin to heavenly softness, young-looking smoothness. No sticky feeling. Use Jergens Lotion—as Alice Faye does.

**JERGENS LOTION** for soft, adorable Hands





**PHOTO** at right shows results of test. Hand at left did *not* use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease cling, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

**BEFORE WORK**—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

**AFTER WORK**—and after every wash-up—Hinds again. Even one application makes

your hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening for working hands!

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Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U. S. Employment Service.

# HINDS for HANDS

at home and in factory!

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Bloomfield, N. J.

tis." Marilyn's talking with her little chums on the phone for half an hour at a time caused her mother to miss many personal and business calls. But when this was called to Marilyn's attention, she brushed it off as of no importance. Her mother made a ruling that she would be penalized to the extent of five cents deducted from her allowance of thirty cents whenever she talked on the phone for more than ten minutes. Marilyn stayed within the time limit after that.

Marilyn is brought up, in the main, in the old-fashioned way which, her mother believes, will come in very handy in the new-fashioned world of tomorrow. She is taught that children are to be seen and not heard, especially when there are guests. Her mother holds that the spoiling of a child comes not so much from within the home as from the outside. Accordingly, when Mary has guests, Marilyn is allowed to say her "How de dos" and then knows she must excuse herself. Nor is Mary too modern to turn her small daughter over her knee and give her a few smacks when she feels she needs it.

In school when the children ask if it is true her mother is a movie actress Marilyn, who has been taken into her mother's confidence about her screen work, takes it all in stride and, because it has not been glamourized to her, acknowledges the fact with a casual, "Yes—what does your mother do?"

SEAN, Mavourneen and Anthony, the adopted children of the Pat O'Briens, have rooms furnished with Early American pieces, maple four-poster beds and highboys, truly nice pieces instead of "kiddie" things so that they will learn to love, value and care for good things at an early age. When Sean was smaller, like most small boys he was inclined to be destructive. If he ruined anything, wrote on the wall, broke an ornament so that his mother had to have someone in to repair it, he was required to pay for it by foregoing his allowance for a number of weeks so that he got the idea that it costs money to repair things or to replace them.

The young O'Briens are taught to pick up their toys and clothes and put them away. They must clean up the bathroom after their baths and understand that no-one will do it for them. If they forget to brush their hair or wash their hands before supper, if they omit saying their prayers at bedtime, their radio is taken away from them for a day or two.

On the other hand, for being especially attentive to the things they are supposed to do, they are given special privileges. Self-reliance and dependability are the traits their parents hope especially to foster in them.

There are a few dissenters from these strict disciplinary methods among the Hollywood stars. Joan Crawford gives her little adopted Christina everything she asks for, believing that "spoiling" means loving and that if a child has anything sensitive and good in her, she will respond to love and will not abuse it. If she hasn't, there is not much you can do about it anyway.

But for the most part, and although you may not agree with some of their methods, the stars are trying to bring their children up sensibly and sanely. They are teaching them to be grateful for the primitive blessings of food and warmth and shelter and to consider anything beyond the necessities of life as special dispensations.

THE END

\$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—  
Buy U. S. War Bonds



## My Favorite Sarong

(Continued from page 47) was always willing to take things as they came as Bing and I have always found her, no matter how unmercifully we ribbed her.

Once to make connections between Atlanta and Greensboro, they had to wait in a railway station near the University of Virginia from 1 A.M. to 4:30 A.M. Because Dorothy was exhausted and no hotel accommodations were to be had, the local theater manager, a university man, suggested she sneak into the near-by frat house and make a cup of coffee.

After drinking the coffee Dorothy curled up on the couch in the living room and slept until 4 A.M.

And the lugs upstairs pounded their ears right through the whole performance. They probably won't know until they read this that Dorothy Lamour, the toast of America's collegians, spent the night with them.

There are a lot of nice things I could say about Dorothy Lamour. One is that she's famous around the studio for her generosity. But I've been trying to get an autographed photograph from her for three years unsuccessfully. (And that ain't kidding.)

I call Dorothy Mah—but don't spell it backwards.

I'm not mentioning what she calls me.

One swell thing Dorothy did I'll never forget. It happened during my first picture, "The Big Broadcast Of 1938." Dorothy had several pictures to her credit and a star rating. But she said she was going to ask to have me in her next picture.

That's the sort of thing that gives a newcomer a real lift.

While I was earning an honest living in "Let's Face It," Dot was busy polishing off "Dixie" with Crosby. I hear they're going to rush a print of that to Australia, so General MacArthur can get some ideas from watching her maneuvers.

THE END



Mr. and Mrs. scene: Michele Morgan making people look by being so happy with husband Bill Marshall at Mocambo

## "I'm your wife...remember !???!"



1. We had been perfect mates . . . at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me . . . without even *looking* at me. It was maddening!



2. At home-nursing class one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it *could* be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. When I asked her what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene . . . it cleanses thoroughly . . . and deodorizes." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.



4. That advice turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always . . . it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now . . . with *flowers*!



### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.

Effective—a powerful

germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

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*"I give you teeth that gleam and glimmer  
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ucts Corp.



A cuddle-closer picture of Jane Darwell, her nieces and her family of live-wire felines

## Better than Butter

—says Jane Darwell, who knows a good stand-in when she sees one

Furthermore, the head of one of our biggest and best food companies told me that, as a matter of fact, the manufacture of margarine can be — and is — scientifically controlled from the very beginning, so its purity and uniformity can be guaranteed, which isn't always true of butter."

When Jane mentioned margarine I had to get into the conversation for margarine is one food product I've been paying

particular attention to lately. Pretty soon Jane and I were exchanging recipes.

### VEGETABLE CASSEROLE A LA DARWELL

1 medium eggplant, 3 onions, 3 tomatoes, 2 green peppers, 4 stalks celery, 4 carrots, ¼ lb. mushrooms (optional), 1 bay leaf, 1 level tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, ¾ cup melted margarine.

Peel eggplant, cut into quarters lengthwise, then into 2-inch slices crosswise. Peel onions and tomatoes and cut into

eighths, chop celery and carrots into 1-inch slices and green peppers into thick rings. Leave mushrooms whole if they are small, cut larger ones in half. Place vegetables in large casserole rubbed with margarine, add seasonings and melted margarine and toss lightly until all are coated with margarine. Cook covered in 350 degree oven until all vegetables are tender, turning vegetables lightly once or twice during the cooking which should take from 45 minutes to one hour. Cooked in this way the vegetable juices and margarine will form a luscious rich sauce.

### JANE'S GLORIFIED STEW

4 cups leftover stew, 2 tbs. melted margarine, 2 tbs. hot water, ½ lb. mushrooms, 2 tbs. melted margarine, ½ cup grated cheese.

Combine stew, 2 tbs. melted margarine, hot water and chopped mushroom caps and turn into buttered casserole, bake at 375 degrees until stew is hot enough to bubble. Dip mushroom caps into melted margarine, arrange on top of stew and sprinkle with grated cheese. Continue baking until cheese is melted and brown and mushrooms are tender.

I was on the Paramount lot that I met Jane Darwell. Jane was talking with her stand-in who was married a short time ago. I listened in while Jane gave out with a lot of common-sense ideas and I heard her say to her young friend:

"Now look, be sensible about this. Use margarine at least part of the time and don't think you'll be cheating on either taste or nutrition, because you won't. The only thing that margarine didn't have that butter always had was Vitamin A and the manufacturers have put that in now.



## Portrait of a Shy Guy

(Continued from page 53) believes that chance and luck have more to do with one's life than anything else. He drinks a lot of water.

He never reads mystery stories and thinks St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York the most beautiful building he has ever seen.

He likes poetry, skimmed milk and long walks.

He is a devotee of Fred Allen and Bob Hope and never takes part in political and social arguments.

He speaks German and Yiddish.

He is a poor after-dinner speaker and never plays tennis or golf. He never visits night clubs and prefers the sea to the mountains. He has never caught a big fish.

HE has never had the measles. He never reads the comic strips and thinks happiness and success are not synonymous. He is moderately systematic and will listen to anything sung by Bing Crosby or Frances Langford.

He is forever putting off answering letters, never rides a hunch and affectionately remembers a schoolteacher whose rare sense of humor helped influence his formative years.

He is an avid baseball fan.

He dreads personal appearances due to his congenital aversion to all forms of exhibitionism. He likes gefulte fish, sulky and harness racing, and Denver sandwiches.

He thinks fortunetellers are silly.

He hates dining out where there is music and dancing and recently changed his mind about someday living on his Martha's Vineyard estate, which was ruined by an ungodly hurricane.

Jimmy would rather live in Vermont than anywhere else. He thinks golf is a bore, occasionally attends the opera, has no superstitions and failed in his initial efforts to meet Jack Warner, head of the studio where eventually he made his finest pictures.

He first met his wife, Frances Willard Vernon, when he was a chorus boy in "Pitter Patter" on Broadway. He remembers another chorus boy in the same show whose name was Allen Jenkins, and he drinks very little coffee.

His hair is red.

He is fond of onions, concerts and ice-skating. He said, in answer to the question, "What historical character would you like to play in pictures?" "When the war is over I'll answer that one."

He never smokes.

He dislikes finnan haddie, wears pajamas to bed, likes Turkish baths and considers himself a farmer at heart.

He once played a faun on the stage with his hair in ringlets and a goatskin round his middle. He still remembers speaking lines such as: "Nay, Sweet, give it me. Spring is running through the fields chased by the wind." His Cagney Productions, Inc., is headed by his brother William as president and producer, and in this setup Jimmy achieves the dream of independence he has cherished for years. He once worked as a runner with a stock brokerage firm and his favorite composer is John Scott Trotter.

He finishes everything he undertakes. He likes Gothic architecture, boxing and track meets, and is characterized by a reluctance to criticize others. He hates long telephone conversations.

He was born in an old-fashioned brown-

stone house at Avenue D and Eighth Street on the East Side of New York City. He is a passionate addict of Thomas Wolfe, quoting him at the throw of a hat, and when he was fourteen he worked as a messenger boy for five dollars a week. He has three brothers and one sister. His sister, Jeanne, appeared with him in his favorite picture, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

He went to Columbia University for one semester and had to drop out in order to make a living. He has never budgeted himself and religiously makes it a point to be in his seat at curtain time.

He never wears jewelry.

He likes sardines but they always keep coming up on him. He has two adopted children, requires eight hours of sleep, and his first professional appearance was a juvenile in Chinese pantomime.

He likes his steaks well done and once toured vaudeville with his wife in an act called Vernon and Nye. He learned to speak Yiddish in New York's Yorkville where he fought and played baseball during his formative years.

HE was once a bellhop at the Friars Club where the acting bug hit him. He is not allergic to anything.

He plays the guitar and piano.

His suits have to be tailored, he likes Mexican food and is a thorough reader of the news sections. He is president of the powerful Screen Actors Guild.

His favorite room at home is the den and he derives relaxation by working in the garden. He is seldom late for an appointment.

He eats lots of candy.

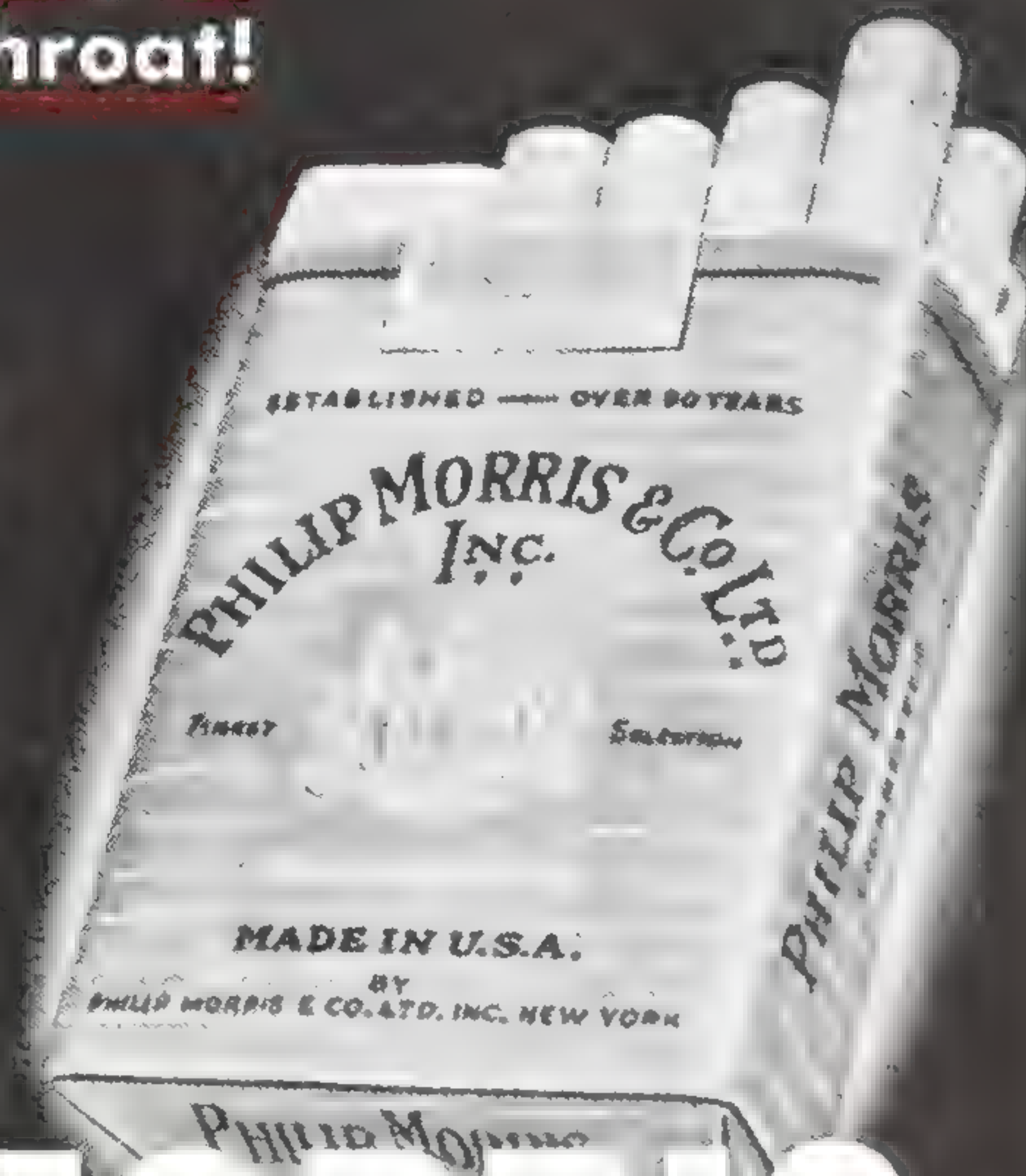
He reads all the sports columnists, and after his initial frustration in Hollywood

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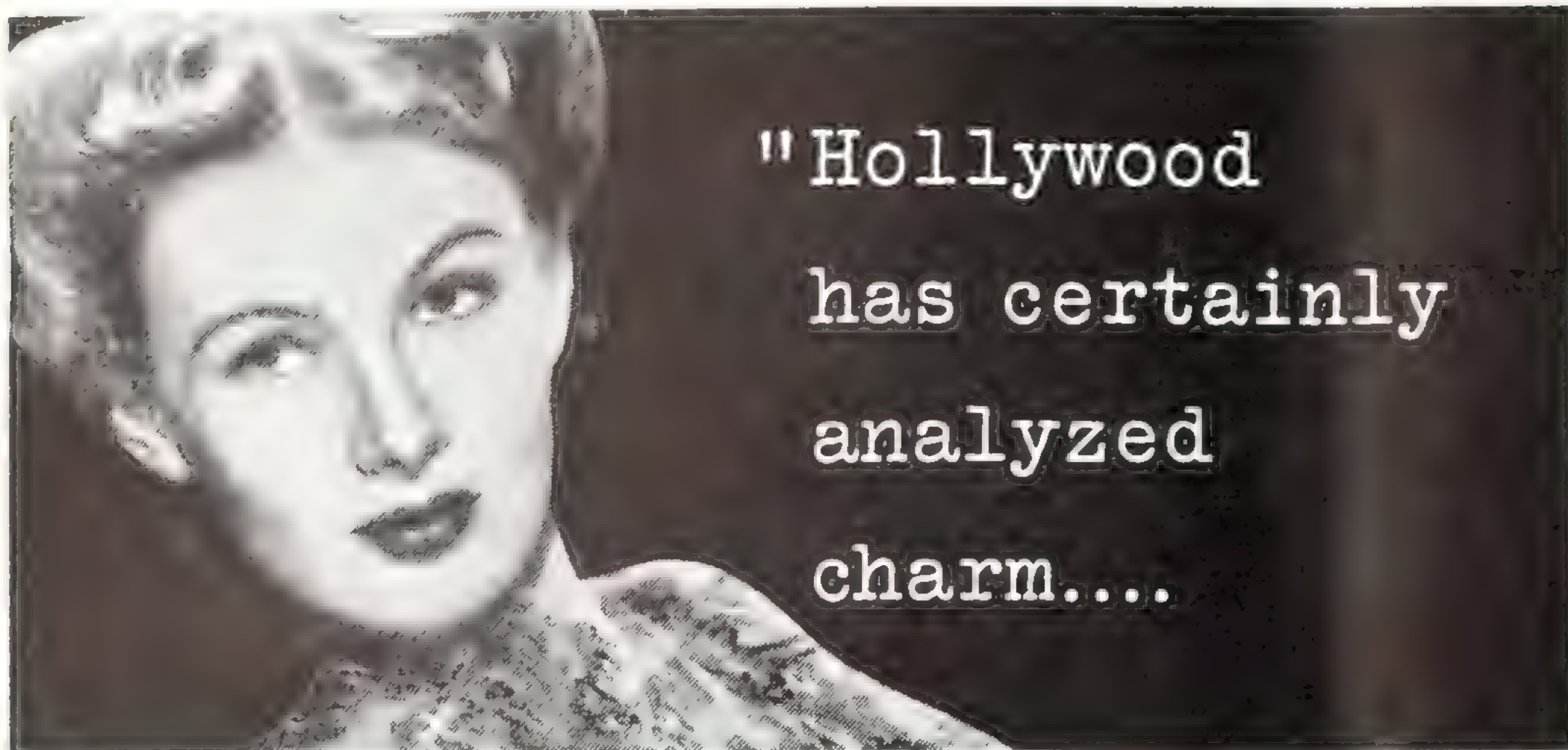
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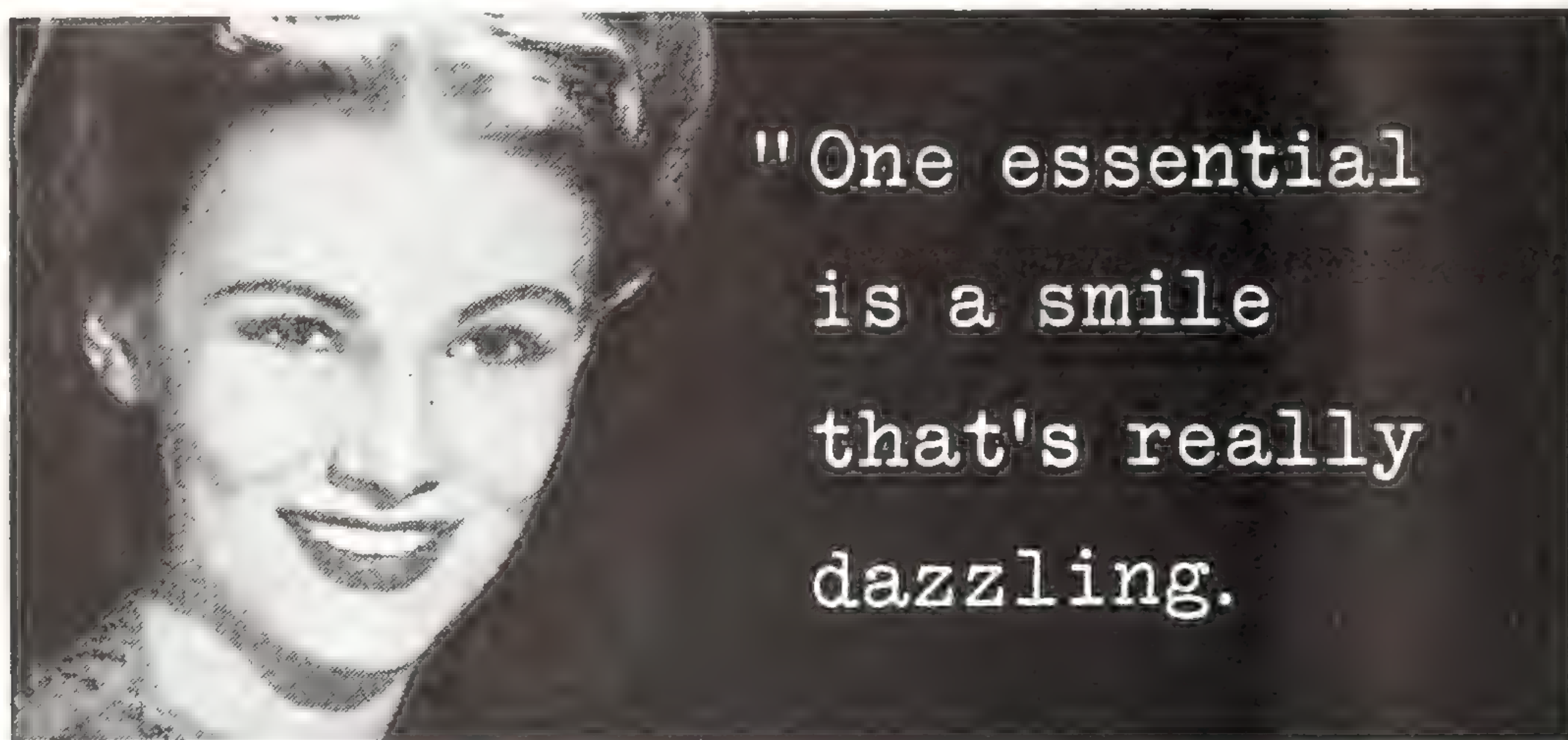


# VERONICA LAKE speaking:

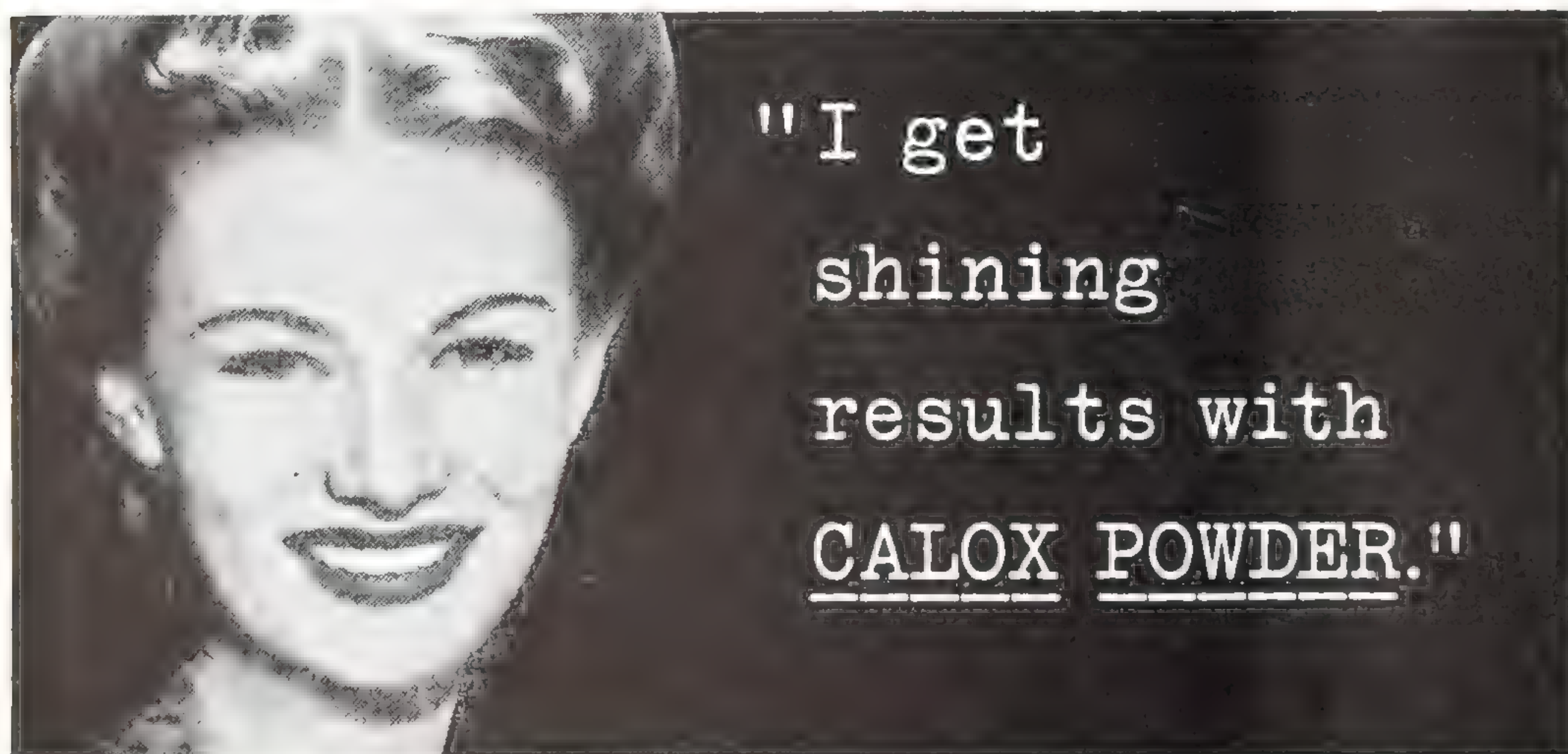
Co-Starring in "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," a Paramount Picture.



"Hollywood  
has certainly  
analyzed  
charm....



"One essential  
is a smile  
that's really  
dazzling.



"I get  
shining  
results with  
CALOX POWDER."



## A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
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he decided to run a dancing school. His only applicant was a tattered Scotchman who said he wanted to learn to clog. Jimmy Cagney asked him to demonstrate precisely how much he knew. "He went into a clog such as I've never seen," said Jimmy, "and I soon learned that he was a disappointed professional who went around humiliating dancing teachers. That was the end of my school."

He sings a neat high-baritone.

He has a good memory for names and prefers small dinner parties on the rare occasions he gives them. He is a great admirer of the drawings and paintings of Daumier.

He nurtures no illusions about any talent other than acting and usually rises about eight o'clock when not working. His breakfast consists of toast and coffee.

HE loathes costume parties. His first picture was "Penny Arcade," his current independent production is "Johnny Come Lately" and his most treasured possession is a pair of dancing shoes, the first pair he ever had made to order.

He never eats before retiring.

He does not endorse matrimonial vacations, makes it a point to see all the outstanding pictures, and is completely unaffected by success or public adulation.

He cannot eat squid.

He hates wearing hats, dislikes all cheeses except roquefort, and arrived at stardom by his memorable work in "Public Enemy." He never gets airsick.

He prefers suspenders to belts, doesn't like stout ale, and was born on July 17. He keeps fit by dancing and gym practice every day. He was always at the bottom of his class in mathematics.

He gets seasick, hates wearing tails and won innumerable prizes in athletic contests at school.

He is intolerant of hunting as a sport.

He was nineteen and wrapping bundles at Wanamaker's when he accepted a job with a female impersonation troupe, donning a wig and high heels. He recalls the terrific scene his mother made when she heard of this.

Jimmy Cagney, the two-fisted guy of the movies, is quiet, reserved, soft-spoken. He has a better talent for drawing than he admits, rides a bicycle, and thinks he looks ridiculous in a derby.

He enjoys flying and once operated a dancing school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, which he called The Cagney School of the Dance. He is very fond of canned tuna.

He sleeps like a baby.

His favorite modern American painter is John Whorf, he never plays gin rummy, and recently bought a farm in Vermont.

He enjoys dancing only professionally. He is an earnest student of politics and sociology, and never objects to dining alone.

He would rather vacation in some quiet place in preference to New York. Snobbery in any form is entirely alien to him and beyond his ken. He attended Stuyvesant High School and worked as a copy boy on the New York Sun.

His chief interests at school were art, chemistry and biology.

Jimmy Cagney takes neither himself nor the so-called art of the movies with any great amount of seriousness. He recognizes his limitations with the same honesty with which he recognizes his capabilities and he can spot a phony a mile away on a foggy day.

He once told a writer who wanted to publish it that his biography could be inscribed on the head of a pin. "... and that's where it belongs," he said.

THE END

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Buy U. S. War Bonds



## Errol Flynn Begins Again

(Continued from page 30) to whom I talked, both on the lot where he works and among his personal friends, affirms that.

At this time Mr. Flynn isn't giving interviews. You can see why. It could become a life's work and he is, as you will see, very busy right now. Besides, he just plain honest doesn't want to talk about the past, he not only wants to forget it, he has to forget it if he is to use the present and the future. And then, too, there are so many things upon which he cannot comment.

He had been big enough to like the story I wrote about him for Photoplay before his trial and to write me a straightforward letter saying that it "made sense." So when he saw me there he couldn't very well ignore me and he came over and we had a few moments pleasant chat. It was then that I got the lead on where to look for what I wanted and I have always found that you get more that's important about a person from those close to them than you do from themselves anyway.

So I can tell you a good deal about Mr. Flynn and his life and work, now that the famous front-page events are in the past.

**I**N the first place, he has a real and deep sorrow, one that he never gets away from and one that has always superseded even the shame and worry of the charges brought against him by the district attorney of Los Angeles County.

As it happened, at the table with Ida and me that day were two officers of the United States Navy, both concerned with the making of films. When Errol Flynn walked away one of them said, "Poor guy."

"Why?" I said.

"I should think he'd be awfully tired of butting his head against a stone wall," the officer said. "I should think he'd be tired out, as a matter of fact. I will bet you he has spent more time trying to get in the Armed Forces than any other man alive. He just keeps bobbing up and bobbing up every few days, always with that sort of hopeful look on his face. I never saw a man it was so hard to make take No for an answer."

"Isn't there any hope for him?" I said.

The officers only shrugged. You know how the Navy is. They seldom tell you anything.

But as far as I can find out, there isn't any hope for Errol Flynn to get into service. They do not, in our Armed Forces, take men who have scars on their lungs. He has been turned down over and over again by every branch and he just waits a while and tries again.

To a very good friend of his he once said, "I played in all the little games and now the Big Game comes along and they won't have me. Even in pictures I've worn every kind of a uniform ever designed, I guess. But I can't get me any kind of a uniform anywhere in this war."

Nor will he accept the solace of doing entertainment for the camps.

"If my pictures can help with morale, that's fine," he told someone in the Entertainment Committee which functions so magnificently in Hollywood. "I will do anything in the world I can. But look, fellow, you can't ask me to stand up there in front of the men who are going to fight as—as just an actor, an entertainer. Look at me. I'm big, strong, young, I am single, I'm trained to fight, I'm in first-class condition, you can tell that to look at me. I can't carry my X-rays around in my hand

**War Bonds**  
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Need a refreshing beauty "lift" after a busy day?  
How can you brighten and soften your skin—right away?  
What smooths rough skin—makes powder go on evenly?

## "Smooth on a 1-Minute Mask!"

—advises JOAN BELMONT

of the distinguished old New York family. "For speed and effectiveness, there's nothing like a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream!" says Miss Belmont, who works in the New York office of American Field Service, volunteer overseas ambulance corps.



See how quickly it "re-styles" your complexion!



No use trying to powder over a scuffed, dull-looking complexion. Make-up catches on scaly little roughnesses. Tiny specks of imbedded grime show through. So—



Smooth and brighten your complexion first! Spread a cooling, white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave the Mask on for one full minute. Then tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves dead skin and imbedded dirt particles!





Your face looks divinely different!  
—Lighter . . . brighter . . . even cleaner!  
—Feels soft and cool and fresh!  
—Has the smooth mat finish that make-up loves to cling to!

*"A light, non-greasy powder base, too!"*

"I give myself a 1-Minute Mask three or four times a week," says Joan Belmont. "But I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base, too—before every make-up. Smoothed on in a light film, the cream is a superb make-up foundation."



Now it's a glass shortage! Buy one big jar  of Pond's Cream instead of 6 small ones  It saves glass now needed for food jars.



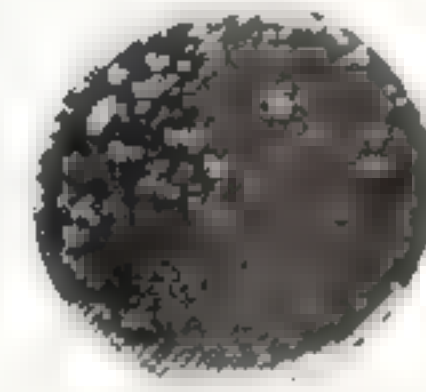
# "I BOUGHT HIS LOVE"



"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

## GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON, presenting your favorite orchestras and five minutes of world news every Sunday at 7:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC.

**Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO**



The F. W. Fitch Co. • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif. • Toronto, Canada

and wave 'em at an audience of fighting men, can I? What could I do? Put on boxing bouts? Talk to them? I don't sing or dance, you know. And can you imagine what they'd feel to see me, a big lug like me, coming out and building up their morale or entertaining them? Why, how could they help saying, 'Why doesn't he fight? Why isn't he in uniform?' You must see I can't do that."

SO the adventurous Mr. Flynn has to sit this war out and you may believe me when I say that is his real tragedy. His whole life proves that. I've met up with a good many hysterical 4Fs since this war began, boys and men who would willingly give their lives to be with their buddies in Sicily or New Guinea. I've gone down and bailed them out of jail for socking somebody who called them slackers. I've had them walk my floor all night in agony because every pal they have is over there and because they think men in uniform "sneer at them." Which they don't, of course. I know a good deal about men who were in the last war and suffer bitterly because they can't get in this. It's a tragedy we don't think much about unless it's touched our own lives, but it happens to have touched mine and I know what I'm talking about.

That's why I say the real suffering of Errol Flynn's life today is being turned down for service.

But he's filling it up as best he can.

His director on "Northern Pursuit," his present picture, is Raoul Walsh, who has probably directed more movie stars than any other man in Hollywood. A wise man, Mr. Raoul Walsh, with a fine understand-

ing of human beings. What you'd call a pretty tough guy, but compassionate and humorous.

"He likes it a lot better than he used to," he said, smiling. "I think he's taking it very seriously, perhaps for the first time. You know he's now producing his own pictures?"

I said I didn't know that.

"Oh yes," said Raoul Walsh, "producing them himself. It gives him a lot of extra work. Got a good story mind, as a matter of fact. He's on his toes all the time, not afraid of responsibility or decision, either. Very good thing for him. Makes him feel he's more than just acting. One thing, he never shirks work. More the merrier."

"You like him?" I said. I've known Raoul Walsh for twenty years. As I asked the question I realized that I would take his word on a man as soon as that of anyone I know.

"Ever go fishing?" Raoul Walsh said.

"Not much," I admitted, "the trouble with fishing is you end up with fish."

"Tell a lot about a man on a fishing trip," Raoul Walsh said quietly. "Tell about his temper, his self-control, his sense of humor, his qualities as a companion. In some ways it's the best test I know, except perhaps being under fire together. Errol and I have done a lot of fishing together when our work allowed."

"And he passes that test?" I said.

"High," said Raoul Walsh, "very high."

"Do you mind if I ask you about the—late unpleasantness?" I said. "What got him into it? What has been its result as far as he is concerned?"

Raoul lit a cigarette and thought a moment. "Tough luck he couldn't get into

the war right off," he said, "naturally restless and—reckless. When you're young and your greatest desire turns against you, maybe you get sort of don't-give-a-darn. He's come through all right. Good sense of justice. He's keen to make pictures that will help now. He said an interesting thing to me the other day. Said that a while ago people could take the real tough war pictures. Now too many families had boys in it to want to see—the worst of it. Came too close to home. An experience like he's had can make or break a man, you and I know that, we've seen it happen often enough. Flynn has looked the facts square in the face and it's more apt to make him than break him—in fact, I'd say it had."

NATURALLY, I wanted to know about his love life. I could be wrong, but I don't think there is any serious love interest in his life right now. Whatever once existed between him and Ann Sheridan seems to have ended on both sides. His companion on a few dining-dancing dates has been Mary Ann Hyde, a very pretty Beverly Hills socialite. At the moment nobody seems to take it very seriously.

The thing that has occupied many of his lonely nights is the novel he is writing. Some years ago Errol Flynn told me that he had always wanted more than anything else to be a writer. Frankly, I didn't pay much attention. So many people tell you that, but they are usually the ones who think you pick stories off trees and are never willing to follow Sinclair Lewis's creed that the only way a writer achieves anything is by applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair for long hours every day. I knew Flynn had writ-

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ten one book of his adventures, but that's another thing altogether.

Now I found that he had almost finished what an author friend of mine tells me is a very good novel. It concerns a man from somewhere who comes to America for the first time and in the course of his adventures tries to find the soul of this great nation—and does. My friend, who has acted as critic and advisor, tells me it is a good workmanlike job, entailing a lot of careful research and hard hours of writing and that it accomplishes the difficult task of making characters real. "Has a nice fresh viewpoint, too," my friend told me, "and a good deal of true humor. He's done plenty of rewriting—he's very nervous and shy about it, but he takes criticism like a real workman."

"Has he really any—talent?" I said.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," my friend said, "and one thing I can tell you for sure. He's really worked at it. You don't get that many pages of good sound constructive story down on the typewriter unless you spend a lot of time at it."

**E**RROL FLYNN has done the writing on his "farm" up among the low rolling hills that enclose the famous San Fernando Valley. He doesn't take it very seriously as a farm, though he has cows and chickens and a huge truck garden where he grows all his own vegetables. A low rambling old-fashioned house furnished in the style a man likes—with open fireplaces and big comfortable chairs. His cook has been with him for years and runs the house, the farm, and Errol Flynn with a firm hand.

All this, it seems to me, adds up. It's my own personal opinion that Mr. Flynn isn't bitter because he knew that while he wasn't guilty of the crime with which he was charged, the mess he was in was in a large measure his own fault. It's never nice to have to pay for what you didn't do, but often if you have any sense or any integrity about yourself you realize that you got away with a lot of nonsense and maybe it all adds up even. So you say, "Okay. I didn't do this special thing, but maybe I had it coming to me for something else. Looks like I better take stock and find out where I'm going and what I want to do and quit fooling around."

But I'm convinced now that Errol Flynn has taken all that happened to him about as well as a man could.

The thing that convinced me most was what a friend of his told me. Over his desk in his workroom on the farm, are the words of Thomas Burke, "The only worthwhile people are those who are always beginning again."

If Errol Flynn feels like that about it, I guess we can go right along with him in this beginning again he's doing for himself.

THE END

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on the newsstands  
Oct. 8—

or as close to that  
date as time and tide  
and the affairs of war  
can get us there!



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Evening in Paris Make-up

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Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty... delicate flush of feathery rouge... bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick... surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

Face Powder, \$1.00 • Lipstick, 50c • Rouge, 50c • Perfume, \$1.25 to \$10.00.  
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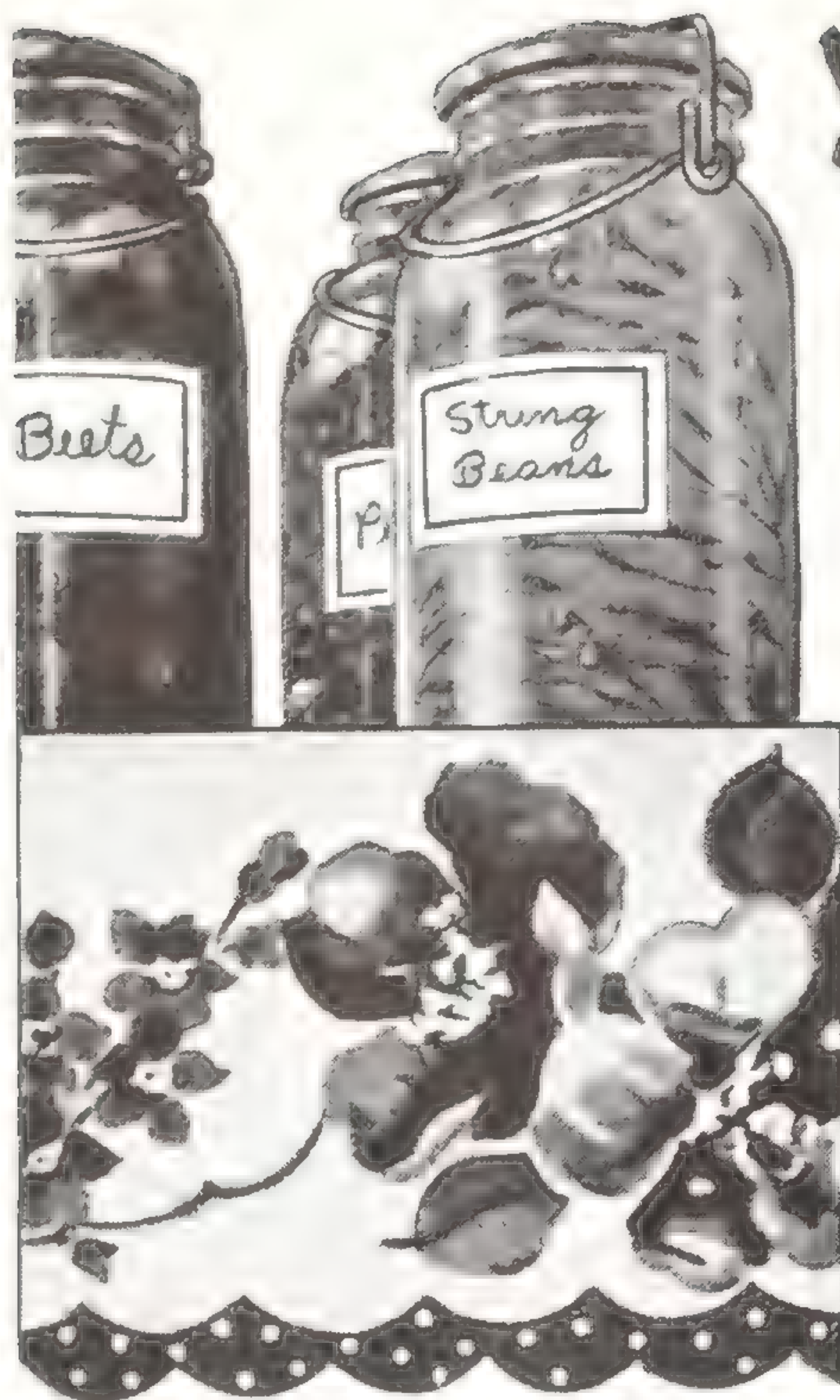
## Evening in Paris.

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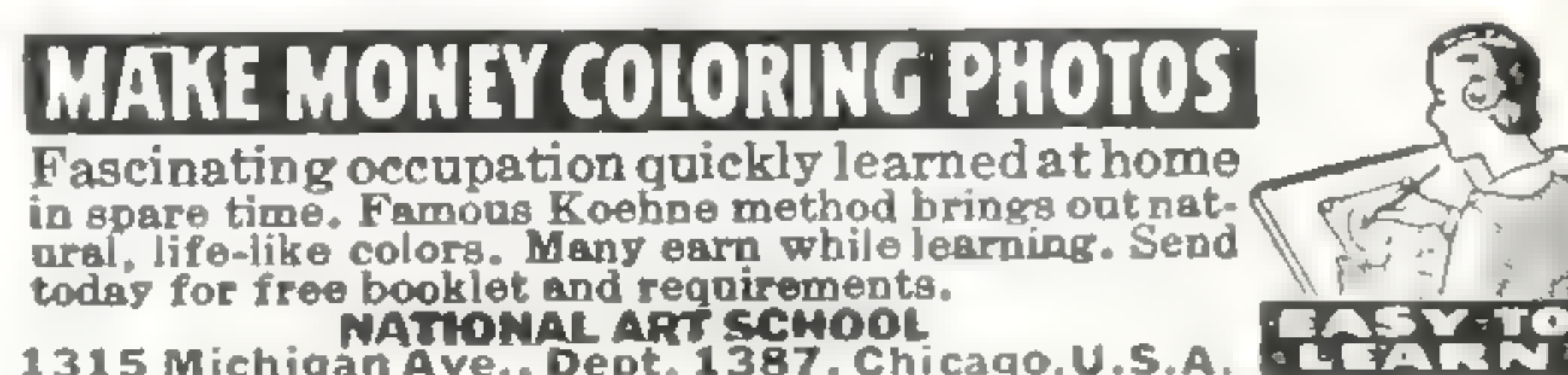
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## Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at *any* underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at arm-hole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be surer of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odorono.

Liquid Odorono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to

bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance."

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too... it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

## Important Import

(Continued from page 59) vice-president of Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego, had succeeded in obtaining his release.

Upon his arrival he and his uncle decided upon a business career for him. Typically, Helmut insisted on a thorough foundation and enrolled at U. C. L. A. in business administration. But the boy from the concentration camp had a lot of thoughts in his head which didn't have anything to do with business administration.

Here was a vast and hospitable America unaware of the danger she faced in the European conqueror. How could one bring a consciousness to her of that danger? One could write—but he was not a writer. One could speak—but he was not a lecturer. Ah, but there was another kind of speaking—the vivid, dramatized spoken word of the theater. To that, people would listen.

So Helmut hied him over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse to fit himself for a new role. He traveled back and forth from Westwood in a casual jalopy purchased with funds he earned coaching less nimble American tongues in the intricacies of French and German.

It was at the Playhouse he met "Gwen-nie" (as he calls Gwen Anderson)—young, ambitious, straight from the heart of America—Iowa itself. "Gwen-nie" had come from Des Moines determined to be an actress and a good one. She'd been attending the Playhouse two years when Helmut first appeared there. It was "Gwen-nie's" way of laughing at obstacles and disappointments that attracted the sober and serious Dantine. Soon he found he didn't want to walk without her. And one day they were married in a Pasadena church—Vienna and Des Moines merged into one.

They were young and poor. But they also were in love so they didn't mind too much the lack of money and comforts. They lived in a tiny Hollywood apartment and small roles for Helmut in "Escape" and "The Navy Comes Through" helped out. Then they both joined a small stock company in Del Monte, California, which Helmut directed and bit by bit the money was accumulated for Gwen's great experiment—the invasion of Broadway.

The day she left Hollywood the doom of their marriage was sealed. But of course they didn't then realize this. When Gwen was given the lead in the play "Janie" it was all over. The play went on and on. Helmut, because of his motion-picture work, was never able to spend more than a few days at a time in New York. Gwen couldn't get out to Hollywood. The breach widened. Finally Gwen revealed from New York their plans to separate. As soon as the show was over she'd go to Reno and get a divorce.

"There are two fates in every life," Helmut says philosophically. "One is inevitable—it will happen anyway. That's the Big Fate, such as the parting of Gwen-nie and me. There is nothing one can do about it. Then there is the Little Fate—the one we shape when we do our best to achieve success in our work and happiness in our daily lives."

He realizes that it was what he calls the Big Fate that kept him from getting the lead in "Conflict" when Bogart refused to do it. But it was Little Fate of his own creation that prompted him to make the test that was good that he was actually

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buys a Garand rifle!**



chosen for the lead—until Bogart decided to come back.

Like most Teutonic people Helmut still says, "Ya" for yes, and inevitably says, "things what I have" for "things that I have." And not long ago he entertained his listeners by referring to an ash blonde as a girl with "palladium" hair.

His unfamiliarity with this country frequently leads him into comical situations. Just after he had enrolled at U. C. L. A. and had acquired the customary college clothes of slacks, colorful pullover and soft hat he was driving along Sunset Boulevard one day when a gentleman on a motorcycle drove along beside him and said, "Pull over." Helmut, not quite sure whether this gentleman's uniform designated a Western Union boy or a general, was flattered. "Ya," he smiled, glancing down at his own bright pullover. "Pull over, Buddy," the man repeated. "My name is not Buddy," Dantine patiently explained. "It's Helmut."

WHEREUPON the gentleman closed and convinced him he wasn't interested in his sweater or his name. All he wanted to do was to give him a ticket for speeding.

"But you didn't point to your gun and scowl," Helmut insisted. "That is why I didn't know you were an officer!"

Once in "International Squadron," he had to speak the typically American line of "Give them the works." He thought about this intently and then, stepping before the camera, he shouted, "Let them have the factories."

The leading man rolled on the floor.

The change in food interests him. Our zucchini, celery, avocados and sweet potatoes are all new to him. He cooks his own breakfast of toast, eggs, jam and tea in his bachelor apartment and eats his lunch and dinner out.

He has ideas Nazis should be portrayed on the screen. And Hollywood recognizes the fact that Dantine, their victim, should know. It's interesting that he rates the Nazis as he knows them in this manner: The kind he portrayed in "Mrs. Miniver" are about ten percent of the Nazis as they are. His Nazi of "Edge Of Darkness" is less than ten percent of the real Nazis. His Nazi of "To The Last Man," the man who shows the mental rather than physical perversion, will be an eighty percent true Nazi. Of course, and it comes as a relief, his role in "Passage To Marseilles," with Bogart, is not that of a Nazi at all but an escaped French convict. And now that the voices of fans have clamoured long enough, he'll be the romantic lead he should be in "Three Strangers."

He thinks Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in "Me And My Gal" the embodiment of all that's wonderfully American. "They express it more than anyone," he says, "in their sincerity and honesty."

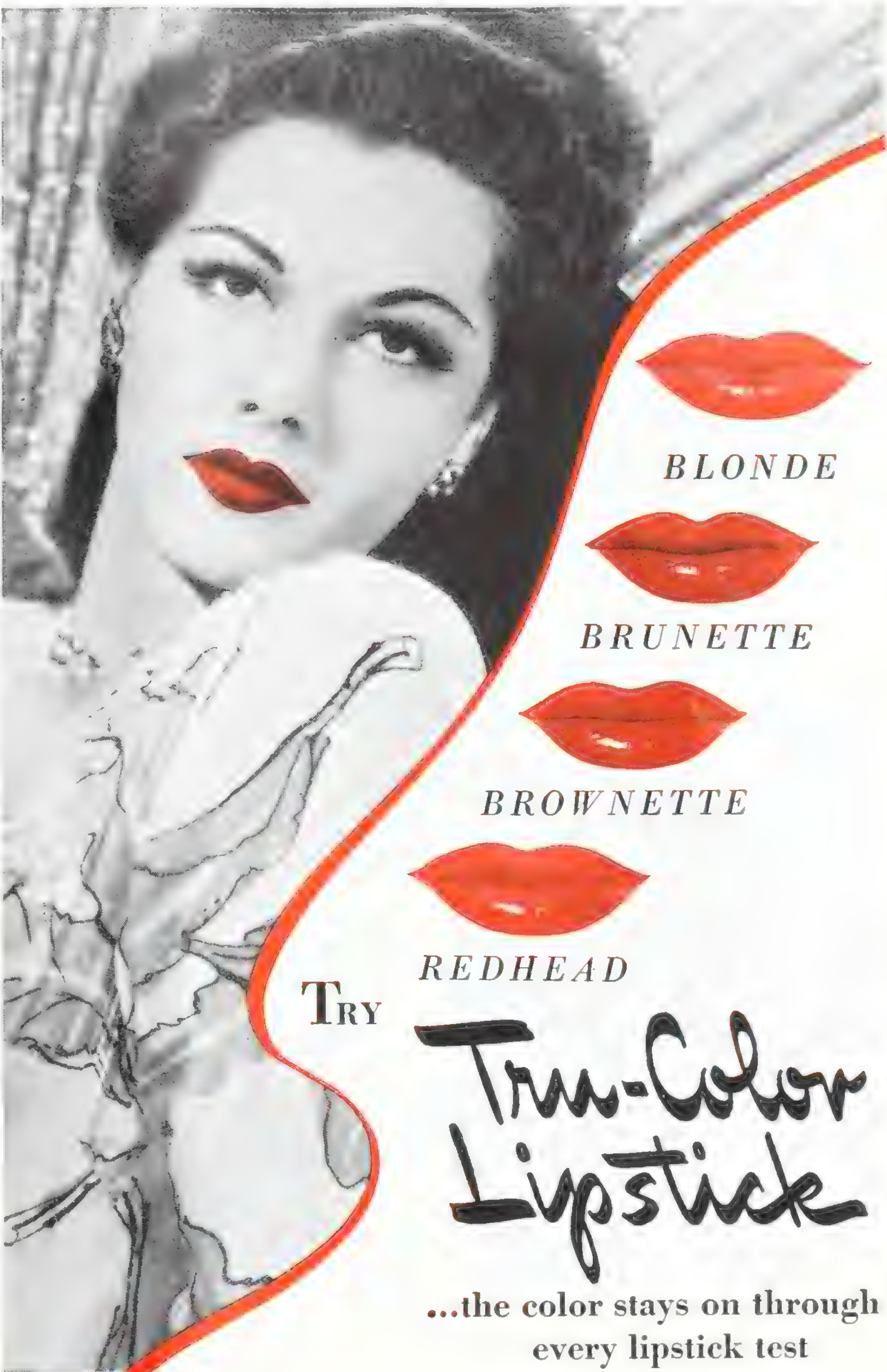
Fortune, Time, Newsweek are relentlessly perused by Dantine, who already possesses his first American citizenship papers and eagerly awaits his second. "The voices of 10,000,000 boys back from Japan and Europe, the boys who fought and bled, will have something to say when they return in keeping this America the way they want it and the way some of them died to keep it," he says. He wants desperately to be a part of that America in everything.

"For, if America fails, humanity fails," he says. "This country is the hope of the world. That is why I gratefully want to become an American."

THE END

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## MARIA MONTEZ in Universal's "COBRA WOMAN"



BLONDE

BRUNETTE

BROWNETTE

REDHEAD

TRY

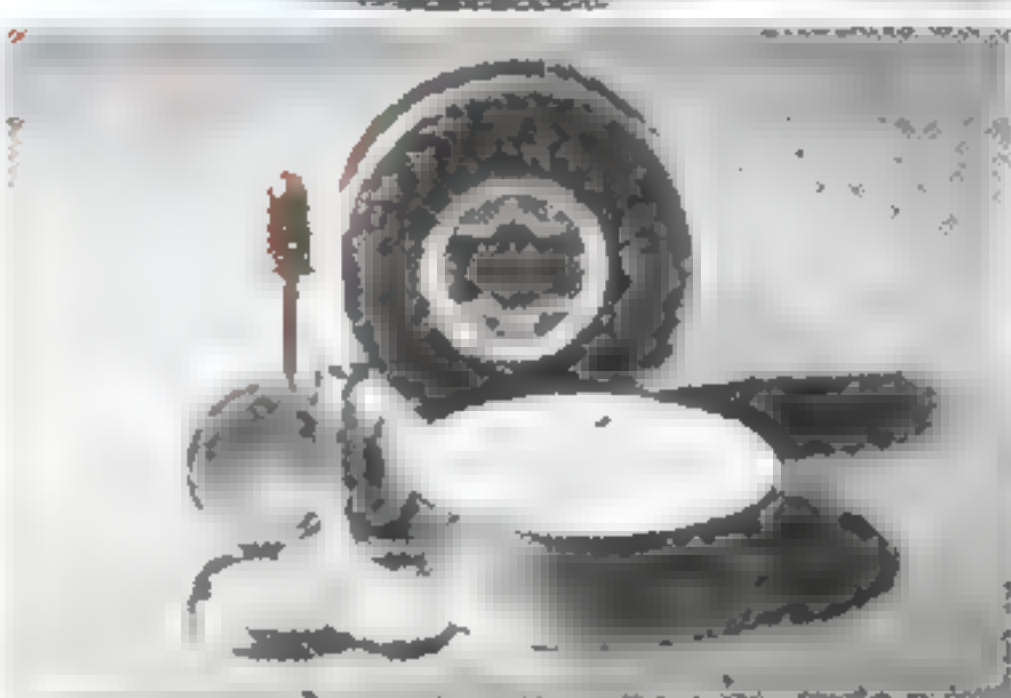
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PAW**

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Listen gals!

Send 3¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 21, 1911 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Bathasweet Foam

## American Original

(Continued from page 58) eyelashes were rather too light for beauty and she didn't even own a box of mascara. There were freckles on her nose and the only make-up she ever used was a little lipstick, sketchily. She was so shy she had never even had a date with a boy.

Gloria, on the other hand, although no older in years than Alexis, had all the sophistication of a girl long past her teens. She had more dates in a week than she could count on her fingers. But as far as girls were concerned, she had only one chum and that was Alexis. Alexis couldn't make out at first why Gloria should have selected herself. Later, she realized that Gloria wanted someone around to act as a foil for her own vivaciousness and allure.

"And I was perfect for *that* role!" Alexis explained ruefully. "I was everything she was not. When we'd be in the midst of a group, always made up largely of boys, she would be the center of attraction while I'd hang around on the edges, feeling awkward and self-conscious. If I said anything at all, it was usually the wrong thing. I was certainly the fifth wheel!"

THEN, one day, something happened to change all that and a lot of other things, too. Gloria and I had stopped at an ice-cream parlor after school, just the two of us, and were having a really nice time over our banana splits—she was fun to be with when boys weren't around—when a certain boy walked over to our table. Since Gloria didn't know him I realized it was I he was singling out and I was quite thrilled. I introduced him to Gloria and he sat down with us. Whereupon, right before my eyes, Gloria set out to vamp him away from me.

"It was so sudden and so obvious, it was startling. She ignored me, completely, and turned all her wiles on this boy. Not that he was terribly attractive; not, I feel sure, that she wanted him to fall for her, particularly.

"It was just natural for her to act this way, I guess. And, since she was pretty and gay and vivacious, he fell for her line, of course. I could see him doing it. I could see him forgetting all about insignificant me.

"That was when the worm turned! Quietly, I laid the price of my banana split on the table and stood up. 'I'll be seeing you,' I said, and left them sitting there, their mouths slightly open with surprise. I walked all the way home that day. It was a long walk and for all I was hurt and resentful over the way I had been treated, I got some pretty clear thinking done. I decided that I would stop, then and there, playing second fiddle to Gloria, or to anybody; that I would try, in my way, to make myself an entity, just as Gloria had made herself one. But I decided I wouldn't go about it exactly the way she did. I wasn't boy-crazy, I didn't care, really, that she had taken this boy away from me right under my nose. This particular boy. But I was tired of not being able to hold my own, ever, in any sort of a situation!

"So I began a campaign. I studied the people I liked, analyzed what it was that attracted me to them. I found that, in most all cases, it was the fact that they were positive sort of people. I don't mean they had arbitrary opinions and continually voiced them. I mean there was something to them! That when they spoke, they had something to say; when they did something, their actions had

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meaning. So I set about turning myself into a person of this sort. It wasn't easy. I had been very used to, very dependent upon Gloria for companionship, such as it was, and I missed it. But I struck to my guns. I studied harder in school. I took more interest in my clothes. I began to experiment with make-up and with new ways of fixing my hair. I had always been interested in the piano and now I practiced harder than ever. I spent more time on my dancing, too. Also, realizing that acting would give me much-needed poise, I enrolled in a dramatic class at Hollywood High. I loved it from the start and, of course, it was this step that led eventually to my present screen career.

"Whereupon," Alexis concluded, "one day, almost a year after that sad episode in the ice-cream parlor, I found myself walking down the steps at school with quite a group of boys and girls. And, suddenly I realized that I was the center of this group!"

"Why, I seem to be popular!" I said to myself, wonderingly. It was a grand and glorious feeling. . . ."

ALEXIS was graduated from high school and went to City College, where one night, in the middle of her second year, she starred in a college play, "The Night of January 16." Afterward Vic Orsatti, the big Hollywood agent, came backstage and said to her, "How would you like to go into the movies?"

Instead of jumping up and down with delight, Alexis said, politely, "I don't believe I'd be interested. You see, I want to finish this year of college and I'm studying music, and—well," she repeated, "I just don't think I'd be interested."

While the poised Mr. Orsatti didn't exactly gasp, she saw he was a fairly surprised young man. And although he gave her his card and told her to get in touch with him after school was out, she didn't even do that. She was having too good a time that summer. She supposed a film contract would be all right, but . . . and this was the way things stood in early August of that year (1940) when Vic Orsatti telephoned her.

"How about that movie career now?" he inquired. "If you're agreeable, I should like to take you out to Warner Brothers."

Alexis considered. "Well," she said, finally, "if you really think it means a good contract, I'll do it. But if the best you think I could do would be \$50 a week for six months, and then farewell, why, I'd just rather skip the whole thing. As I said before, I'm really not very interested in the movies, anyway. . ."

"I think you have a good chance for an important career," Orsatti told her.

"All right, I'll go," Alexis said.

So the next afternoon, wearing a simple little shirtmaker frock and no hat, sans make-up, sans any of the accouterments

## HOW'S YOUR I.Q. ON JEANETTE MACDONALD?

If you couldn't figure out the quiz on page 89, just take a look at these figures:

1: b, 2: a, 3: b, 4: a, 5: c, 6: b  
7: c, 8: c, 9: c, 10: b, 11: b.

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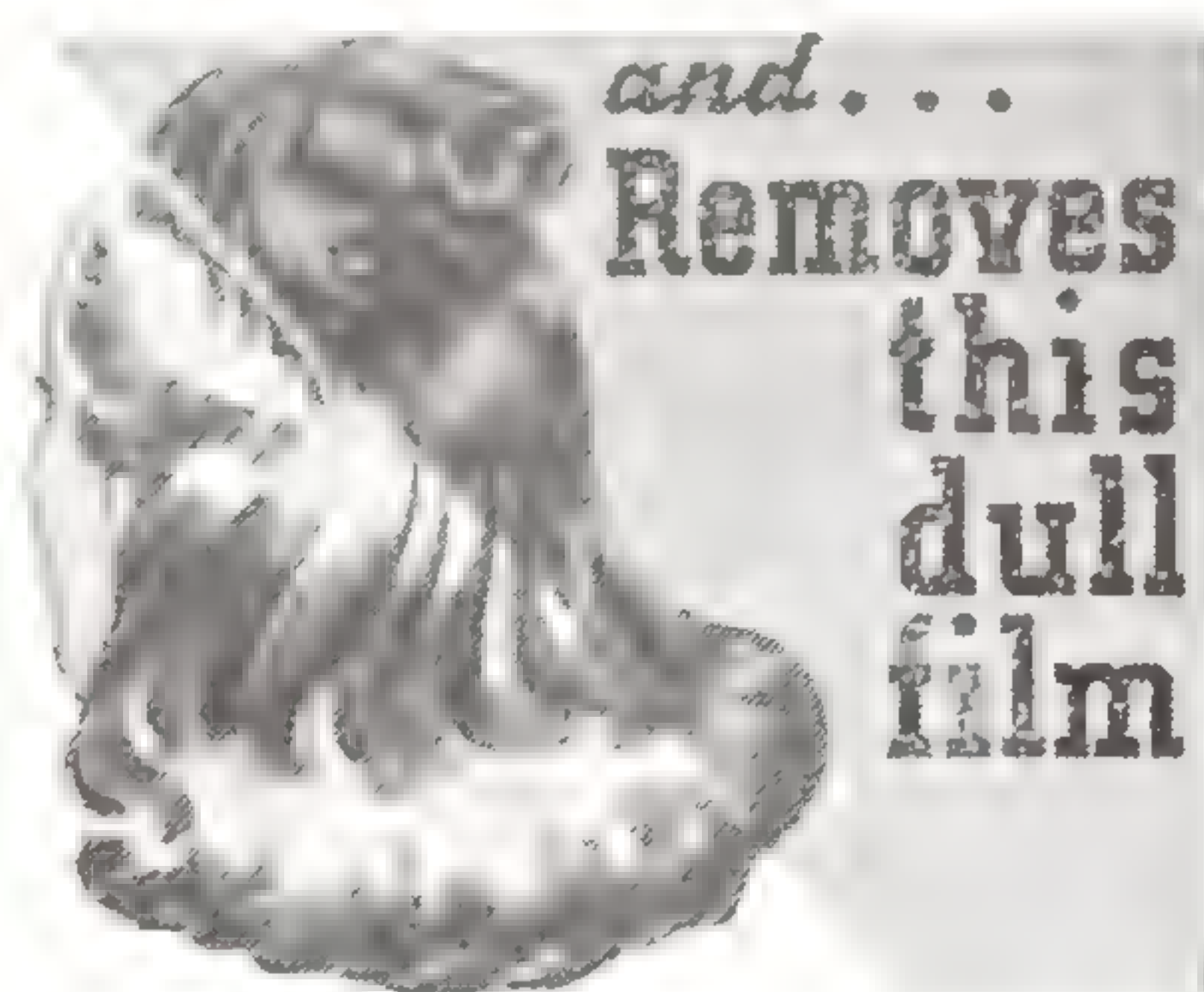
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with which many a girl thinks she must "impress" movie producers, she went with Vic Orsatti out to Warners. They saw Solly Baiano, Warners' talent scout, and had a talk.

Alexis didn't try to create any effect. She was just herself, friendly, unaffected. "It would be nice to have a movie career," her manner said, "but it isn't a matter of life and death." Baiano evidently thought she had possibilities, though, because finally it was decreed that she have her test. The result was a contract.

Well, you'd think that by now, she'd have been pretty darned thrilled. But not Alexis. "It's nice and I'm glad. I'll do my best. But if I don't get by—well, I shan't care too much," she told Vic Orsatti at the time. "I'll just figure out some other sort of a career."

At which he looked at her strangely and said. "Alexis, you're a funny sort of girl."

Of course, she worked hard at Warners. She was quite something in "Dive Bomber." Then she made a test for "The Constant Nymph" and when it was over, she was the talk of the studio because it was so good. When Charles Boyer, star of this picture (with Joan Fontaine) saw it, he whistled, which is quite something for the reserved M. Boyer to do and described it as "unbelievable."

**E**VEN then, Alexis didn't go into ecstasies at this "break." She kept cool, saved her emotions for the role itself—and did such a wonderful job that the front office at Warners took one look at her performance—and put her on the studio's star list!

And, yes, she's thrilled about it, but not too thrilled. "It doesn't pay to care too much about things," she told me. "I've noticed that people who do seem, often, to lose them."

However, if you've been deciding that Alexis Smith is something of a cool cucumber because she refuses to go overboard over the breaks she's had, you're wrong. She's not cold; she's warm and friendly and impulsive and all the other adjectives descriptive of the state of being human. She's in love, too—with Craig Stevens, Warner Brothers' promising new star—and not very "coolly" so, either, if you ask me! At least, when you question her about her fiancé she blushes to the roots of that pale gold hair of hers. Well, they're a striking couple, Alexis so blond, Craig so dark and both of them so good-looking and all. I'm not one to prophesy on Hollywood marriages, but I'd say off-hand they might turn up as Mr. and Mrs. soon, providing the Army gives Craig time out to arrange the details.

If they do, though, there's going to be at least one very disgruntled young man in Hollywood. I don't know his name, but he is the boy that Gloria took away from Alexis that day in the ice-cream parlor. He called Alexis just the other evening. "What are my chances for a date?" he inquired.

"Not so good," Alexis replied.

"Not ever?"

"Not ever."

He sighed. "And to think that once I could have dated you for the asking," he remarked more sadly than tactfully. "What a fool I was!"

"Yes," echoed Alexis, sweetly, "perhaps you were . . ." And hung up the receiver thinking that fate moves in strange, ironical yet often logical ways.

THE END

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## Navy Lady

(Continued from page 29) befall a man serving his country. Every reason why they shouldn't marry was discussed. On Thursday, when Greer was able to be around, with time growing terrifyingly shorter, they came to recognize the fact that bigger than all doubts and fears, bigger even than all sane reasoning, was their love.

ON Friday morning they motored to the near-by beach town of Santa Monica and procured another license before Greer reported to the studio for added scenes on "Madame Curie." Saturday morning early Greer was back at the studio. In the afternoon Richard visited the set and waited. No one knew. Even then Greer wasn't too sure, despite the wedding circle of diamonds that, unknown to the world, reposed in Ensign Ney's pocket. But she'd given her word—and he was going away again.

At six o'clock Richard drove Greer home. They both knew definitely and finally that to marry and to take their chances, as so many thousands of other couples were doing in the wartime America, was their final choice.

There was a lovely soft orchid crepe in the closet that Greer hadn't worn. It was a short but beautiful afternoon dress. She put it on. Over her glorious red hair she placed a soft sea-green snood with shells.

She wore white gloves, carried a white purse, and looked like a bride who had taken weeks to choose her wardrobe.

With her mother as sole attendant, the three climbed into Ney's open car and drove to Santa Monica where Richard had made the necessary arrangements for the wedding.

The Santa Monica Presbyterian church was empty. It was now seven o'clock in the evening and the sun across the Pacific cast a varicolored glow through the stained glass windows. Richard, pale and showing the aftereffects of the siege of Attu, but still handsome in his ensign's uniform, and Greer, beautiful in her soft colors, took their places before the altar. Mrs. Garson sat quite alone in the front pew and listened to the words of Reverend Richard Irving that made Greer the wife of Ensign Ney before the flower-banked altar.

Just as quietly and unostentatiously, the three drove home and had dinner. On Sunday, their last day, they spent their honeymoon sitting out in the garden—talking and planning like so many, many others, of the days to come in some wonderful world of peace.

They would probably have married even before Richard left eight months ago had Greer not have been so deeply hurt at the publicity that linked them as mother and son in "Mrs. Miniver." It gave their friendship, that glowed into love, an out-of-focus and slightly ridiculous quality not in keeping with the facts. Miss Garson is in her early thirties. Richard is twenty-nine.

Both have been previously married, a fact which contributed to their prolonged doubts as to the advisability of a war marriage. Neither wanted to be hurt again.

FAR more than an age difference was the discrepancy in their professional experience. Richard didn't have much chance to become established in Hollywood, the "Miniver" role having been

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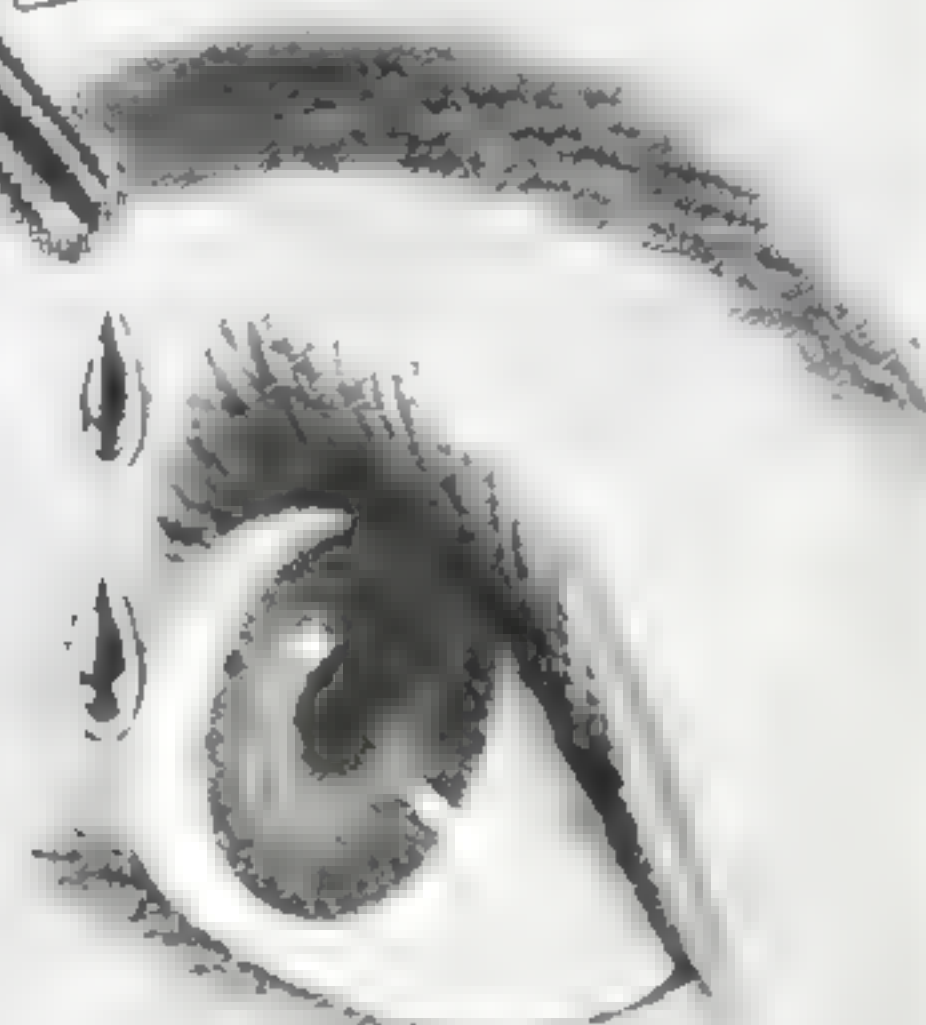
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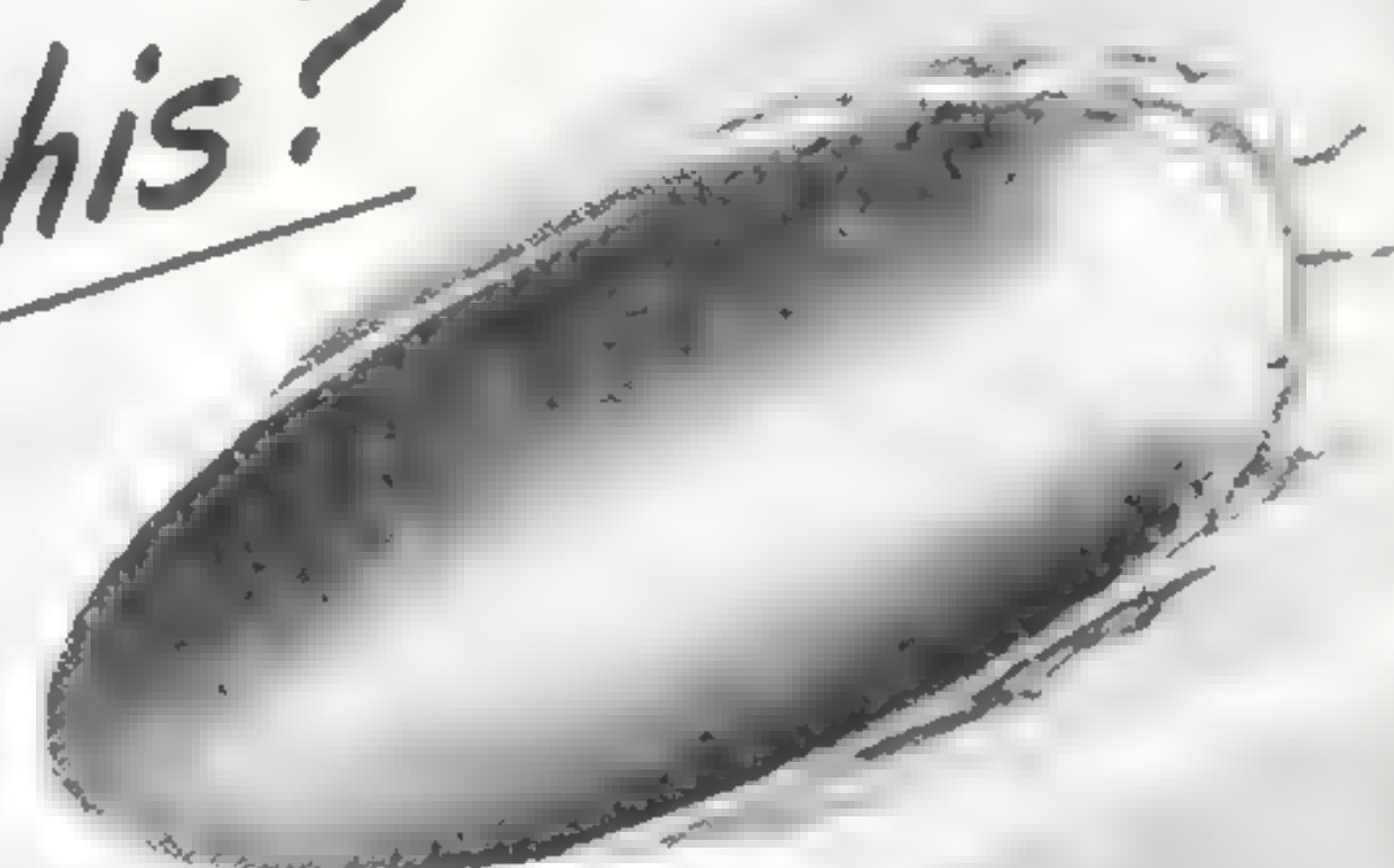
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his first. This son of a Connecticut insurance broker and graduate of Columbia University had gone directly from the road company of "Life With Father" to Hollywood; a different kind of boy, who spoke with a cultured voice almost as English in accent and tone as that of the English Miss Garson.

His charm, obvious good breeding and love of fun, coupled with his knowledge of books and music, earned him the friendship of Greer who is universally accepted as "the first lady of Hollywood." Unlike Greer, who studied and toured the provinces of England and even suffered neglect in Hollywood before finding her place in M-G-M's English production of "Mr. Chips," Ney's path to fame has been relatively easy, if brief. His only picture, following the renowned "Mrs. Miniver," was "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," which was barely completed before the Navy, in which he was a Reserve, called him to active duty.

Although he was thus taken from Greer's side, the separation may well have been a more eloquent pleader for Richard's suit than even his presence would have been. For here they sat, side by side, man and wife for thirty-six glorious never-to-be-forgotten hours.

Then Ensign Ney had to leave. He had applied for a few days' extension of time to be with his bride.

But it was refused. So on Monday afternoon Greer drove him to the Union Depot in Los Angeles and at five o'clock waved her new husband goodbye until—but no one knows.

Like other wives everywhere, Greer Garson now waits for her husband, the man she loves, to come home. And this love and this waiting will be the chain that will bind her even closer and nearer to hearts everywhere.

Love and waiting. It's the path she has chosen. No one will ever walk its loneliness more graciously.

THE END

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Two minutes out of the precious two weeks' leave: Greer Garson and Richard Ney give time to Hymie Fink for a Photoplay honeymoon picture



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

### ✓✓ Behind The Rising Sun (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *The transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant.*

**T**HE first picture to portray actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war is a gripping, fascinating story that clutches the imagination and interest and holds on to the final reel. Based on James Young's book, "Behind The Rising Sun," the picture, a simple one, unpretentiously cast and produced, proves one of those surprise hits that slips in every so often.

The picture is daring in that it holds not all Japanese to be beings without honor, people akin to savages. It shows how the liberals are murdered by the rising militarists, how the slow insidious poison of power transforms the kindest and gentlest of people into animals.

Tom Neal, as the Japanese educated at Cornell who gradually turns bestial with war power, is amazingly good. Margo, the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces, is also so very good. Customs revolting to Americans, such as that of selling girl children into white slavery, the inhuman treatment of prisoners, the loathsome tactics of the Jap sportsmen, are all a part and parcel of the story and are not dragged in as mere propaganda fuel. The men responsible for this film, director Edward Dmytryk and script writer Emmet Lavery, were also responsible for "Hitler's Children" and have



Margo, who turns Japanese in "Behind The Rising Sun" to give a gripping, fascinating, behind-the-lines performance

just as big a hit on their hands.

J. Carroll Naish as the Japanese father is exceedingly good. In fact, the entire cast, including Robert Ryan (brilliant in the fight scene), Gloria Holden, Don Douglas and George Givot are splendid.

Your Reviewer Says: Behind the Jap lines.

### ✓ We've Never Been Licked (Universal)

**It's About:** *The fighting sons of Texas A and M.*

**R**IGHT into the schoolrooms of famous Texas A and M go Hollywood cameras to picture the life in this institution. The training, the social and romantic life of the students is interestingly stressed.

Richard Quine, as one of the students, is a hit. Young Quine, who has lived with his soldier father in Asia, becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japs. How he turns traitor in order to aid his country is really thrilling. Ironical to note that this picture which marks Quine's finest opportunity was his last before entering the armed forces.

Anne Gwynne as a co-ed is pretty and attractive. Noah Beery Jr., Quine's roommate and rival for Anne's affections, emerges as a surprisingly appealing young lover. In fact, Universal believes it has a new romantic team in these two.

Honorable mention also goes to Harry Davenport, as a professor, and William Frawley, as a new kind of villain.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting, informative, exciting.

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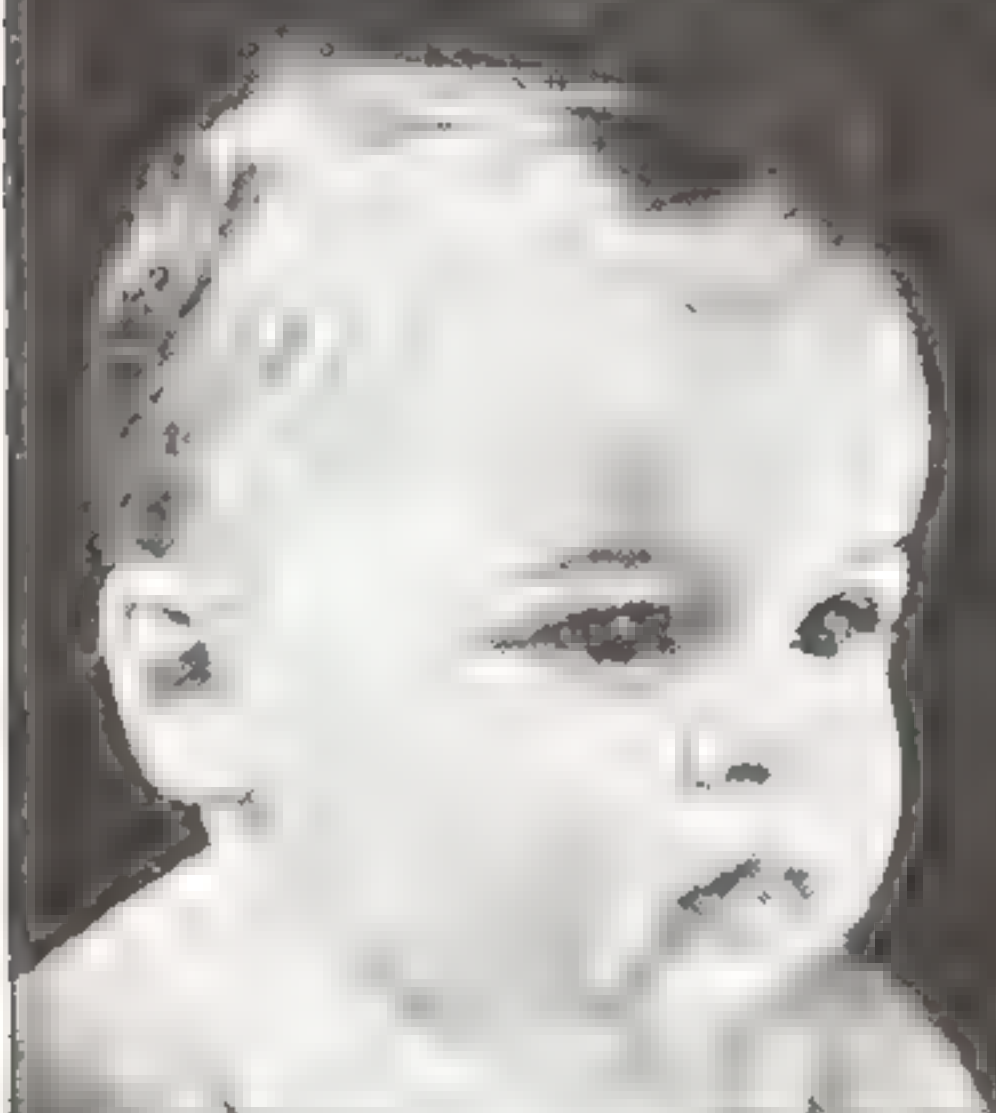
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✓ **The Sky's The Limit**  
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An officer in search of love.*

**FRED ASTAIRE** is a Flying Tiger, home from the wars and being much made over. Becoming fed up with the lionizing business, Fred flees from the train that is carrying him and his buddies on personal appearance tours, goes back to the big city in search of love and adventure to fill in his few days' leave and finds them in a night club. Trying to keep his identity hidden and achieve the lady of his heart keeps Fred leaping over the plot like fury.

Joan Leslie, as the girl, dances very well. Mr. Astaire makes no bones in telling one and all he believes Joan to be the best of all his partners. We don't agree to the broadness of that statement, but we do concede Joan (too tall for Fred) does all right for herself.

Robert Benchley is so good. The settings, as usual, are much too elaborate for plain working people, but the music, the gaiety, the wonderful "blues" dance performed by Fred in a bar, give the film a lift and a dash that put it over.

Your Reviewer Says: Lifting and lovely.

✓✓ **Let's Face It** (Paramount)

It's About: *Everything that makes for laughs.*

**BOB HOPE** is a private in the Army who means well but, nevertheless, spends most of his life in the guardhouse. Betty Hutton is a physical culture teacher at a near-by de luxe milk farm. They're in love—*madly in love.*

Many things conspire to keep Betty and Bob from getting married—among them a week end which Bob and two buddies spend on a Long Island estate with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous. When, simultaneously, the "girls" husbands arrive with three members of a much younger generation and Betty arrives with the fiancés of Bob's buddies the picture skyrockets. Bob's capture of a U-boat and Betty's gymnastic, fantastic rendition of Cole Porter's "Let's Not Talk About Love" prove the most wonderful time the screen has offered in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: Three Cheers for Bob Hope in the Army and Betty Hutton on his trail!



Everything for a laugh: Bob Hope, Betty Hutton in "Let's Face It"

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**KILLS FLEAS, LICE  
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**25¢  
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Clear it with **KREMOLA** aid! **KREMOLA** is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put **KREMOLA** to the test. Ladies will envy, gentlemen will admire. At druggists or write **KREMOLA**, Dept. MAC-1, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Send \$1.25 for 2 oz. jar, plus 10% tax, or 20c for generous purse sample, for daily powderbase.



**Hair  
OFF** Face  
Lips  
Chin Arms Legs

**Happy!** I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. M-20, Chicago.

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GRAY  
HAIR**

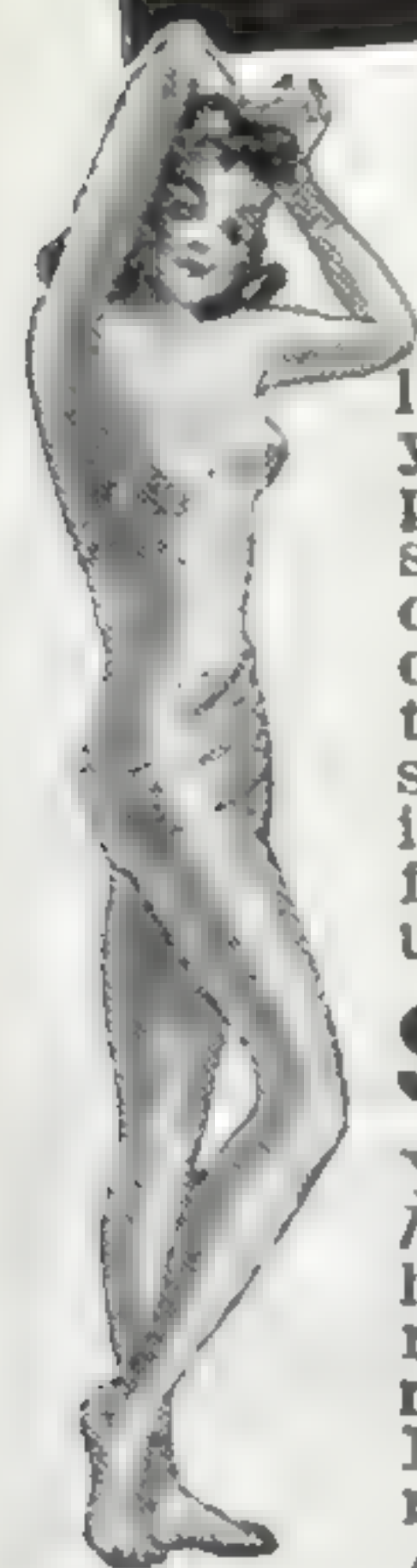
**.. AND LOOK 10  
YEARS YOUNGER**



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. **Brownatone** and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—**Brownatone** is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get **BROWNATONE** today.



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Look your loveliest...safeguard romance...don't let superfluous hair blight your love and cause others to whisper behind your back! Amazing hair remover, made of pure vegetable ingredients, takes out unsightly, superfluous hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat—and makes your skin clean, smooth, velvety—so you can wear the filmiest gowns, the scantiest bathing suit, the sheerest stockings...or no stockings at all! You apply *ADIEU* cold, right from the jar, and in a few seconds all the unsightly hair is OUT, not merely off!

### So Safe, a Baby Can Eat It!

Yes, the hair comes OUT—not off! Each hair comes out completely with the root. New hair must grow before it reappears. Remember *ADIEU*—not a bleach or an abrasive. No painful plucking or tweezing. Not a razor or clipper. No ugly razor nicks; no stubby regrowth; results more lasting. *ADIEU* Hair Remover is made with pure, safe, vegetable ingredients. No smelly, dangerous sulphides or chemicals. No unpleasant odor. No messy preparation or heating. Absolutely SAFE! Positively NON-IRRITATING. Recommended by doctors; used by exclusive Hollywood beauty salons catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how *ADIEU* takes out (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from your face, arms, legs, lips, back of neck, eyebrows, etc.

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Please rush generous Jar of *ADIEU* HAIR REMOVER IN PLAIN PACKAGE, 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee Trial. I will pay Postman \$1.00 and postage on delivery.

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Address.....  
City..... State.....  
ADIEU Hair Remover is obtainable only from us

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Send for the late Dr. Allan Roy Daffoe's famous book *How to Raise Your Baby*. It gives you the very information you need to know. Price only 25c postpaid. Send for your copy today. Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. PM-1043, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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**Matching Wedding RING GIVEN** For Promptness. Deeply embossed WEDDING RING included without extra charge if your order is received PROMPTLY.

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept., 3-D, Jefferson, Iowa**

## ✓✓ Victory Through Air Power (Disney-U.A.)

It's About: The history of aviation, past, present and future.

AS a reviewer we urge you, as an American, to see "Victory Through Air Power." If ever a nation of people was shown clearly an answer to a vital need, it's in this Walt Disney creation based on Major Alexander P. de Seversky's book, "Victory Through Air Power."

Reminiscent of General "Billy" Mitchell's campaign for our supremacy in the air during and after the last war is this plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force. With the aid of Disney's men of genius, the type bomber needed to smash at the very heart of Tokyo itself is pictured. And what instruments of destruction they are.

There has been some doubt expressed as to the popular appeal of this unusual picture, unusual because every iota has been hand-drawn by artists except de Seversky himself who is personally interjected into the film to deliver his telling message. In answer to that we say this goes beyond the choice of film for entertainment purposes only.

To Disney—thanks. Your glory will come at Academy Award time.

Your Reviewer Says: The most totally unusual film of the year.

## Petticoat Larceny (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A child radio star who seeks adventurous material on her own.

LEVEN-YEAR-OLD, Joan Carroll is a fine little actress. It's too bad the story material provided doesn't match her ability. At any rate, it's kind of amusing the way Joan, a child radio star, tires of her trite material, sets out to find more realistic stuff and meets up with three burglars whom she convinces she, herself, is



Little girl gets a big break: Joan Leslie turns into Fred Astaire's partner for "The Sky's The Limit"



## Intimate Facts Every Woman Has a Right to Know!

**Improved New  
Feminine Hygiene Way  
gives continuous action  
for hours!**

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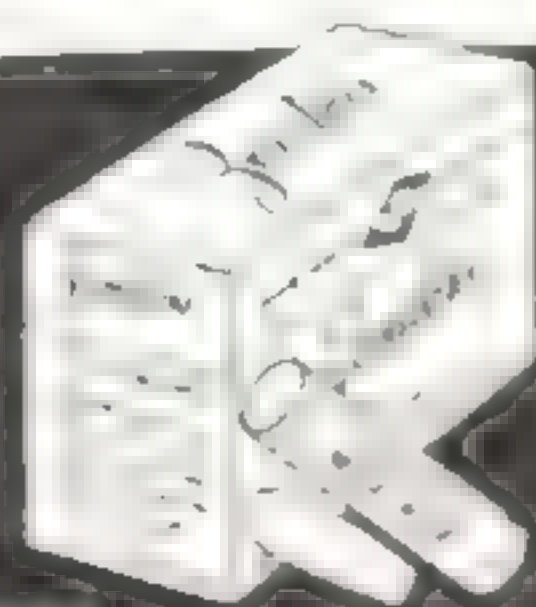
Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!

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while YOU are on the "go!"

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NOTE: When corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you quick relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

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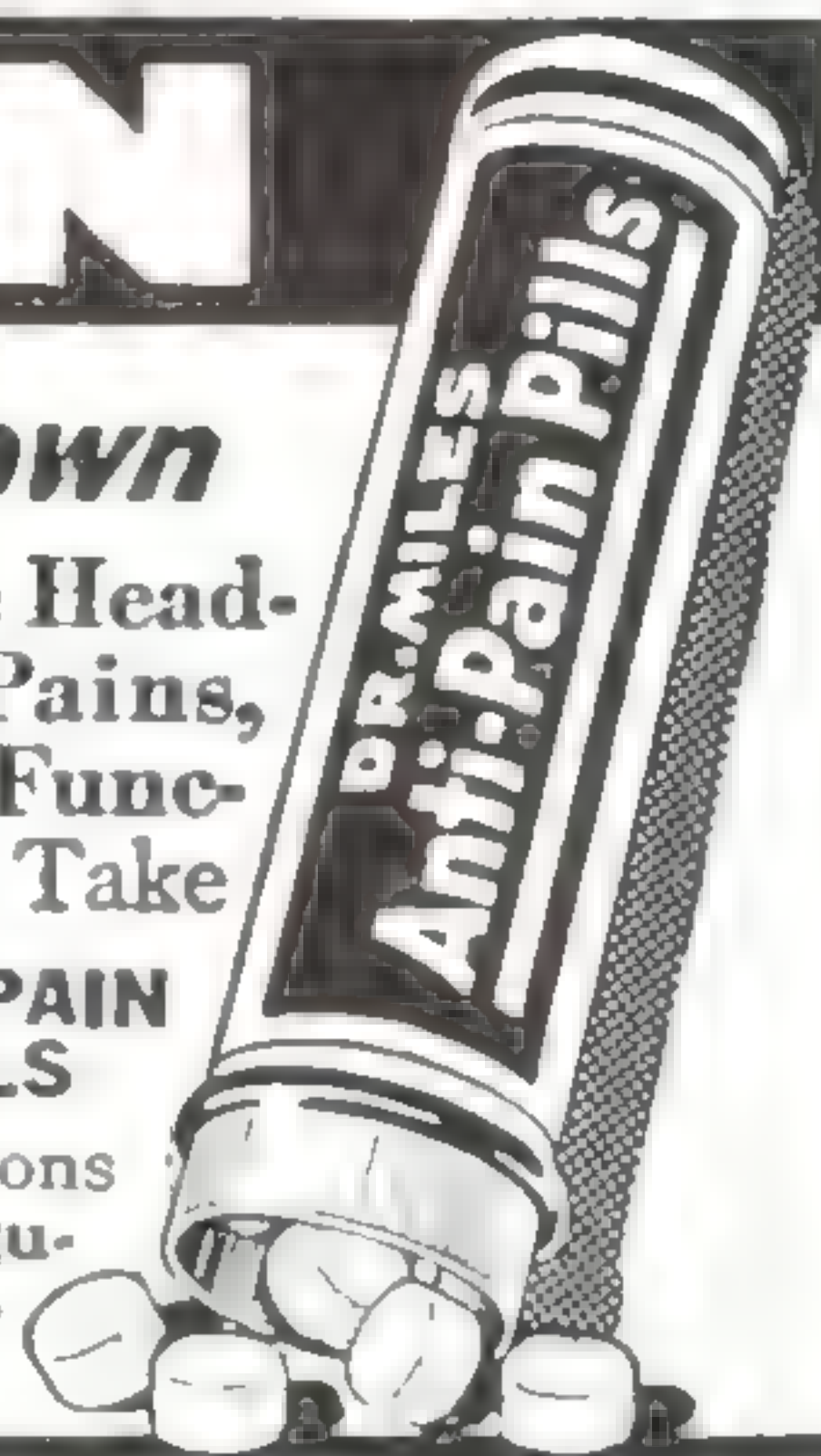
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**RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO OIL TINT**

a miniature robber. When the trio turn their prodigy over to a master crook in the belief he is her father, the story really gets going.

Ruth Warrick, Walter Reed, Wally Brown and Tom Kennedy have quite a time for themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: You've seen worse.

## Gals Incorporated (Universal)

It's About: A girl-struck middle-aged bachelor who pretends to be married.

LEON ERROL is crazy for girls and more girls and even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded with cuties. But along comes Leon's sister who threatens to cut off her cut-up brother if he doesn't marry and settle down. Errol gets around this by pretending to be married to Gracie McDonald. Betty Kean and Harriet Hilliard along with Gracie are as entertaining a threesome as you could imagine! Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music.

Your Reviewer Says: A happy little thing.

✓ I Dood It (M-G-M)

It's About: A pants presser who adores a stage star.

WHO but Red Skelton could play the "I Dood It" boy, the humble valet in a swanky hotel who adores Eleanor Powell, the glamorous stage queen, marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Ainley, and travels (on a priority) from despair to happiness? None but Red, certainly, and he gives to the role all the old Skelton business that riots the customers.

## Best Pictures of the Month

Victory Through Air Power

For Whom The Bell Tolls

Behind The Rising Sun

Let's Face It

This Is The Army

## Best Performances

Katina Paxinou in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Mikhail Rasumny in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Gary Cooper in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Ingrid Bergman in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Akim Tamiroff in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Uncle Sam's Boys in "This Is The Army"

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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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## Don't Wish for Beauty . . . Here It Is

Helen Macfadden's amazing book *Help Yourself to Beauty* tells you how to banish skin defects—discusses creams—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—hints on how to wake up a lazy skin—how to accent your personality by make-up—how to use rouge and powder properly—how to choose colors best for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outlines—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

The price of this splendid 180-page cloth-bound book is only \$1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of *Help Yourself to Beauty*—TODAY.

Bartholomew House, Inc.

Dept. PM-1043, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

## Good News for Asthma Sufferers

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription called *Mendaco* perfected by a physician in his private practice contains ingredients which start circulating thru the blood within a very short time after the first dose, thus reaching the congested Bronchial tubes where it usually quickly helps liquefy, loosen and remove thick strangling mucus (phlegm), thereby promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep. Fortunately *Mendaco* has now been made available to sufferers from recurring spasms of Bronchial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved so helpful to so many thousands it is offered under a guarantee of money back unless completely satisfactory. You have everything to gain, so get *Mendaco* from your druggist today for only 60c. The guaranteed trial offer protects you.



The show gets off to a slow start and slowly builds to a three-layer cake of laughter with the spy chase, in which Red proves himself a hero, topping the whole like so much sugar frosting.

Hazel Scott at the piano and Lena Horne in a song drama all about "Jerrico" are added decorations that add fine flavor to the production. The scene in which Eleanor, by mistake, consumes too many sleeping pills and Red tries putting her to bed is very funny. In fact, it's all so good-humored (although weak around the middle) fans should love it.

Jimmy Dorsey and his music, Pat Dane and her witchery, Sam Levene and his comedy, and newcomer Roy Hartwood and his spying, are pleasant and tasty ingredients. Several dance sequences by Miss Powell are terpsichorean tops! How that gal can handle her feet!

Your Reviewer Says: It's good fun and funnily good.

## Danger! Women At Work (PRC)

It's About: *The adventures of women truck drivers.*

IT SEEMS Patsy Kelly inherits a truck and with her two friends, Mary Brian and Isabel Jewell, decides to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to a Las Vegas gambling house. The journey there is polluted with weird adventures. They meet up with a socialite (Cobina Wright Sr.) suffering from amnesia, rival gangsters bent on destroying the truck's cargo, irate gamblers who have lost their shirts to Patsy and any number of traffic cops. Wanda McKay and Betty Compson whirl around the story that isn't worth the whirl, believe us.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't thumb a ride on this one.

## Spotlight Scandals (Monogram)

It's About: *A vaudeville team that meets success, trials and tribulations.*

BILLY GILBERT is such a funny barber that when he teams up with Frank Fay, an actor, they become a riotous success. Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Baker after Billie graciously withdraws from the act. The death of a chorus girl with friend Fay involved brings Gilbert gallumping back into the picture. Bonnie sings several songs, "Oh, Johnny" among them. The Radio Rogues with their imitations, Harry Langdon as a producer and Butch and Buddy add to the mild fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Now why wasn't this funnier?

## Junior Army (Columbia)

It's About: *The regeneration of a hoodlum in school.*

WHEN Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, the latter's uncle sends him to military school as a reward. Billy, a typical hoodlum, almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. Because both boys have since joined the armed forces we'll be kind and omit further comments.

Your Reviewer Says: There's no law can force you to see this.



I WAS  
CHEATING MY  
HUSBAND

of a precious **HEALTH BONUS**  
until I discovered the  
**A and D Vitamins with B<sub>1</sub> ADDED!**

Yes... you actually *cheat* your husband, and yourself, too... if the vitamin capsules you buy provide *only* A and D. You *want* these precious "cod-liver oil" vitamins, of course... for body resistance, to maintain strong bones and teeth, healthy skin. But, GROVE'S Vitamins give you this protection... PLUS a wonderful *health-bonus* of essential B<sub>1</sub>, to help guard against dietary nervous upsets, loss of appetite, lack of vitality and vigor. Full daily protective requirements of Vitamins A and D, *plus* vital B<sub>1</sub>... all in one easy-to-take capsule! Quality and potency guaranteed. *Amazingly* economical, too. Over two weeks' supply—25c. Large size, over 10 weeks' supply, only a dollar. Today, get GROVE'S Vitamins!



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A B<sub>1</sub> D  
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Guaranteed by  
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## Thumbs Up (Republic)

It's About: An ambitious American girl who lends a hand to Britain.

BRENDA JOYCE, an American singer in London, learns a West End producer is about to recruit talent from local defense plants.

With this selfish motive in mind, Miss Joyce goes into a British defense plant, meets heartaches when her true motives are revealed and is completely regenerated through patriotism and marriage to flyer Richard Fraser.

Gertrude Niesen is spotted for a number and Elsa Lanchester almost steals the show as Brenda's pal.

It isn't much of a show to steal, we must say, and we feel you'll be awfully bored with it despite the fact Miss Joyce gives a fine performance and, surprise, surprise, sings several songs delightfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down.

## Submarine Base (PRC)

It's About: Subs and spies on an island base.

WHAT happens is this: Alan Baxter, a gangster, drags from the waters near the Equator, John Litel, only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship and former detective who has pursued Baxter back home. On their island base, Litel discovers Baxter is aiding the Axis, but it's only at the last he discovers Baxter has been planting time bombs in the German subs along with ammunition. Eric Blore, Lewis Alberni, George Metaxa and Fifi D'Orsay make up a pretty good cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A new idea in war stories.

## Bar 20 (Sherman-U.A.)

It's About: Hopalong recovers the "jooles."

PRETTY Dustine Farnum (daughter of old-timer Dustin Farnum) is riding along in a stage coach when her hope chest, containing jewels belonging to her fiancé, is stolen. Hopalong Cassidy is also riding along on his favorite steed when he is ambushed and the money with which he was about to purchase cattle is stolen.

This is too much for good old Hopalong Cassidy and he sets out to recover the stolen goods. You never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life.

George Reeves (remember him as Colbert's hero in "So Proudly We Hail") is a handsome groom. Victor Jory is the ornery cuss. Andy Clyde, Cassidy's pal, and Betty Blythe, a big star in the days when she did "Cleopatra," appears effectively.

Your Reviewer Says: Why the heck doesn't Hopalong get the girl sometime?

## ✓ Silver Spurs (Republic)

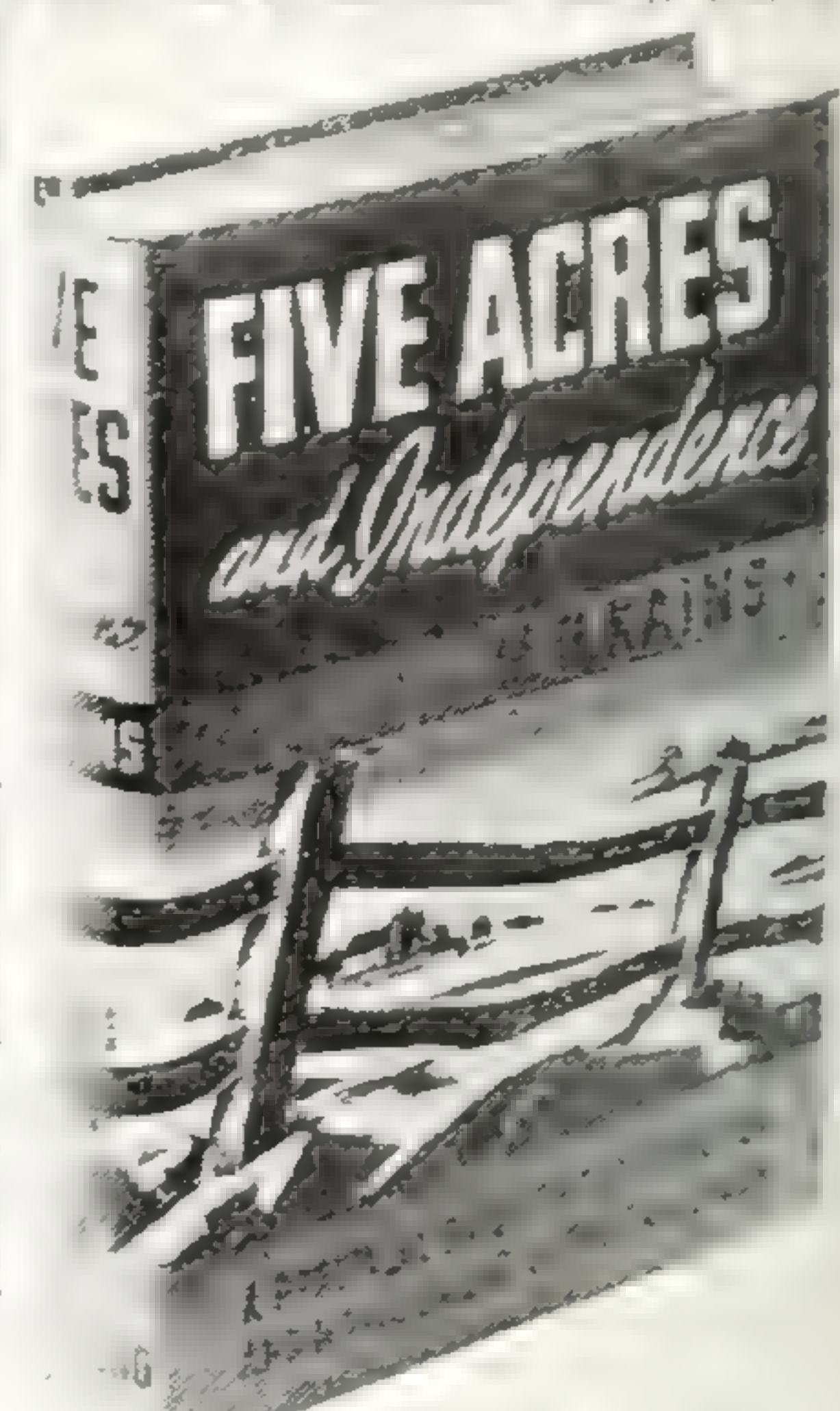
It's About: A wedding, a murder, a gun fight—in order named.

COWBOY ROY ROGERS gallops into town to put an ad in Lonely Heart Column; his boss, Jerome Cowan, wants a wife. Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, is so intrigued with the ad she, herself, pretends to be the living answer

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cessive boiling.

**HYGEIA**  
NURSING BOTTLES  
AND NIPPLES



and appears in person. To her astonish-  
ment she is forced into marriage with  
the ranch owner only to have him killed  
immediately after the wedding.

Rogers is blamed and the ensuing melee  
has mixed up in it John Caradine, Bob  
Nolan and his Sons of the Pioneers and,  
of course, Smiley Burnette, who brings  
good cheer throughout the rather exciting  
story.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little cowboy  
thing.

### ✓Salute To The Marines (M-G-M)

It's About: An about-to-be retired Marine  
who finally achieves action.

ARE you a Wally Beery fan? Are you  
too weary of war epics to take one  
more? Your answers are a cue to  
whether or not you'll enjoy this thrilling  
little whirlwind of action, for Mr. Beery,  
as Marine sergeant who longs for action  
and finds plenty of it after Pearl Harbor,  
is all over the place like a tent.

The battle scenes are so well executed  
we doubt if your interest will lag for a  
moment.

Added to these right-side-of-the-ledger  
items are the swell performances of Fay  
Bainter, as Beery's understanding wife;  
Keye Luke, as a Filipino prize fighter;  
and Marilyn Maxwell, as Beery's daugh-  
ter. Miss Maxwell is almost too lovely to  
be the daughter of suet-pudding-faced  
Wally. Her suitors are William Lundigan  
and Donald Curtis.

Your Reviewer Says: An overdone subject  
well done.

### Headin' For God's Country (Republic)

It's About: A selfish lad who turns a hero.

WAY up north, mid the ice and snow  
of Alaska, William Lundigan wanders  
into a far-flung outpost, is jailed for va-  
grancy and finally manages to grab a  
printing press long enough to print phony  
headlines of U.S.-Japan war and the false  
fact his pal has won a sweepstakes. This  
enables him to raise money for his fine  
and release from jail. Then comes the  
exposé—both news items are false. It looks  
bad for Lundigan until war actually is de-  
clared and William prevents a landing  
attempt by the Japs.

Virginia Dale is a pretty heroine. Harry  
Davenport, Harry Shannon, a dog named  
Flash and Addison Richards gather round  
the frail little plot.

Your Reviewer Says: Kinda silly.

### Here Comes Kelly (Monogram)

It's About: The adventures of a hotheaded  
Irishman.

EDDIE QUILLAN, a torrid-tempered  
Irishman, has a bad habit of socking  
just anyone he happens not to fancy.

It worries his fiancée, Joan Woodbury, as  
Eddie's pugilistic combats lead him from  
one job to another and eventually to the  
prize ring and even more eventually to the  
job as process server where things really  
happen with an old one, two to the jaw.

Sidney Miller as Eddie's pal is a riot.  
That gang is so funny! Mary Gordon as  
Eddie's understanding mother and Maxie  
Rosenbloom as a racketeer are first class.

Your Reviewer Says: A little socko.



**Your lovely hair  
will catch HIS heart**

I SMILED at the for-  
tune teller, for not so long  
ago my hair was so dull and mousy-  
looking I was heartbroken. But  
that was before Mary, the girl at  
the beauty shop—



TOLD ME ABOUT Nestle Colorinse  
and how it made even the dullest hair  
so much brighter and lovelier.  
"Colorinse," she said, "gives you  
the kind of hair that men can't help  
admiring—softer, silkier and filled  
with colorful sparkling highlights.  
And Colorinse makes your hair so  
much easier to comb, easier to  
manage." Of course, I tried it—  
could any girl resist? And—



WHAT A THRILLING DIFFERENCE! Bob  
says now that even the ring he gave  
me doesn't have the lovely sparkle  
of my hair. Incidentally, Nestle  
Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Super-  
set AFTER Colorinsing makes hair  
still lovelier.

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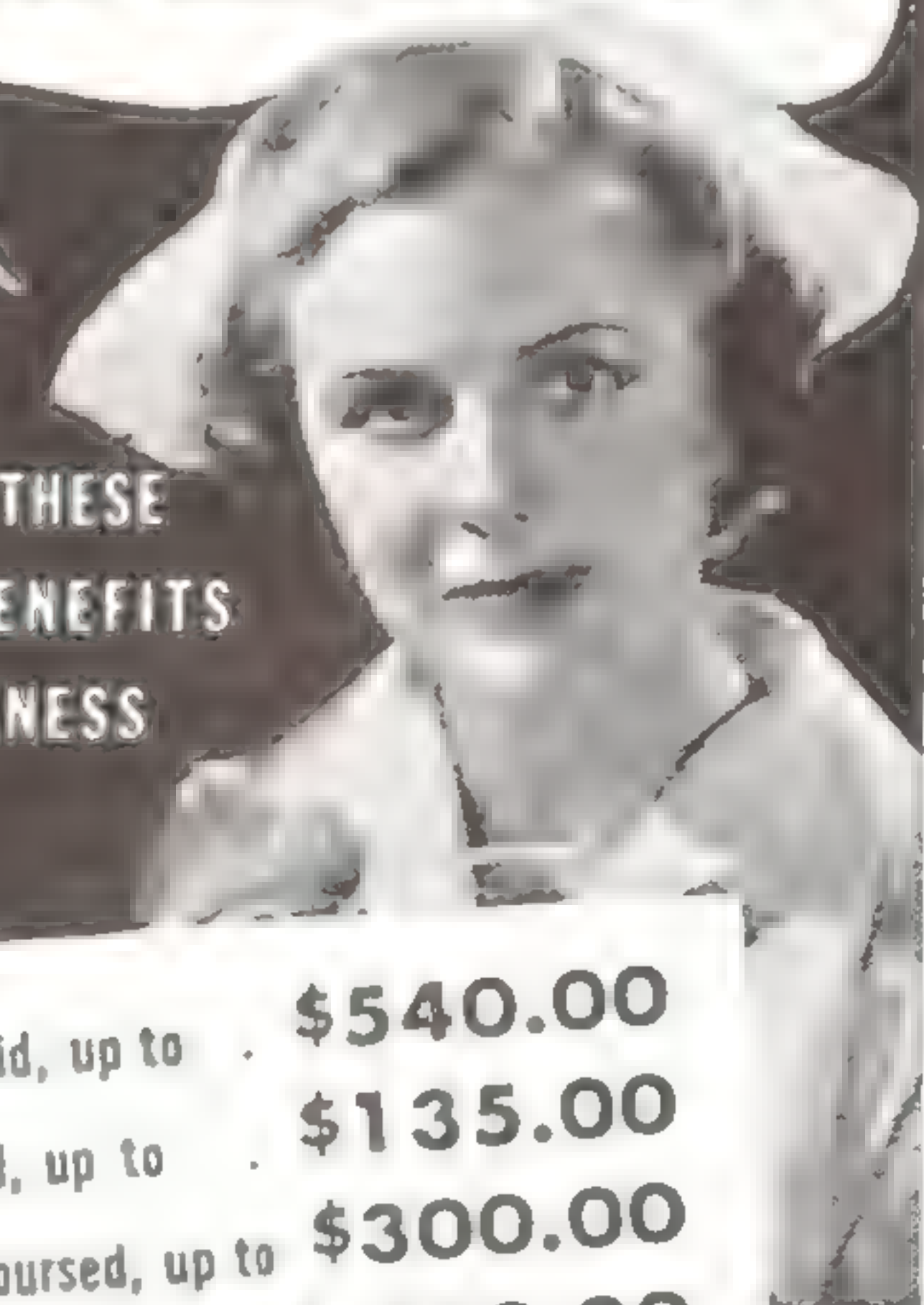


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✓ **The Phantom Of The Opera  
(Universal)**

It's About: A love-crazed musician who becomes a murdering phantom.

**T**HOSE who remember the original *Phantom* with Lon Chaney's spectacular performance as the skull-faced spectre will suffer a pang or two of disappointment at this remake that somehow fails to capture the thrills and horror of the first epic.

Claude Rains is now the murdering phantom whose acid-seared face keeps him hiding in the sewers beneath the Paris opera house. His love for Susanna Foster causes him to commit horrible crimes in order that she (unbeknownst to the true facts) may advance as a singer.

Nelson Eddy, opera baritone, has never been in better voice, but his appearance is marred by dyed black hair. We protest. In Technicolor, Mr. Eddy, a definite blonde personality, would have been far handsomer if left as nature intended.

Edgar Barrier is a handsome police officer and rival of Eddy's for Susanna's attentions.

The music is delightful, the color beautiful and the story laden with enough mystery to hold the attention.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy on the eyes and ears.

✓ **Young Ideas (M-G-M)**

It's About: Meddling children who almost wreck their mother's happiness.

**M**ARY ASTOR, the author of a spicy best seller, marries professor of chemistry Herbert Marshall, gives up writing and settles down. Her two children, Susan Peters and Elliot Reid, resent their mother's renouncing writing for marriage and decide to break up the marriage by implanting in Marshall's mind the fact that several fancy characters in the book are really Miss Astor and her caperings in person. It works so well Reid tries the same tactics on his sister's beau, Richard Carlson, and the whole plot backfires. Miss Astor and Mr. Marshall reach the divorce courts before things are straightened out.

It's all veddy gay, you know, and cute and funny and everyone has such a good time you must come to see us again sometime.

Your Reviewer Says: Cozy little thing, really.

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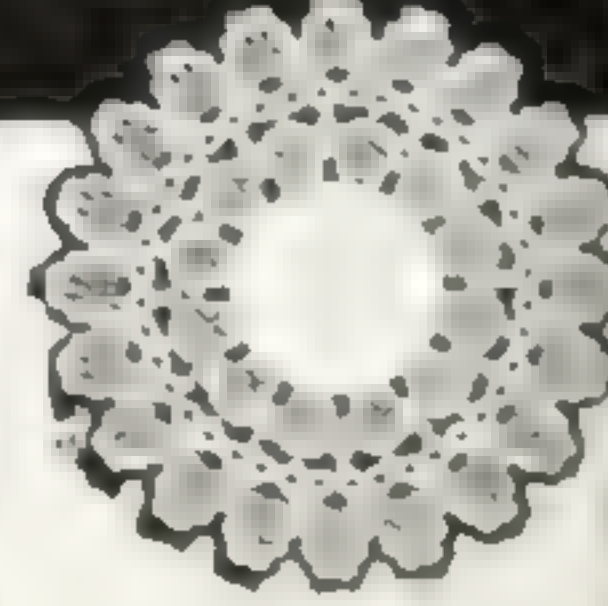
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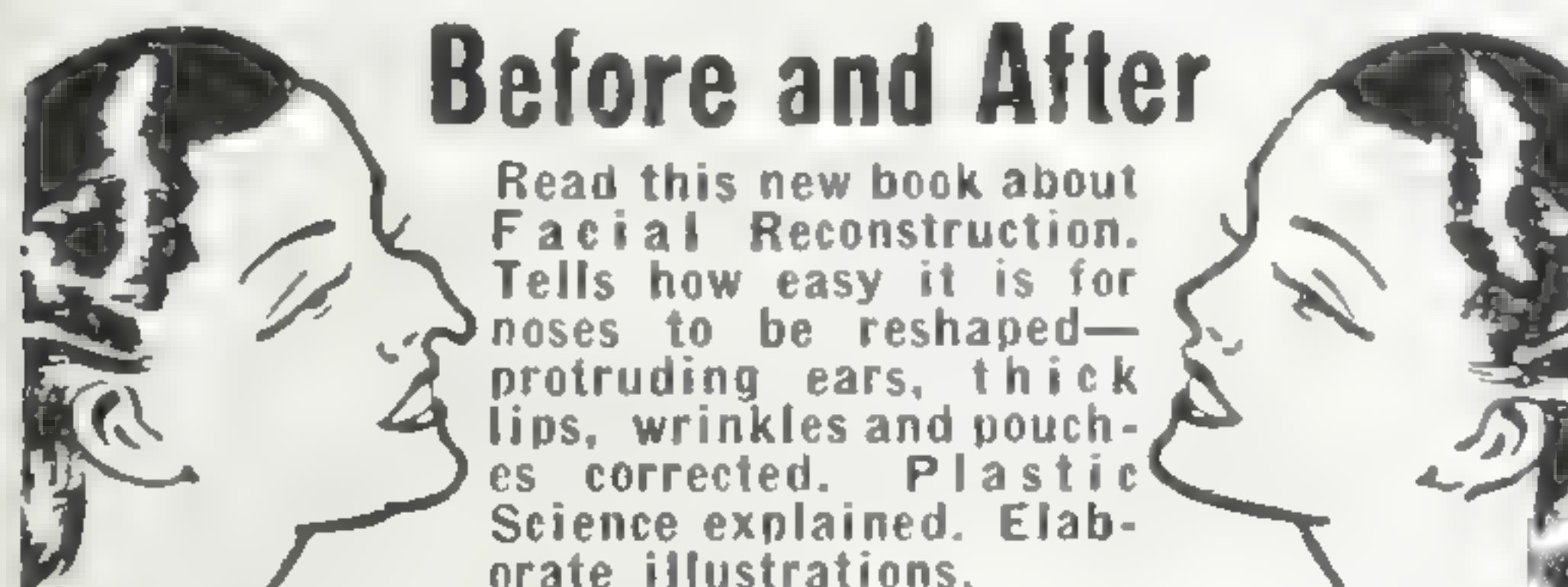
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## Casts of Current Pictures

BAR 20—U.A.: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *California*, Andy Clyde; *Linn Bradley*, George Reeves; *Marie Stevens*, Dustine Farnum; *Mrs. Stevens*, Betty Blythe; *Mark Jackson*, Victor Jory.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN—RKO-Radio: *Tama Shimomura*, Margo; *Taro Seki*, Tom Neal; *Ryo Seki*, J. Carrol Naish; *Lefty O'Doyle*, Robert Ryan; *Clancy O'Hara*, Don Douglas; *Sara Brayton*, Gloria Holden; *Boris Malakoff*, George Givot; *Max*, Wolfgang Zilzer; *Sergeant Kanagawa*, Mike Mazurki; *Little Sister*, Nancy Gates.

DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK—Producers Releasing Corp.: *Terry*, Patsy Kelly; *Pert*, Mary Brian; *Marie*, Isabel Jewell; *Doris*, Wanda McKay; *Madame Sapho*, Betty Compson; *Regina*, Cobina Wright, Sr.; *Danny*, Allan Byron; *Pete*, Warren Hymer; *Benny*, Vince Barnett; *Tommy*, Michael Kirk.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Paramount: *Robert Jordan*, Gary Cooper; *Maria*, Ingrid Bergman; *Pablo*, Akim Tamiroff; *Agustin*, Arturo de Cordova; *Anselmo*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Rafacl*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Fernando*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Andres*, Eric Feldary; *Primitivo*, Victor Varconi; *Pilar*, Katina Paxinou; *El Sordo*, Joseph Calleia; *Joaquin*, Lilo Yarson; *Paco*, Alexander Granach; *Gustavo*, Adia Kuznetzoff; *Ignacio*, Leonid Snegoff; *General Golz*, Leo Bulgakov; *Lieut. Berrando*, Duncan Renaldo; *Andre Massart*, George Coulouris; *Captain Gomez*, Frank Puglia; *Colonel Miranda*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Staff Officer*, Michael Visaroff; *Karkov*, Konstantin Shayne; *Captain Mora*, Martin Garralaga; *Sniper*, Jean Del Val; *Colonel Duval*, Jack Mylong; *Kashkin*, Feodor Chaliapin.

GALS, INCORPORATED—Universal: *Cornelius V. Rensington III*, Leon Errol; *Gwen*, Harriet Hilliard; *Molly*, Grace McDonald; *Bill*, David Bacon; *Bubbles*, Maureen Cannon; *Vicki*, Lillian Cornell; *Virginia*, Margery Daye; *Bets*, Betty Keane; *Jennifer*, Minna Phillips, and The Pied Pipers, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra.

HEADIN' FOR GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic: *Michael Banyan*, William Lundigan; *Laurie Lane*, Virginia Dale; *Clem Adams*, Harry Davenport; *Albert Ness*, Harry Shannon; *District Commissioner*, Addison Richards; *Hilary Higgins*, J. Frank Hamilton; *Hugo Higgins*, Eddie Acuff.

HERE COMES KELLY—Monogram: *Jimmy Kelly*, Eddie Quillan; *Margie*, Joan Woodbury; *Sammy Colin*, Sidney Miller; *Trixie Bell*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Mrs. Kelly*, Mary Gordon; *District Attorney*, Emmett Vogan; *Carmencita*, Armida; *L. Herbert Oakley*, Ivan Keith; *Driscoll*, Dick Elliott; *Blondie*, Sugar Geise; *Stevens*, Charles Jordan.

I DOOD IT—M-G-M: *Joseph Rivington Reynolds*, Red Skelton; *Constance Shaw*, Eleanor Powell; *Larry West*, Richard Ainley; *Surette Brenton*, Patricia Dane; *Ed Jackson*, Sam Levene; *Kenneth Lawler*, Thurston Hall; *Lena Horne*, by Herself; *Hazel Scott*, by Herself; *Roy Hartwood*, John Hodiak; *Annette*, Butterfly McQueen; *Mrs. Spelvin*, Marjorie Gateson; *Mr. Spelvin*, Andrew Tombes; *Brinker*, Morris Ankrum; *Stage Manager*, Charles Judels; *Jimmy Dorsey* and his orchestra.

JUNIOR ARMY—Columbia: *Freddie Hewlett*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Jimmie Fletcher*, Billy Halop; *Cowboy*, Bobby Jordan; *Bushy Thomas*, Huntz Hall; *Major Carter*, Boyd Davis; *Cadet Capt. Rogers*, William Blee; *Cadet Sergeant Sabel*, Richard Noyes; *Mr. Ferguson*, Joseph Crehan; *Saginaw Jake*, Don Beddoe; *Cadet Pell*, Charles Lind; *Cadet Baker*, Billy Lechner; *Cadet Wilbur*, Peter Lawford; *Horner*, Robert O. Davis.

LET'S FACE IT—Paramount: *Jerry Walker*, Bob Hope; *Winnie Potter*, Betty Hutton; *Muriel*, Dona Drake; *Frankie Burns*, Cully Richards; *Maqie Watson*, Eve Arden; *Cornelius Pidgeon*, Zasu Pitts; *Jean Blanchard*, Marjorie Weaver; *Julian Watson*, Raymond Walburn; *Nancy Callister*, Phyllis Pavak; *Sgt. Wiggins*, Joe Sawyer; *Barney Hilliard*, Dave Willock; *The Dance Team*, Nicco and Tanya; *Judge Henry Pidgeon*, Andrew Tombes; *George Callister*, Arthur Loft; *Mrs. Wigglesworth*, Grace Hoyle.

PETTICOAT LARCENY—RKO-Radio: *Joan Mitchell*, Joan Carroll; *Pat Winyard*, Ruth Warrick; *Bill Morgan*, Walter Reed; *Sam Colfax*, Wally Brown; *Pinky*, Tom Kennedy; *Jitters*, Jimmy Conlin; *Stogie*, Vince Barnett; *Joe Foster*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Higgins*, Charles Coleman; *Mr. Crandall*, Earle S. Dewey; *Detective Hogan*, Grant Withers; *Lieutenant Hackett*, Cliff Clark.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal: *Anatole Carron*, Nelson Eddy; *Christine Dubois*, Sussanna Foster; *Enrique Claudin*, Claude Rains; *Raoul de Chagny*, Edgar Barrier; *Biancarolli*, Jane Farrar; *The Aunt*, Barbara Everest; *Vercheres*, Steve Geray; *Villeneuve*, Frank Puglia; *Marcel*, Hans Herbert; *Lacours*, Fritz Feld; *Amoit*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Gerard*, Hume Cronyn; *Jennie*, Gladys Blake; *Maid*, Elvira Curci; *Maid*, Rosina Galli; *Franz Liszt*, Fritz Leiber.

SALUTE TO THE MARINES—M-G-M: *Sergeant Major William Bailey*, Wallace Beery; *Jennie Bailey*, Fay Bainter; *Mr. Caspar*, Reginald Owen; *"Flashy" Logaz*, Keye Luke; *Colonel Mason*, Ray Collins; *Helen Bailey*, Marilyn Maxwell; *Rufus Cleveland*, William Lundigan; *Randall James*, Donald Curtis; *Adjutant*, Noah Beery, Sr.; *Corporal Mos-*



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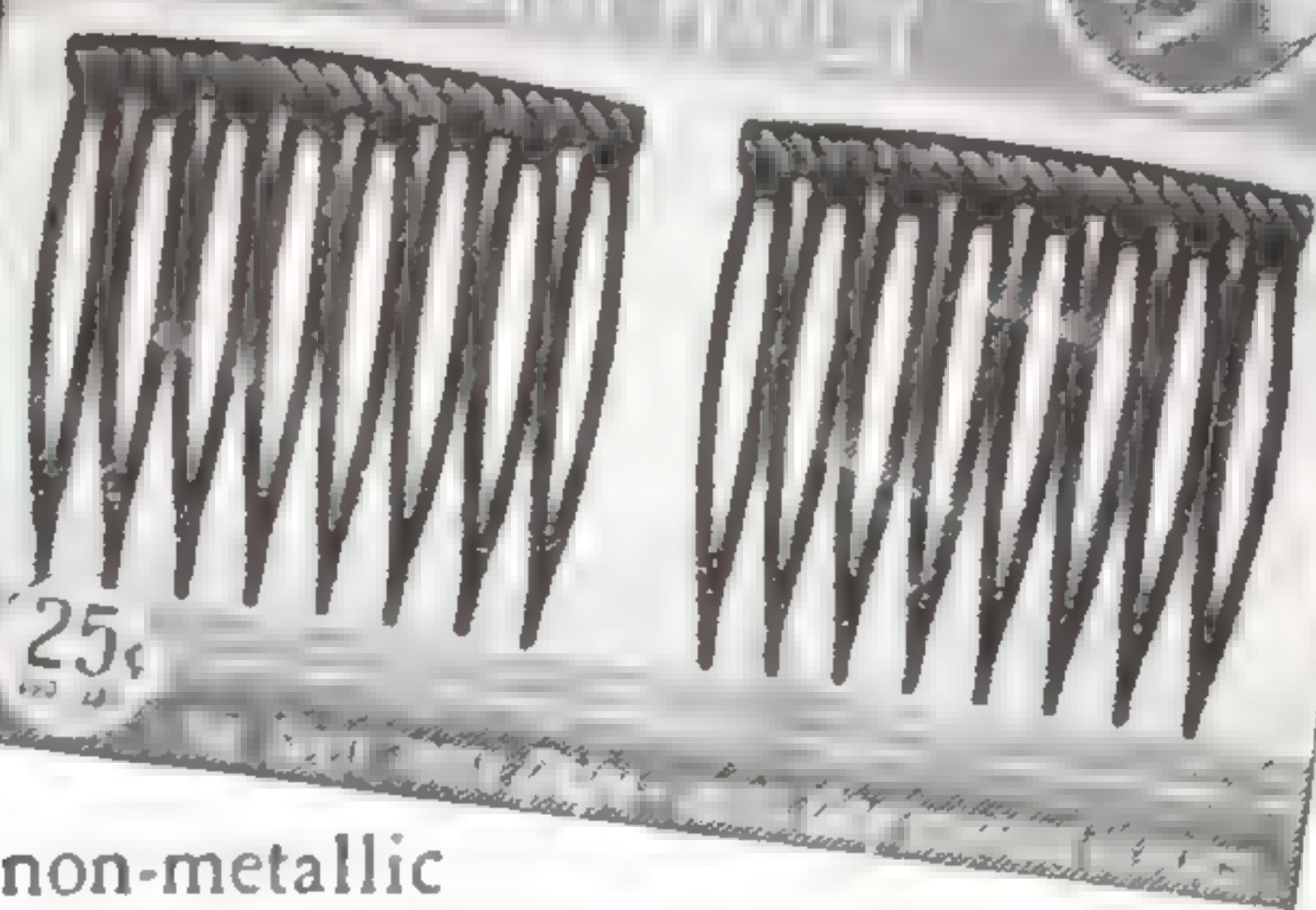
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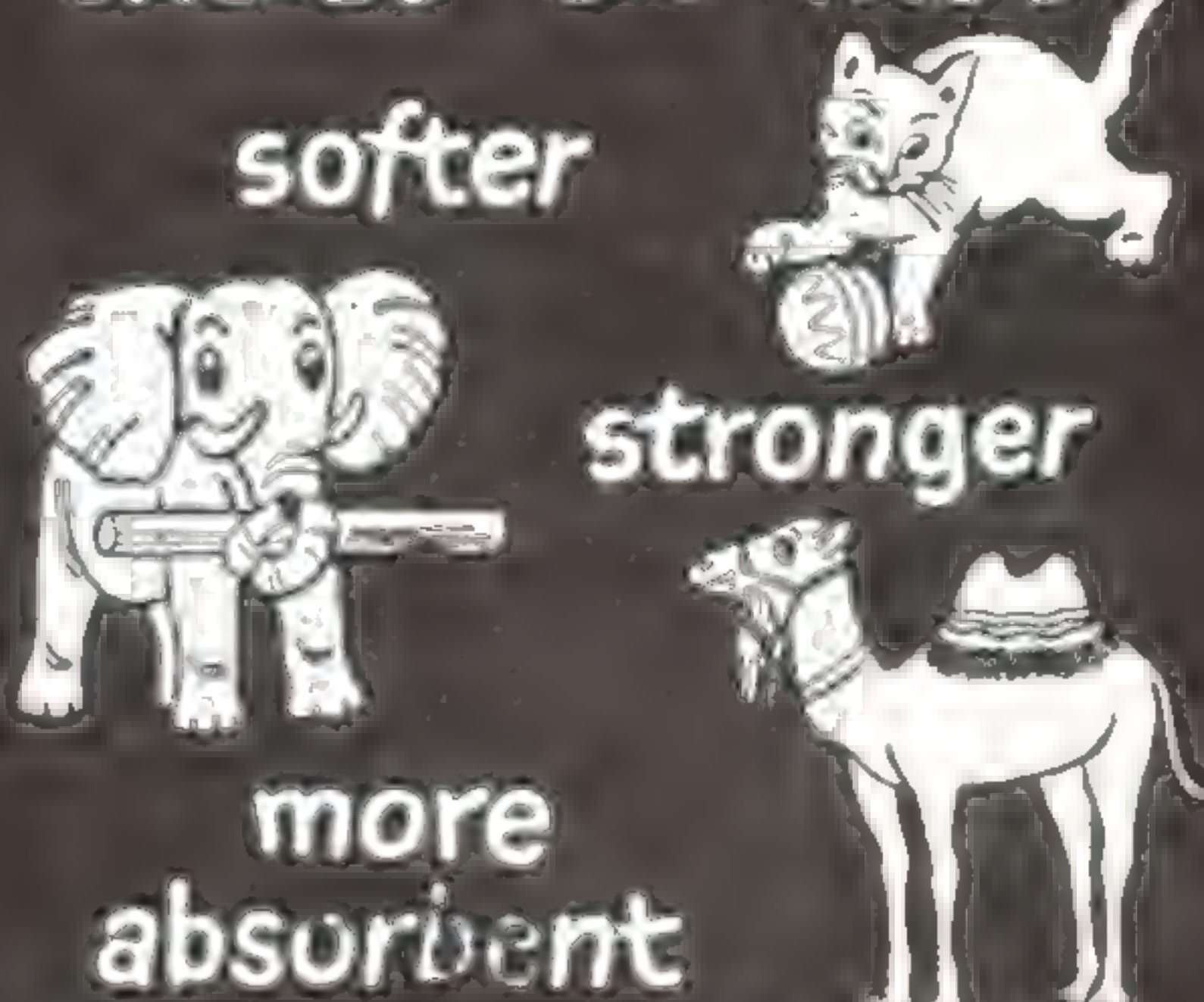
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Metaxa; Cavanaugh, George Lee; Felipe, Rafael  
Storm; Styx, Luis Alberni; Angela, Anna Demetrio;  
Mueller, Lucien Prival.

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Twardofsky, George Tobias; Sgt. McGhee, Alan  
Hale; Eddie Dibble, Charles Butterworth; Mrs. David-  
son, Dolores Costello; Rose Dibble, Una Merkel;  
Major Davidson, Stanley Ridges; Ethel, Rosemary  
De Camp; Mrs. O'Brien, Ruth Donnelly; Mrs. Nel-  
son, Dorothy Peterson; Cafe Singer, Frances Lang-  
ford; Singer, Gertrude Niesen; Herself, Kate Smith;  
Mrs. Twardofsky, Ilka Gruning; Johnny Jones, Lt.  
Ronald Reagan; Joe Louis, Sgt. Joe Louis; Tommy,  
T/Sgt. Tom D'Andrea; Ollie Twardofsky, Sgt. Julie  
Oshins; Ted Nelson, Sgt. Robt. Shanley; Danny  
Davidson, Cpl. Herbert Anderson; Sgt. Philip Truer,  
1st Sgt. Alan Anderson; Cpl. James MacColl, M/Sgt.  
Ezra Stone; Cpl. Ralph Magelssen, S/Sgt. James  
Burrell; Cpl. Tileston Perry, Sgt. Ross Elliott; Pfc.  
Joe Cook, Jr., Sgt. Alan Manson; Pfc. Larry Weeks,  
Sgt. John Prince Mendes.

**THUMBS UP**—Republic: Louise Latimer, Brenda  
Joyce; Douglas Heath, Richard Fraser; Emmy Finch,  
Elsa Lanchester; Bert Lawrence, Arthur Margetson;  
Sam Keats, J. Pat O'Malley; Janie Brooke, Queenie  
Leonard; Welfare Supervisor, Molly Lamont; Her-  
self, Gertrude Niesen; Foreman, George Byron; Roy  
Irwin, Charles Irwin; E. E. Cartwright, Andre Char-  
lot; Themselves, The Hot Shots.

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O'Driscoll; Nishikawa, Edgar Barrier; Fat Man,  
William Frawley; "Pop" Lambert, Harry Davenport.

**YOUNG IDEAS**—M-G-M: Susan Evans, Susan  
Peters; Michael Kinasley, Herbert Marshall; Jo  
Evans, Mary Astor; Jeff Evans, Elliott Reid; Tom  
Farrell, Richard Carlson; Adam, Allyn Joslyn; Co-Ed,  
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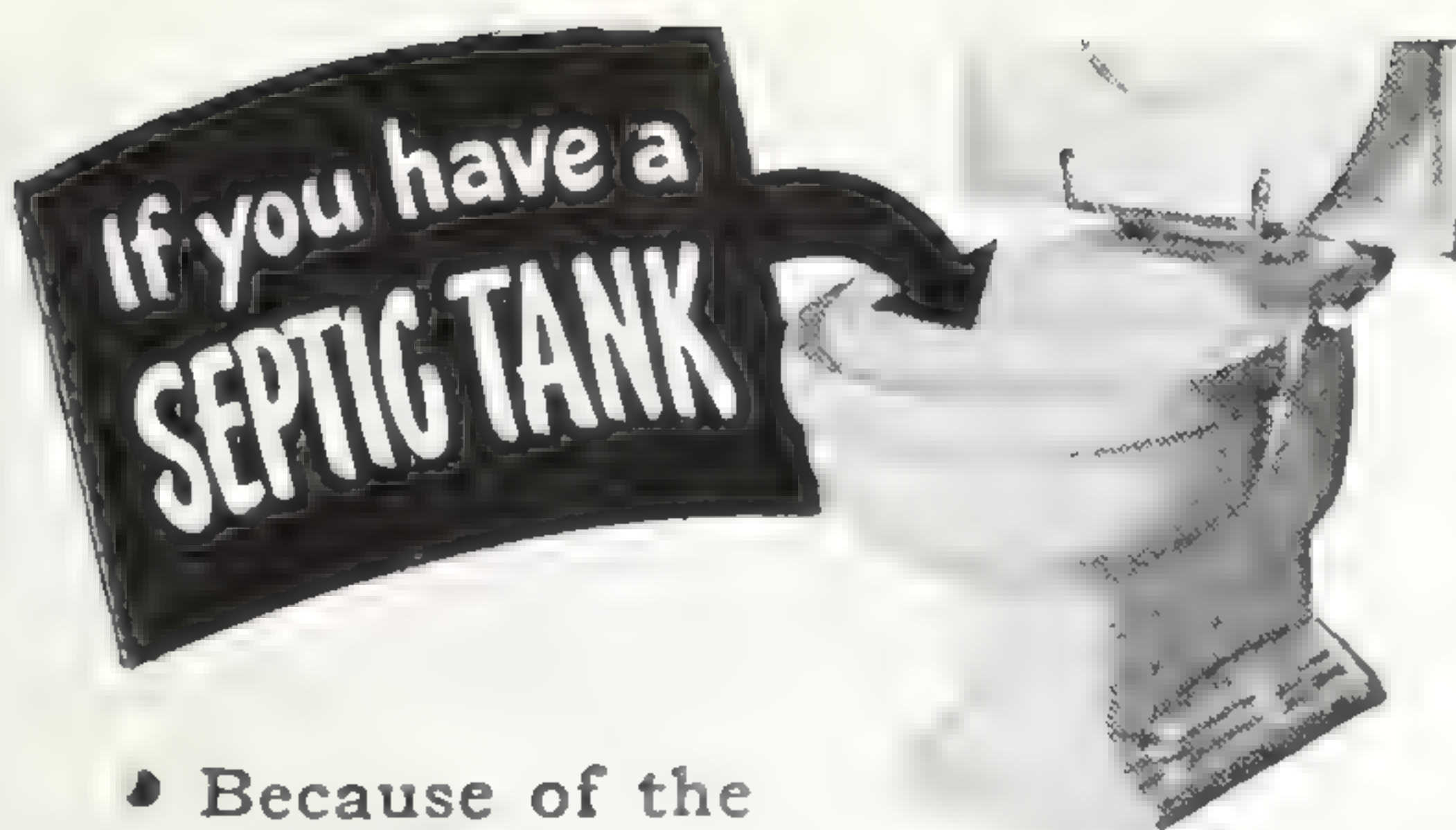
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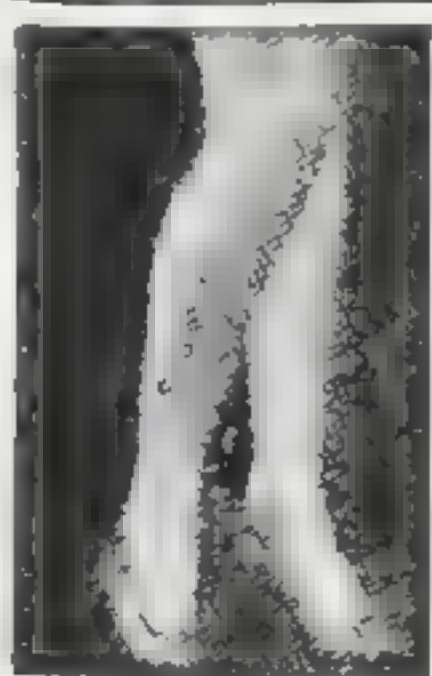
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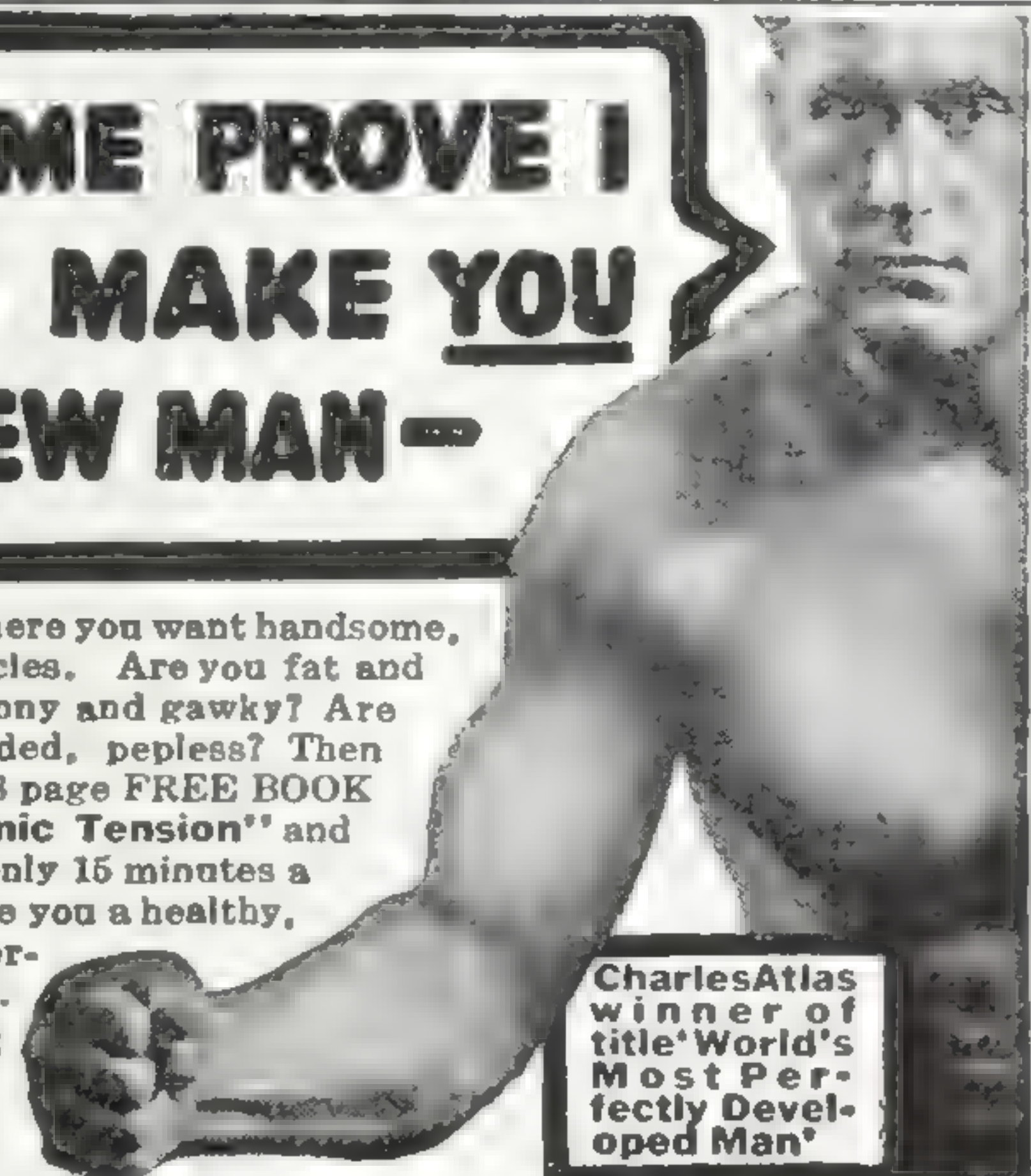
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Albany, N. Y.—Daily's Department Store  
Altoona, Pa.—J. E. Blatchford Company  
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist's  
Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cramer's  
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company  
Detroit, Mich.—Princess Shop  
Davenport, Ia.—Petersen-Harned-Von Maur  
El Dorado, Kan.—Levenson's  
Fall River, Mass.—I. L. Schweber  
Fremont, Nebr.—Verbin's  
Jamestown, N. Y.—Zuckerman's  
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Spear & Company  
Pocatello, Ida.—Style Shop  
Providence, R. I.—Read's  
Pueblo, Col.—Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Company  
Rockland, Me.—Cutlers, Inc.  
Sante Fe, N. M.—Dendhall's  
Scotts Bluff, Nebr.—Mary Morrow Shop  
Scranton, Penn.—M. Dolitsky's  
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson  
Springfield, Ohio—Edward Wren Store  
St. Albans, Vt.—Winifreds Shop  
Syracuse, N. Y.—Block's Inc.  
Terre Haute, Ind.—Schultz & Company  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers  
Portsmouth, Va.—Richel's  
Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy & Co.  
Salem, Mass.—Empire Clothing Company  
Salem, Ore.—Schlessinger Company  
Scranton, Pa.—Scranton Dry Goods  
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Dry Goods Company  
Springfield, Mass.—Burnam's  
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Brothers Co.  
Toledo, Ohio—Stein's  
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons Company  
Wheeling, W. Va.—The Hub  
Wilmington, Del.—Wilmington Dry Goods Company

Fascinator and Scarf #2 and #3

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's  
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene Sons Co.  
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam Meldrum Anderson  
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field  
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito  
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company  
Denver, Col.—Denver Dry Goods  
Des Moines, Ia.—Youngker Brothers  
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson  
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox  
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres  
Kansas City, Kan.—John Taylor  
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger  
Omaha, Neb.—Thomas Kilpatrick  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel's  
Providence, R. I.—Cherry & Webb  
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley Lindsey Kerr  
San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium  
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson  
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr  
Syracuse, N. Y.—Addis Company  
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Fur Coat #2

Akron, Ohio—Water's Furs  
Ashland, Ky.—C. H. Parsons Company  
Bangor, Me.—Burdell's  
Boise, Ida.—Brookovers  
Boston, Mass.—Sallinger's  
Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler's  
Canton, Ohio—Hutner's  
Chicago, Ill.—Evans Fur Company  
Cincinnati, Ohio—Kline's Inc.  
Cleveland, Ohio—Liberty Fur Company  
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse Martens Company  
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Company  
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Lincoln, Neb.—Hovland Swanson  
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Company  
Louisville, Ky.—Bon Ton Company  
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Gimbel Brothers  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger  
Newport News, Virginia—Leon's Shoppe  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Beir Brothers  
Peoria, Ill.—P. A. Bergner Company  
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### Chesterfield #3

Allentown, Pa.—Dobhoff's  
Baltimore, Md.—The May Company  
Boston, Mass.—Hudson Coat & Suit Company  
Brooklyn, N. Y.—May's  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Armstrong Clothing Company  
Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldt Stores  
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Company  
Cincinnati, Ohio—Kline's  
Denver, Col.—Bechtolds'  
Davenport, Ia.—Scharff's  
Detroit, Mich.—Kline's  
Elkins, W. Va.—Goldberg's  
Fall River, Mass.—Cherry & Webb  
Gary, Ind.—Pearson's  
Great Falls, Mont.—Strain Brothers  
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres Company  
Kansas City, Mo.—Kline's  
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Edward Schuster Co.  
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Brothers  
Ogden, Utah—Brittan's  
Omaha, Neb.—Herzberg's  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder  
Providence, R. I.—Cherry & Webb  
Rochester, N. Y.—Nat. Glass-Stephens  
Salt Lake City, Utah—Boston Store  
Seattle, Wash.—The Emporium  
Spokane, Wash.—The Vogue  
Union City, N. J.—A. Holthausen  
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Brothers  
Williamsport, Pa.—Elton's

### Quilled Hat #3

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers  
Boston, Mass.—Chandler's  
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's  
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's  
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Company  
Denver, Col.—Daniels & Fisher  
Des Moines, Iowa—Youngker Brothers  
Detroit, Mich.—Hudson's  
Hartford, Conn.—Outlet Millinery  
Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.—B. Gertz  
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Company  
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's  
Minneapolis, Minn.—John W. Thomas  
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger  
Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandeis  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers  
Providence, R. I.—Callender-McAuslan & Troup  
San Antonio, Texas—Frost's  
San Francisco, Calif.—Livingston's  
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Fort Worth, Texas—Leonard Brothers  
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Company  
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Seattle, Washington—John S. Keller  
St. Paul, Minnesota—The Golden Rule  
Syracuse, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son  
Tampa, Fla.—O. Falk's Department Store  
Tucson, Ariz.—Jacome's  
Vicksburg, Miss.—The Style Shop  
Winston Salem, N. C.—D. G. Craven Co.  
Worcester, Mass.—Wm. Filene Sons Co.  
Yakima, Wash.—W. E. Draper  
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Ann Arbor, Mich.—William Goodyear  
Atlanta, Ga.—P. Allen  
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers  
Beaumont, Texas—Worth's  
Charleston, W. Va.—Telford's  
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler  
Des Moines, Ia.—Younger Bros.  
Fort Worth, Tex.—The Fair Company  
Greenville, Miss.—Nelms-Blum  
Hartford, Conn.—Gillman  
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres  
Kansas City, Mo.—Woolf Brothers  
Lewiston, Me.—War's  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
Memphis, Tenn.—Woolf Brothers  
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman  
New Rochelle, N. Y.—Rosalle Shop  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger  
Plainfield, N. J.—Tepper Brothers  
Parkersburg, W. Va.—J. S. Broida  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller  
Port Arthur, Texas—Worth's  
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St. Louis, Mo.—Stix. Baer, Fuller  
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Tulsa, Okla.—Woolf Brothers  
Waco, Texas—Bauer McCann

### Officer's Coat #5

Albany, N. Y.—Daily's Department Store  
Altoona, Pa.—J. E. Blatchford  
Benton Harbor, Mich.—The Enders Company  
Boise, Idaho—Graham-Bigham  
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist  
Bozeman, Mont.—The Willson Company  
Brockton, Mass.—McCarthy's  
Concord, N. H.—H. Levine  
Cincinnati, Ohio—The Paris Company  
Detroit, Mich.—Princess Shop  
Farmville, Va.—Davidsons, Inc.  
Fitchburg, Mass.—Rome Clothing Company  
Fremont, Neb.—Verbins  
Jamestown, N. Y.—Zuckerman's  
La Crosse, Wisc.—William Doerflinger Company  
Louisville, Ky.—Style Mart  
Memphis, Tenn.—John Gerber Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.—J. E. Anderson  
New Brunswick, N. J.—Cuno's, Inc.  
New Rochelle, N. Y.—Famous Outfitters  
Petersburg, Va.—A. L. Lavenstein, Inc.  
Providence, R. I.—Reads  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder  
Pueblo, Col.—Crews-Beggs  
Scranton, Pa.—M. Dolitzky  
Springfield, Ohio—Edward Wren Store  
Syracuse, N. Y.—Blocks, Inc.  
Washington, D. C.—Saul Meyerson  
Winston Salem, N. C.—Morrisett Company

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It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

## New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
if defective or  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID IS THE  
LARGEST SELLING  
DEODORANT

## ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)  
At any store which sells toilet goods

## I HATE GRAY HAIR!



Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless!

Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, proving its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness—today! Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—insist on the original. Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7665 Goldman Bldg.  
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.  
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown  
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

P  
M  
M



OVER 2,000,000 WOMEN HAVE USED THIS AMAZING HOME METHOD

# Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

**COMPLETE HOME KIT** ONLY  
*Nothing else to buy*

**59¢**



**JUNE LANG** Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**FAY MCKENZIE** Starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.



**JOAN CARROLL** Darling child star of RKO Radio's "Peticoat Larceny" is pictured above with her adorable Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



**ANN GILLIS** Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet, with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

## IDEAL FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Mothers find Charm-Kurl perfect for the youngsters. It cannot possibly harm their fine, soft hair—and it is so cool, so convenient, and so easy to apply. Order an extra Charm-Kurl Kit for little daughter. She'll be so happy.

## Users Praise CHARM-KURL

**LASTED NINE MONTHS** ★ "My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a \$10 permanent."

*Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio*

**MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY** ★ "I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."

*Carolyn Fleet, Penn.*

**DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS** ★ "I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had."

*Mrs. W. J. Stiles, Utah*

**PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD** ★ "I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."

*Miss Betty Moulthrop, Wash.*

## DO IT YOURSELF!

Give yourself a beautiful, heatless Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair. You don't need any experience in hair waving to apply a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—the result will be a lovely, soft, professional-looking permanent that you will be so proud of. Charm-Kurl is easy and cool to use—and it is absolutely safe for every type of hair. It contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—and requires no machines, dryers, heat or electricity. It is marvelously simple and is "tops" for women and children alike.

## SO EASY TO APPLY

Over 2,000,000 women have used Charm-Kurl during the past year to give themselves a lovely, cool, machineless wave in the privacy of their own homes. You, too, can do it yourself. Merely follow the simple, clear directions and you'll be completely delighted with the result. Charm-Kurl is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any \$5.00 permanent you have ever had, or your money will be quickly refunded upon request.

And think of the saving! The complete Charm-Kurl Kit costs only 59¢. It contains everything you need, including 40 curlers, shampoo, and waveset. You don't have to buy one single thing more.

## UNSURPASSED FOR BLEACHED, DYED OR GRAY HAIR

Charm-Kurl does not affect gray hair. Many women have found it ideal for dyed or bleached hair because it waves their hair as beautifully as though it were natural color. If your dyed hair is a secret, Charm-Kurl will keep it so.

## SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in the coupon below. Don't send one penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be on its way to you as soon as we receive your order. When it arrives, pay the postman 59¢ plus postage, with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly delighted with your permanent, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. Remember this: you risk nothing and you gain a lovely permanent wave—so take advantage of this very special offer right now, before you turn the page.

**Save Money!** If you send remittance with order, we pay postage.

**CHARM-KURL CO.**

Dept. 545 • 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota

**MAIL THIS COUPON Today**

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 545  
2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Send me a complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit. On arrival I will pay the postman 59¢ plus postage. If for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately.

If you want more than one kit, give number here ☐ C.O.D. charges are same as for one kit.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
NOTE: SAVE MONEY. If you send remittance with order we pay postage. Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.

**CHARM-KURL CO., St. Paul, Minnesota**



*Just as he dreamed  
her eyes would be*

In moments like this,  
lovely eyes can say more  
than any spoken words... Perhaps  
today, your hero is far from the  
things he loves most—you, home  
and the country he is fighting so  
bravely to protect. Yet you are  
always near him in his thoughts  
and in his dreams.

While he's away, he wants those  
eyes he adores to be bright and  
smiling. When he comes back to  
you, your eyes can be just as  
he pictured them in his fondest  
dreams. These days more than  
ever, millions of women are  
grateful for the soft, glorifying  
effect of Maybelline eye make-  
up. You will be grateful, too, once  
you see what a difference  
it makes!



*Maybelline*

**WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS**



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara makes lashes appear longer and lovelier. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara goes on without water. Comes in dainty leatherette case. Black, Brown, 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, with fine point, forms graceful, expressive brows. Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents color and brilliance of eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.





**WAFS**

**Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron**

Theirs is the man-sized job of ferrying war planes from factories to air-bases for Uncle Sam. Expert flyers, each and every one . . . **THEY ARE THE BEST.**

**With us**

**IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

**GOOD TOBACCO, YES . . . THE RIGHT COMBINATION  
OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS**

It is not enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and definitely better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes . . . but the Blend —  
the Right Combination — that's the thing.



**SMOKE CHESTERFIELDS AND FIND OUT  
HOW REALLY GOOD A CIGARETTE CAN BE**